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Bigoted and Bettered Pictures

BY WILLIAM C. DEMILLE

"Away with Shakspere and his description of the human passions. It offends against every commandment of the Decalogue. The kind of fun *I* like is the harmless joke of sitting on my hat."—OLIVER CROMWELL.

UTTER condemnation of the "movie" has, for some years, been considered a mark of culture among those academic individuals who, by the divine right of higher education, look down with more or less tolerance upon anything so low that it has the misfortune to be popular; and the motion picture *is* popular. It has been taken to the heart of the people. Its simple if somewhat crude efforts to tell a story in terms which will reach millions instead of thousands have made it the most important form of public entertainment which has ever existed. It is the only new method of writing fiction which has been invented for some five hundred years, and it is only a very few years old. Its power to convey information, to reveal humanity to the whole human race, to make the peoples of the world know and even understand one another, to set ideals and ideas before the public in a way that may be comprehended by all, marks the beginning of a new era in the artistic education of mankind.

Like many other new things it has been denounced as crude, untrue, inartistic and debasing to the youth of the land. Educators would limit it to the depiction of historical events, and clergymen resent its competition on Sunday.

Nevertheless, the pioneers in this new field, the little group of sincere thinkers who started into the wilderness of an utterly unformed craft, have never lost the vision which sustained them through the first hard years of struggling in the dark; the vision of a real art of the photodrama.

Let it be granted at once that the majority of motion pictures made to-day *are* crude, untrue, and inartistic; the same percentage of unexcellence will be found in the arts of the novelist, the dramatist, the painter, and the musician. What were these arts like when they were only fifteen years old, and which of them has reached the whole people? But the person of education does not universally condemn the novel merely because 90 per cent of all the novels written are utter trash; he does not speak with scorn of music because the popular song is dearer to most people than classical compositions. He buys his reading matter with some attention to the reputation of the author; he selects his music with some knowledge of its type. Why then should he condemn the "movie" on the ground that the proportion of good pictures to bad is no greater than that which exists in the other arts?

In the development of the motion picture, the last ten years have been devoted to perfecting a craft which will make it possible for an art to follow. The story told on the screen has gradually been achieving a rough sort of art form; conventions have been established which, though constantly changing, are slowly forming moulds in which real classics may some day be cast. The craft has, at last, come to a point where the art is ready to be born.

And at this point the picture-producer

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finds himself faced by a very serious problem. He discovers that he may not use this new medium of expression with the same freedom granted the novelist and the dramatist. He is confronted by a system of censorship which has no uniform standards; which varies in different States and in different municipalities; what is moral in New York becomes immoral in Pennsylvania, and if a picture passes these two States it is reasonably sure to be found unclean in Ohio. The author may not speak directly to his public; everything he has to say must first be filtered through the prejudice of a mediocre mind, to the end that no thought may be put upon the screen which could in any way cause the American people to think that our institutions are not perfect. Woe be unto that picture which dares to suggest that all our laws are not wise and good, that some generally accepted points of theology may be open to question, that every one does not love according to the law of the State, and that the laws of life are not a collection of easily understood maxims, to follow which is to be "good," and which to disregard is to be "bad."

Oliver Cromwell's words, quoted above, are no exaggeration of the modern censor's state of mind; and if Shakspere may be dismissed so summarily, how shall we of to-day fare better when our authors are on the whole less worthy than the bard, and our censors less worthy of respect than Cromwell?

The fact that censorship is fundamentally unconstitutional has little weight with its advocates, who are absorbed in trying to enforce their own tastes, their own moral view-points, their own prejudices, convictions, and conventions upon a patient and long-suffering people.

So intent are they upon making it illegal for any citizen to disagree publicly with their opinions, that they calmly set aside the principle of free speech under due restraint by law, and substitute for it a stern rule of no speech except under a bureaucracy of bigots.

There are laws in every State to-day to prevent the public exhibition of really indecent or immoral pictures. These laws are as necessary as any other of our sanitary regulations, but they are *laws*. The author and the producer know them, and are glad to obey them. If a producer be charged with breaking one of these laws, he can defend himself before a competent judge, who will render a decision based upon the law and the facts, and not upon his personal opinion.

But government by law is very different from government by censorship. That the American people are quite in the dark regarding the way in which censorship actually functions is clearly indicated when so stalwart a champion of personal liberty as Hamlin Garland writes in a recent article:

"I believe in censorship . . . censorship is, after all, only the organized collective protest against debasing forms of art. . . . I am quite certain that I can say anything worth saying under such laws."

Under what laws?

Mr. Garland has evidently confused censorship with the existing laws against indecency and immorality. The only *law* of censorship is that the censor himself shall first make his own law, and then interpret it to suit himself. There is no appeal from his decision, no escape from his arbitrary ruling. Morality becomes legally whatever his own particular moral prejudices happen to be; and if his ethics differ from those of the producer as widely as Cromwell's differed from Shakspere's, the producer has nothing to do but throw away the work of months.

Mr. Garland, it would seem, has not been compelled to submit his writings to the judgment of an eager but inferior brain; he has not been bound to abide by the personal taste of some mediæval mind which, under the system of censorship, has been substituted for the law of the State. He has not had the experience of having his most sincere work tortured out of all resemblance to his own style and his thought itself changed to mid-Victorian mediocrity. He has not faced the condition that what is legal in one State is illegal in another; that in many States approaching maternity may not even be subtly indicated, while in others it is permitted only if the coming baby has a full and perfect set of legal parents.

It is difficult, however, for any one who has not been through the bitter experience to realize the asininity, the prudery, the

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blatant bigotry exerted by some of these experts in indecency.

In Ohio the censors proudly announce that hereafter no love may be shown upon the screens of that State unless the lovers have a perfect legal right to love each other. Ah! Paolo and Francesca—you may not feel your illegal passion in Columbus—you will be changed so that the husband becomes Francesca's guardian who hopes to marry her himself, and your kiss will be limited to "two short flashes of three feet each." Thus will the good citizens of Ohio be forever preserved from your disgusting and immoral example.

It was in Ohio, too, that the censors found themselves unable to decide on the morality of showing Chaplin's masterpiece of direction, "The Woman of Paris." They finally decided that it was moral enough to be shown for one week, and immoral enough to be prohibited after seven days. And this is the system which has taken the place of law.

In certain Massachusetts towns children may be illegitimate on week-days but must be legitimate on Sundays or be barred from the screen. One would think that an audience might regard an illegitimate child with even greater sympathy on the Lord's day—or did the great Teacher refer only to legitimate children?

The guarantee of free speech and freedom of the press, as written in our Constitution, intends that any citizen of the United States shall have the right to speak or publish anything he pleases, but that he shall be responsible to the law after he has done so. If he says or publishes anything which the law forbids, his work may be suppressed and himself punished.

But censorship suppresses *before* publication, and takes from the citizen his right to speak freely and suffer the consequences.

This substitution of individual opinion for law is against the basic principle of American Government, which is "to the end that it may be a government of laws and not of men." But we find the New York Board of Censors asking for a new law, giving them power to impose penalties for violations of their edicts. In the same document they say that they correct a great evil when they eliminate from the screen everything directed against the principles of our institutions. To those of mature thought it would seem that giving a group of four or five men absolute power to judge, condemn, and impose penalties without recourse to law is to strike a blow at the very heart of our Constitution.

Under censorship the motion picture is shackled and held down to a level where G. B. Shaw is quite justified in saying of it:

". . . there is no criticism of morals by ridicule or otherwise . . . nothing which could give a disagreeable shock to the stupid or shake the self-complacency of the smug . . . the leveling down has been thoroughly accomplished."

This condition has evidenced itself in history whenever censorship has been substituted for law. In the dark ages there were censorships to determine not only what might be published, but even what might be believed. The few did not think the many fit for free speech, and then, as now, arranged the organization of society to prevent the expression of ideas which in any way attacked the system which the few had decided should control the lives, the thoughts, the ideals of the many.

Then, as now, the censor came to regard himself in the light of literary editor as well as censor, and the records are filled with examples of changes made in authors' works for no other reason than that the phrases cut or changed did not accord with the personal views of the censor.

History also shows us that, quite aside from its lamentable effect on art, censorship has failed completely to justify itself as a preserver of public morality.

It has always been a firm belief of all censors that an audience cannot see the fictional depiction of a criminal act without feeling a powerful urge to leave the theatre and start immediately to practice the same crime. They would attribute the killing of every king who has been murdered during the last three hundred years to the influence of Macbeth. They consider the American people as a collection of would-be criminals, who desire the instruction which the screen offers to perfect themselves in the technique of murder, theft, or arson. This point of view is

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borne out neither by court records nor the opinions of studious jurists. Judge Ben Lindsay, of Colorado, has been sitting for years on the bench of his juvenile court, and has so far failed to discover one case in which the youthful delinquent had been influenced toward misdemeanor by the "movie."

But the censor has always inclined to the belief that the theatre causes the evil of its time instead of merely reflecting it. Drama formulates the thought of a people, it does not form it; it is primarily a result and not a cause; its function is to hold the mirror up to human nature and it has never been able entirely to control the image which it reflects. The public goes to the theatre to see some phase of itself as it really is, and the American people would do well to resent the distorted view of life, of social problems, of domestic relationships which the censor orders to be shown on the mirror of the screen.

To limit the amount of evil, or the kind of evil which may be shown by imposing a set of narrow-minded, arbitrary rules which do not consider the ultimate purpose of the subject-matter, or its ethical value in its given place, is to fetter art so completely that it is difficult for a real seeker of truth to work in a medium so bound by the petty ideals of these monopolists of morality.

Most of the world's classic literature could not survive their laws. "Anthony and Cleopatra" would have to be changed by inserting a proper, legal marriage ceremony early in the play.

"The Taming of the Shrew" would be barred in several States as a physical attack by a man upon a woman.

"Othello" would not be permitted at all south of Mason and Dixon's line; and the first chapters of all the four Gospels would be prohibited in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kansas.

How can an author show the eternal struggle between good and evil if he may not depict evil?

The picture "Nice People" was barred from Kansas because it showed so much cigarette smoking by women, and yet the whole object of the story was an indictment of the jazz-loving, cocktail-drinking, cigarette-smoking younger generation of to-day. Scenes were cut from another picture because they showed a girl being a bit saucy to the judge who had presided at her trial. These scenes were cut because they showed disrespect for the law. In another picture a French apache says to the gendarme who takes him into custody: "You taught us to loot Morocco, and now you arrest me for doing what you taught me to do." This was ordered eliminated as being against government.

Another picture showed a comedy scene in which a guest took from his host's cigar-box four or five cigars, which he pocketed. This scene was ordered cut because it showed the act of theft, but was finally allowed to be retained on condition that a title be inserted in which a valet tells the guest that the host is unavoidably detained, and that he is to help himself to whatever he desires.

Can motion pictures ever become an art when they are only allowed to show thieves who do not steal, rebels who love the government, and criminals with nothing in their hearts but deep respect for the law?

It matters not to the censor that vice is made repugnant, that the criminal is punished, and that the entire effect of the story may be on a high plane. It must conform to the idea that ignorance is the best form of innocence; it must take for granted that to see evil is to desire it, and that the most valuable thought which has ever been contributed to the human race is: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Great stress, of course, is laid upon the fact that children must be protected from all knowledge of evil. Thus in "Brother Officers" the censor cut out scenes showing baby clothes designed for a baby yet to be born, and gave as his official reason that "the average child believes a stork brings the baby—we can't disillusionize the child."

But the producer of motion pictures has a perfect right to resent his involuntary appointment as chaperon to all the children in the land. The American parent should exercise some degree of control over his child's theatre-going. It is absurd to say that a medium of expression as broad and far-reaching as the motion picture can only be used on condition that it does not disturb the ignorance of the child.

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The time is at hand when the American public must decide whether it will permit the motion picture to develop as an adult art, or whether it must be forever bound by the limitations of the immature. For if censorship is kept in force the more thoughtful of the producers will abandon a field in which they are not allowed to talk to adult audiences. No artist who feels a desire to express the greater truths and values of human life will continue to accept supervision by the superficial. He will not allow his best efforts to be turned into inartistic monstrosities under a system which crowns mediocrity King, and reduces all thought to the safe, sane, and conservative standards of those smug simpletons who believe that whatever is is right, and that, if it isn't, they alone are adequately prepared to prescribe new formulæ of thought for the world.

The public does not know the crimes against art which are committed in the name of censorship. Entire scenes are cut from stories and nothing done to close the wound; lines spoken by characters are changed to words which express the censor's point of view and not the author's; relationships of characters are changed by clumsy titling so that the laws of human nature may not conflict with those of Pennsylvania.

In their treatment of the recent production of "Zaza," the Pennsylvania censors gave the world a striking example of the gentle art of adapting literature to morons. In the original story the hero is a married man who becomes fascinated by Zaza, a concert-hall singer. But the censors of the Keystone State considered this far too dangerous a situation to be viewed by the husbands of Pennsylvania matrons. So, by rewriting the titles of the picture, they transformed the hero's wife into his sister, leaving him legally entitled to marry Zaza if he desired, and naïvely explained that "the difference in social caste is quite enough obstacle between him and Zaza." The censor, following the example of his feathered counterpart, the ostrich, tries to hide immorality by burying his head in the sand. How much more efficient it would be to sit upon the sand and regard the world.

Kipling's story, "Without Benefit of Clergy," was a severe shock when it appeared upon the screen. But the censors quickly made it safe for democracy by having the couple married in the first place. They did not change the title of the picture, however, so the photodrama, as censored, reflects somewhat cynically upon any benefit of clergy to be derived from the marriage ceremony.

In some States it is not permitted to show a "close-up" of a hotel register, presumably because the use of the hotel register sometimes forms a part of the actual process of marital infidelity. But in a recent picture a man and a woman were shown registering, each under his own name, and being assigned to different rooms. In those States which have the anti-register law, the scissors of the censor leave the audience under the impression that the couple is illegally registering themselves as man and wife. The fact that the scene was intended to prevent this very thought had no weight when it came into conflict with the arbitrary ruling that hotel registers are *ipso facto* immoral, and cannot be revealed in all their hideous detail.

Another elimination was a scene showing a man burning, unopened, a letter from his wife. This was considered a form of brutality much too tempting to be shown. It was cut out, and the husbands of that State will continue to read all their marital mail.

Pennsylvania censors decide not only what the author may say, but what he may talk about. They ban "themes and references to race suicide," "embraces which would be contrary to propriety in ordinary life," and "subtitles relating to sex or other immorality." One of the fundamental rules of censorship seems to be that a man can mistreat any woman to whom he is married, but that he must use more discretion toward other women. To most people it would appear that to ill-treat your wife is even more reprehensible than to ill-treat a perfect stranger, but this advanced philosophy has not yet achieved censorial recognition. The artist is frequently at a loss to understand why scenes of violence, which are immoral when played between unmarried people, become moral when played between married folks.

It has always been a canon of censor-

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ship that sex is inevitably a form of immorality. Intention to marry has been officially decided to be the only proper substitute for any of the various phases of the psychology of love. Thus, when the censors objected to the title: "That fightin' gal is the only one in the valley I want," they safeguarded the morals of their audience by changing the line to read: "That fightin' gal is the only one in the valley I want to marry." This simple change made it quite certain that their public would be protected from the idea that love might ever occur without matrimony as its object.

Not long ago an Ohio censor remarked that she was not going to allow the people to have the kind of pictures they wanted, but would only permit them to view "the kind they ought to have." How long will the American people stand for this autocracy over their judgment, this tyranny over their taste?

Any reference to current political conditions is, of course, barred from the screen.

In a recent George Ade picture the author used this title, referring to the Great War: "When the big fuss was over and the world was trying to find out what it was all about, our hero," etc. But the censor, realizing the danger of permitting the screen to be used for political thought, ordered the removal of the phrase: "and the world was trying to find out what it was all about" on the ground that it was unpatriotic.

Can any art develop under conditions such as these? Can a literature of the screen be written when all thoughts are barred which vary in any way from the archaic ideas of those who are empowered by law to make the screen safe for morons and keep it fit for infants? Would we have had Shakspere if Cromwell had been in power a few years sooner?

To add to the injustice of the situation the producer may not even use the screen to tell his public of the evils of censorship. The censor works his will with a picture, and the author and producer are blamed for bad continuity, silly titles, and utterly impossible situations for which they are not responsible, and which invariably follow censorial tampering with a nicely adjusted piece of work.

And the fear of censorship is inhibiting many directors from attempting to adapt to the screen a number of the most powerful works of our contemporary authors. A conscientious director does not want to undertake a production in which his chief function is to remove all virility from the original. He dislikes turning husbands into guardians and lovers into husbands. He realizes that life is what it is, and cannot be properly shown as a state of being in which every human creature lives according to Hoyle and thinks according to Calvin. But under present conditions he may not speak to his public except to tell them what the censor desires them to hear.

In this desperate situation the only hope is in the people themselves. The solution is in their hands.

If they wish the art of the motion picture to grow into a thing of strength and beauty, they must accept their own responsibility. They must insist that an author's or a director's work be shown to them in the form intended for them to see. They must make their own decisions as to what they want on the screen, and they must cease to delegate their power of acceptance or rejection to a small group of political appointees which the system of censorship delegates to do their thinking for them.

The American people are quite capable of doing their own thinking, of asserting their own good taste; and it is for them to rescue the struggling art of the motion picture from the terrible mediocrity which always follows the prevention of free, individual expression.

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Byron: His Books and Autographs

BY HARRY B. SMITH

Author of "Books and Autograph Letters of Shelley," and "Charles Lamb's Album"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

NOT long ago I passed one of the ambrosial evenings enjoyable to book collectors—and soporific to others—in the library of a friend who collects books about Napoleon and autographs of that great Italian who is the glory of France. The concomitant libations were appropriate, as my friend maintained that the Scotch won Waterloo. Rare prints, books, and documents were displayed for my delectation, and when I had properly desired and admired I remarked, as one who had discovered a great truth, that Napoleon and Byron were the two most interesting personalities since Shakespeare.

"Which reminds me that I have an autograph letter of Byron's," said my host; "a very fine four-page letter." After considerable search he produced a portly volume of Byron's poems, and triumphantly displayed the letter inserted, in which it was not difficult to recognize an old and disreputable acquaintance. It was that Ahasuerus of alleged autographs, the reproduction of Byron's letter to *Galignani's Messenger*, denying that he had written a tale entitled "The Vampyre." I held the paper up to the light, not that it was necessary, but as an ostensible basis for condemnation, and I was about to impart the unwelcome information that it was not an autograph but a lithograph, when my friend said: "I don't collect Byron, so it is a pleasure to present the letter to *you*."

My protestation that I could not think of accepting such a gift was met by insistence that my collection was just the place for it. I am still wondering what was the right thing to do in the embarrassing circumstances. Examination of the mouth of a gift-horse is proverbially ungracious. Yet perhaps I should have enlightened my benevolent friend then and there; for he may have paid a large sum for this impressive counterfeit. Should this meet his eye, which I rather hope it will not, he will learn for the first time that his knowledge of Byron autographs is not as perfect as the kindness of his intentions. It is probable that several hundred copies of the Galignani edition survive, and many owners of the book have been deluded by this lithograph. A few years ago, a New York newspaper published a communication from a correspondent, giving a transcription of an autograph letter of Byron's which had been "in the owner's family for many years." This was followed by other epistles from correspondents, each claiming that he had the original letter. In every instance it was the same old lithograph. Quite recently it was described in the catalogue of a Western bookseller, a dealer of whose honesty there can be no question, and it was priced at a sum for which one can purchase a motor-car, not a great car, but one that often runs very nicely. In January of the present year, the same "autograph letter" was reported to have been discovered in Texas, and a Dallas paper gave a long description of it, declaring it to be the original in Byron's hand. Perhaps it is.

Forgeries of Byron autographs often have been attempted. Lady Caroline Lamb is said to have imitated his handwriting "to perfection," and she used this talent on one occasion to obtain possession of a portrait of him which she admired, writing an order for its delivery to herself. About seventy-five years ago, a small, dark man, calling himself George Byron and claiming that his mother was the "Maid of Athens," visited a London publisher with a number of Byron and Shelley letters. These were published and afterward found to be forgeries. Robert Browning, as much fooled as the guileless publisher, wrote an eloquent in-

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troduction to the volume, and when the fraud was discovered it was asserted that the forgeries were so cleverly executed that, when placed beside genuine letters, no one could tell the authentic specimens from the counterfeits. I once owned a copy of the book containing the manuscripts of these forged letters. Shelley's writing was fairly well imitated; but in the Byron forgeries there did not seem to be even an attempt at simulation.

As a collector's author, Byron was one of the first of the poets whose autographs and first editions were prized, and he was one of the few nineteenth century authors whom early American collectors considered worth while. In a description of the "Private Libraries of New York," published in 1860, he is the only comparatively modern poet who is mentioned. The manuscript of "Don Juan," incomplete, is in the Morgan Library; and Mr. Gabriel Wells recently brought to New York the manuscripts of "Cain," "The Siege of Corinth," "Marino Faliero," and the "Ode to Napoleon." "Sardanapalus" is a prized possession of the University of Texas.

Byron was only twenty-four when he did that traditional awakening to find himself famous, and from that time it is fairly certain that no one destroyed a letter received from him, unless, as sometimes happened, there were personal and prudential reasons for doing so. There are six volumes of the letters, and few are devoid of intrinsic interest. Most of them are vivid in their revelations of character, his own or other people's. His first letter, written in 1799, the year in which, at the age of ten, he became Lord Byron, was treasured by the relative to whom it was addressed, and is now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The following letter, written in Byron's thirteenth year, and, with two exceptions the earliest known, is not included in the definitive edition and is believed to be unpublished. It displays some of the characteristics of his more mature epistles, including petulance and profanity. The boy, who had been a lord for three years, was beginning to qualify for the coterie of Brummell and the Beau's "fat friend." He addressed his "dear cousin" in this rakish fashion:

"Upon my word you have acted a very pretty part on the holidays. While I waited to see you, you took care not to come. Pray write me when you go to sea. I thought you were going to the Cape but I should have been devilish sorry for that as I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you for three years. I suppose you have heard that I am going to leave this damned place at Easter and am going to Harrow a public school with 250 boys at it. I have not seen my cousins these holidays nor shant next either for they have behaved devilish blackguard lately."

John Hanson, the poet's solicitor and lifelong friend, told Hobhouse that he had many schoolboy letters from Byron and that they, like the present specimen, were "perfectly characteristic of what he afterward became." But for the accidents of a precocious intellect and a lame foot, instead of making himself Pope's pupil and "subsiding into poesy"—as he expressed it—he might have become a popular member of the Prince's set, a gambler as famous as Lord Rivers, a libertine as eminent as Hertford, a drunkard yielding last place under the table to no four-bottle man. The moral seems to be that noblemen who wish to be debauchees without incurring the reproaches of posterity should take care to avoid incidental celebrity of any other kind.

Another Byron letter in my possession is characteristic in a more agreeable way. This was written in his sixteenth year to his schoolmate at Harrow, Charles Gordon, and in boyish fashion it mingles enthusiasm for Highland scenery with a description of a cricket match. He boasts of his own score, and the last legible sentence begins: "We were very convivial in the evening"—after the match. Unfortunately the letter is torn, and of the details of the conviviality one can only make out that it caused "a devil of a row."

My next letter in order of date was written when the poet was twenty. It is published, in part, in the "Letters and Journals," but in the printing the portions that might be considered the most Byronic were omitted. These suppressed passages are one of the earliest examples of an eccentricity pronounced, by one of

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the best friends Byron ever had, to be the poet's "one pre-eminent fault, a morbid love of a bad reputation." This witness, and the Corsair, between whose characters and his own—as God and education had made it—the most microscopic in-

Lord Byron.
From a sketch by Count D'Orsay.

the Reverend William Harness, adds: "It seemed to be his determined purpose to present himself in moral masquerade, and to identify himself with Childe Harold spection would fail to discern a single point of resemblance." The letter referred to is addressed to the Reverend John Becher, prebendary of Southwell

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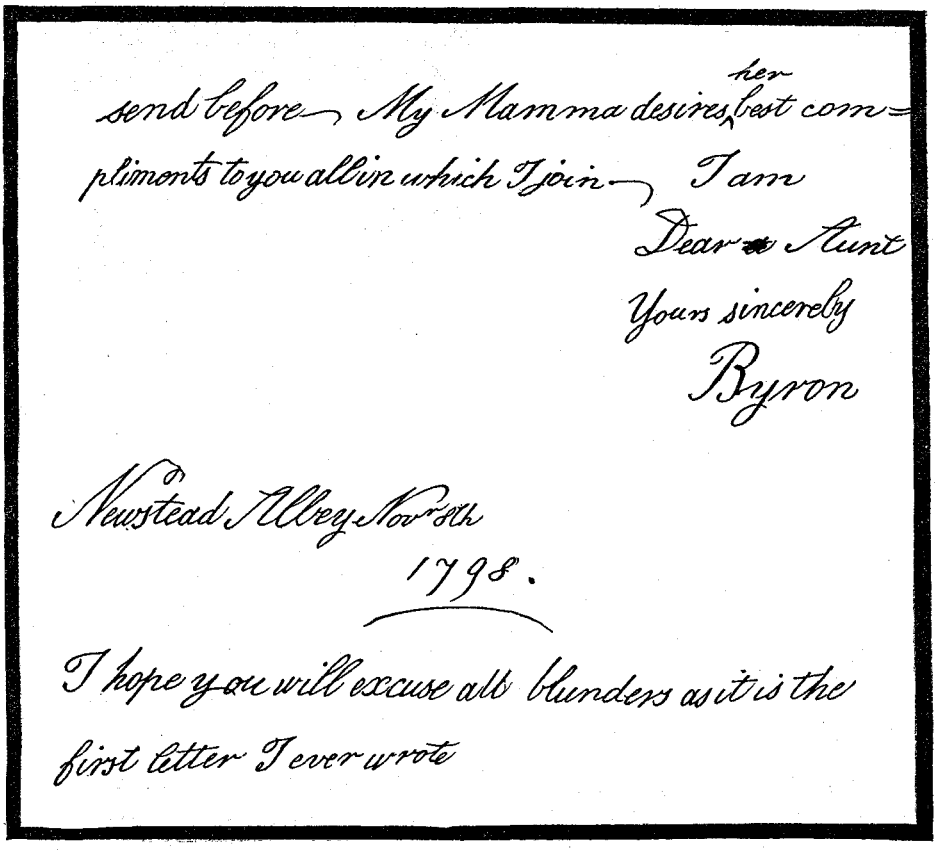
Minster, and contains several paragraphs obviously written for the purpose of shocking that worthy clergyman who was the censor of Byron's early poems, and to some extent his moral mentor.

When this letter was written (1808), "Fugitive Pieces" and "Poems on Various Occasions" had been printed. The former had been suppressed at the instigation of the Reverend Mr. Becher. It was condemned to be burned, and only three perfect copies are known to exist. The one owned by Mr. Thomas J. Wise was Mr. Becher's own, the mentorial clergyman having saved it from the flames, no doubt feeling certain that the objectionable verses could do *him* no possible harm. In admonishing the youthful poet, Mr. Becher wrote:

> "Say, Byron, why compel me to deplore
> Talents designed for choice poetic lore,
> Deigning to varnish scenes that shun the day
> With guilty lustre and with amorous lay?"

The kindly critic did not explain how a scene could be varnished by a lay; but his intentions were of the best and by his wise counsel Byron profited, though collectors lost. Only Mr. Wise, Mr. J. A. Spoor, of Chicago, and the Morgan Library have complete copies of "Fugitive Pieces."

Less rare, and not an object of hopeless quest, is the "Poems on Various Occasions," of which, according to Thomas Moore, a hundred copies were printed. Issued in so small an edition, the book could hardly have been intended for a circulation more extensive than the author's acquaintance, and most of the copies known contain presentation inscriptions. One of the most interesting is in the library of Mr. Jerome Kern, the copy given by the poet to his half-sister, Augusta, the "Astarte" of Lord Lovelace's extraordinary book. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of reception that was given by local "Pride and Prejudice" society to the


send before My Mamma desires her best compliments to you all in which I join I am
Dear Aunt
Yours sincerely
Byron

Newstead Abbey Nov^r 8th
1798.

I hope you will excuse all blunders as it is the first letter I ever wrote

The last page of Byron's first letter.

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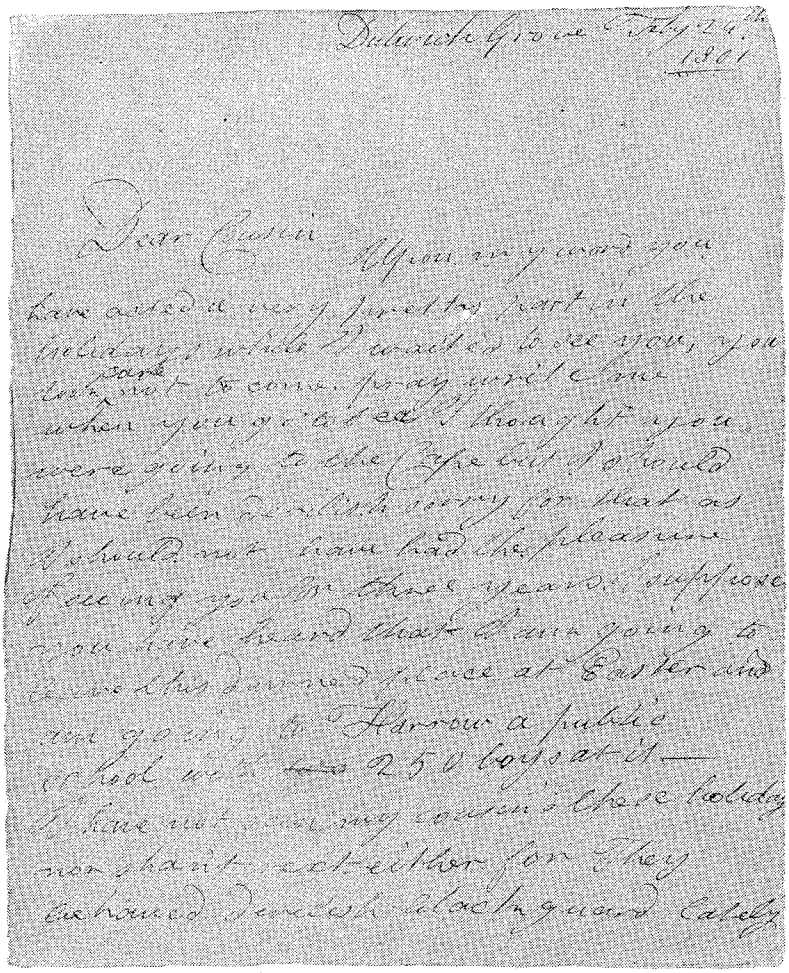

A letter written by Byron in his thirteenth year.

young lord's egoistic and amatory verses. Evidence in his handwriting proves that friends and neighbors were able to restrain their enthusiasm. It was Byron's practice all his life to retaliate in rhyme for wrongs, real or fancied. In this case, he wrote for his own satisfaction a poem which he had the discretion to leave unpublished. I have the original manuscript of this effusion, in which he satirizes the local arbiters of literary taste, sparing not even the benevolent Becher.

The discouraged bard regrets that "none but girls and striplings dare admire" and expresses his disdain of the opinions of "Squires and matrons and ancient virgins." The manuscript is written with evident labor and the many erasures and revisions show that the writer was extremely painstaking in composing a poem resenting criticism that he affected to despise. The local medical man receives particularly severe punishment as a "pert physician" and a scandal-monger.

"For food and raiment thus the coxcomb rails,
For those who fear his physic like his tales.
Why should his harmless censure seem offense?
Still let him eat, although at my expense.
Without improvement since he first began;
A young Physician, though an ancient Man.
Now let me cease—Physician, Parson, Dame,
Still urge your task and, if you can, defame.
The humble offerings of my Muse destroy,
And crush, oh! noble conquest! crush a Boy."

Another poem of the same period, written in 1805, was found among the

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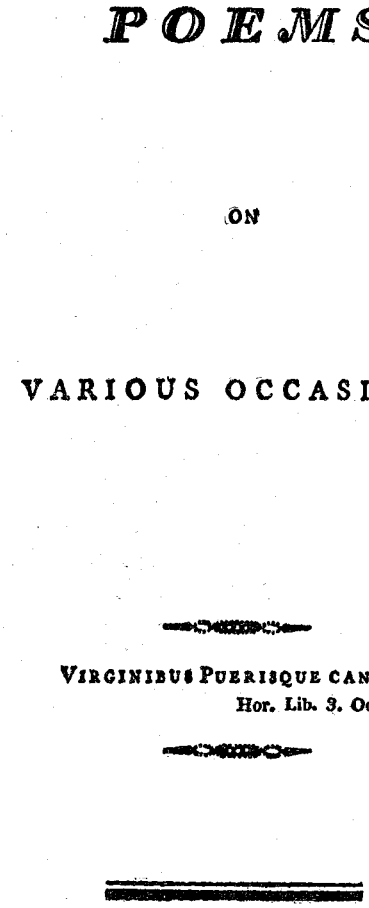
Newstead manuscripts and has never been published. The themes are the death of a girl, beloved by the poet, and the futility of religious consolation. The


POEMS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.
Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 1.

NEWARK: PRINTED BY S. & J. RIDGE.
MDCCCVII.

Title page of Byron's first published book.

reflections are similar to those of "In Memoriam," but are expressed in the Byronic spirit of revolt, as in the opening lines:

"Cease! Cease, thou hoary, lying priest!
Deceive me not with hopes of Heaven.
If this, if this was Heaven's behest,
Where is my hope, my Heaven now?
Deep in yon mouldering cavern low."

The fair objects of Byron's youthful admiration were rather numerous and it is impossible to identify the particular lost Lenore lamented in this threnody. Probably the verses refer to his cousin, Margaret Parker, who died at the age of fifteen. Of his love for her, he wrote, years afterward: "My passion had its usual effect upon me. I could not eat, I could not sleep, I could not rest. I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

The two collections of juvenilia were followed a few months later by "Hours of Idleness," and for a time Byron probably wished that he had restricted the circulation of his verses to sympathetic friends who would have kept unfavorable opinions among themselves. He was promptly butchered to make a critic's holiday. Not being in the apothecary line, he was not ordered "back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes," as Keats was a few years later; but the "noble minor" was advised to abandon rhyme and become a useful member of society. Even more sensitive than most fledgling bards, Byron seems to have had a premonition of what was going to happen to him. The prefaces which he prepared as a sort of advance defense appear to have given him as much thought as his poems. The introductions to the three books differ in length and expression, agreeing only in urging the minority of the writer as an extenuating circumstance, a sort of "Don't shoot the piano player; he is doing his best." In his article in the *Edinburgh Review*, Brougham made the point of law that minority is a plea only available for defendants and that, before the appearance of the young Lord's poetry, nobody had charged him with any crime or misdemeanor. Apart from pleading that he is a minor poet—in every sense—Byron's chief recommendation of himself to mercy is a promise that his first book is to be his last. I have the manuscripts of two of these prefaces, one of which is the original draft of the published introduction to "Hours of Idleness," in which, after a carefully prepared alibi to meet any accusation of plagiarism, he says:

"Poetry is not my primary vocation. To divert the dull moments of indisposition or the monotony of a vacant hour was all I aimed at. . . . However, my wreath, scanty as it must be, is all that I shall derive from the productions. I shall

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LORD BYRON,
as he appeared after his daily ride at Pisa & Genoa.

From a silhouette made by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single sprig additional from groves where I am at best an intruder."

In another manuscript, part of which was published, Byron assumed a different pose. Alluding to those with whom poetry is a profession, he says:

"I leave to them without repining the hope of Immortality. I content myself with the not very magnificent prospects of ranking amongst the mob of 'gentlemen who write'—my readers must determine whether I dare say 'with ease'—or the honour of a posthumous page in the 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' a work to which the peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable Antiquity are thereby rescued from the Obscurity which unluckily overshadows the Illustrious and sometimes well-spelt productions of their bearers."

A few years after the publication of "Hours of Idleness," when Byron had become a celebrity, Brougham, mortified that he had failed to detect any evidence of talent in a great poet's early verses, denied that he had written the review in the *Edinburgh*, though ultimately he acknowledged the authorship. It would have been more creditable had he admitted responsibility; for it was not his judgment that was at fault, and while the tone of the article was malignant, brutal-

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ity in criticism was typical of the period. Moreover, Brougham could have claimed that, but for his critical trouncing, there would have been no "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the most vigorous satirical poem since "The Dunciad."

In the first line of "Don Juan," Byron advertises that he wants "a hero; an uncommon want." Uncommon indeed with him, for he always had himself; and even in the earliest verses the inevitable Byronic defect of morbid subjectivity is as apparent as in the more mature and famous poems. The writer's themes are himself, his family, his ancestral home, his friends, a lady who sent him a lock of hair, a lady whom he frightened with a pistol, his various Carolines, Emmas, and Marys. The manuscript of "Childish Recollections," the longest of these juvenile poems, and the most interesting, is in Mr. Kern's collection. It is a chronicle of Byron's schooldays at Harrow, and its evolution caused the poet considerable anxiety, as the verses include pen portraits, complimentary or satirical, of masters and schoolmates, and these sketches were retouched from time to time, according to the whims and caprices of the author. The printed versions vary, and Byron finally decided to omit most of the portraits. He had a great admiration for Doctor Drury, who appears in the poem as *Probus*. Drury understood the fractious youth, whom he described as "a wild mountain colt," adding that he "could be led by a silken string." When Drury retired from the head-mastership, his place was taken by Doctor Butler, whom Byron at once cast for the rôle of *Pomposus*, characterized in "Childish Recollections" as:

"Just half a pedagogue and half a fop.
Not formed to grace the pulpit, but the shop."

On the reverse of one of the pages of the original manuscript there is an unpublished epigram, in which, be it noted, "George" is George Gordon Byron and "Edward" is Edward Long, a school friend.

"Says Edward to George: 'Poor Pomposus forgive,
Or else in your rhymes his remembrance may live.'
Says George: 'It is quite the reverse.
Oblivion should ever be pedantry's lot.
As I wish that his name should at once be forgot,
I give it a place in my verse.'"

Repentance followed when the satirist discovered that he had been too hasty in forming his opinion of the new master, and a revised manuscript of the poem has the added lines:

"If once my muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warmed with her wrongs, and deemed the likeness true,
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns.
With noble minds a fault confess'd atones."

Byron took critical punishment manfully. His reaction to it, as he wrote to Shelley fourteen years later, was "rage, resistance, and redress; but not despondency or despair." He had already begun a satire on "English Bards," and now the "Scotch Reviewers" were added to the dramatis personæ. The poem gives the impression of having been written rapidly in the heat of anger and resentment; but it was a year or more in the making and nearly two years in getting into print. Of some portions, several different manuscripts exist. Four pages of two different parts of the work are described in my "Sentimental Library," and the many erasures and alterations prove that the epigrammatic couplets, like the impromptus of Sheridan's character, required hours of careful thought and study.

The actual first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is one book which no collector can hope to possess, as the only copy known is in the British Museum and is likely to stay there until the well-known New Zealander takes his stand "on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." This unique example is one that Byron had printed for his own use, in order that he might get the effect of the lines in type. Even after the appearance of the first published version, the revisions and alterations continued, and the early editions differ materially. In later years, the poet regretted the severity of his comments on contemporaries, many of whom had become his friends; but for the time the work served his purpose. As he wrote to Murray, "They knocked me down, but

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I got up again." One of my copies of "English Bards" has Byron's presentation inscription to Richard Payne Knight, a fellow victim of Scotch reviewers. It was at Payne Knight's home that Byron met the learned Doctor Parr, of whom it was said that no one would ever know the extent of his erudition as "when he spoke no one could understand him and when he wrote no one could read his writing."

Having fired an effective parting shot at his assailants, Childe Buron—as the hero was called in the early manuscripts—started upon his pilgrimage. A letter written at Constantinople, addressed to his relative, R. C. Dallas, is in the collection of Mr. E. Arthur Ball. It is unpublished, though a part of its contents, a description of the writer's exploit in swimming the Hellespont, is referred to in other letters written at about the same time and intrusted to Hobhouse who was returning to England. After mentioning several places visited by the Pilgrim, the letter continues:

"I shall content myself with stating my only remarkable personal achievement, namely, swimming from Sestos to Abydos, which I did on the third of May as we lay at anchor in the Dardanelles in the *Salsette* frigate. You will smile at this exploit; but as it made an ancient immortal, I see no reason why a modern may not be permitted to boast of it, particularly as I had no mistress to comfort me at landing and my labor must e'en be its own reward."

Included in the letter is the poem with which the new Leander commemorated his adventure; ending with the lines:

"'Tis hard to say who fared the best.
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you.
He lost his labor; I my jest,
For he was drowned, and I've the ague."

An interesting autograph of this period is the original of the Romaic song which Byron adapted in the poem "I enter thy garden of roses," which appeared in the first edition of "Childe Harold." On the reverse of the manuscript is the note in the poet's hand: "Song copied out for me in Athens, April 19th, 1811 by Dudu Roque, the daughter of a French merchant of that city, previous to my leaving Greece."

The sensational success of "Childe Harold" established Byron as the most famous author of the time. The world placed him on a pedestal where he posed as a tolerant Timon, despising, or affecting to despise, the laurels for which he had longed and labored. This was the period of that extraordinary apotheosis, unique in literary history, when every distinguished Englishman was his friend and an embarrassing number of beautiful women were more or less in love with him. Lady Caroline Lamb met him at a ball and recorded in her diary that he was "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." In a few weeks she was infatuated with him, and in a few months she was putting him in a novel, casting him for the rôle of a rattlesnake and herself for the part of a fascinated bird.

For four years Byron was honored and adored. Then came the evening of the ball at Lady Jersey's when the fallen idol stood apart, ignored and disgraced, when the little red-haired girl, pitying him, came up to him and said: "You should have married *me* and then this would not have happened." The cause of his downfall was one of the few really ignoble acts of his life, marrying for money; and the greatest mistake of his life was marrying at all. Lady Byron had left him, ostensibly to visit her parents, sending him en route a fond and foolish note beginning "dear duck" and ending "your pippin," and this was followed by a letter announcing that she would not return to him. Readers who are acquainted with the Draconian moral code of the English aristocracy in 1816, when the good Prince George was "the first gentleman of Europe" can realize the shock to society caused by the separation of a poet and his wife. In this crisis in his life Byron was guilty of poor generalship, for few battles are won by running away. It is certain that he suffered deeply from the "Jedwood justice" of his sentence, and the fact that he wrote poetry about himself and his troubles is no proof of insincerity. Even an objective and dramatic poet coins his own feelings and experiences into verse; but the publication of the "Poems on Domestic Circumstances" displayed both bad taste and bad judgment. It is true that the poet claimed that he never

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intended them to be printed, but he did send them to England and he could hardly have believed that they would not reach the public, which they did, though not with authorization until a score of pirated editions had been printed and sold.

Byron's most interesting poem on the subject of the separation was not printed until nearly ten years after his death. This is entitled "Lines On Hearing That Lady Byron Was Ill," the manuscript of which was given to the Countess of Blessington, and is now in my possession. Up to the time of the writing of these verses the poems addressed to Lady Byron had been tenderly reproachful; but something had happened and another "change had come o'er the spirit of his dream." One thing that had angered him was the failure of Madame de Staël's suggested letter expressing his desire to be reconciled to his wife; but it is likely that Byron had heard for the first time of "the one serious calumny," the accusation on which "Astarte" was founded. The manuscript shows that the best lines were an afterthought, as they are written on the margin and the place for their insertion is indicated.

"The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And hewed down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of the heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of
strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part."

While Byron may be reproached with the indiscretion of writing poems to vindicate himself, the wronged wife also ventilated her grievances in verse and even printed a pamphlet stating her side of the case, which, however, was not published until her husband had been dead six years and there could be no argument. I have a number of Lady Byron's manuscript poems, and they prove beyond question that she considered her cause to be righteous and the sentence that she delivered to be just. The following are the concluding lines of one:

"And if by earthly sacrifice
Her heart to Mercy's throne may rise
And be accepted but to soften
The doom his pride defies too often,
She grieves not that for him alone
It beat, and met a breast of stone."

This poem was sent to Miss Emily Milner, and a note in Lady Byron's hand requests that it be "imparted to Selina." The erring husband has been accused of overadvertising his bleeding heart, but the wronged wife also conducted a sentimental propaganda of her own.

There have been conflagrations of books and autographs that to a collector seem wanton vandalism, as Dickens's bonfire of all the letters ever written to him and the destruction of Shelley's pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism." Probably biographical literature's greatest loss of the kind was the burning of Byron's story of his own life. It may have been a somewhat prejudiced chronicle, but not necessarily in favor of the autobiographer, who preferred blacking to whitewash in painting his own character. Whatever it may have been, a worthless record of scandal or one of the great books of the world, all the members of the committee in charge voted for its destruction, excepting Moore, to whom Byron had given the manuscript, and who had borrowed two thousand pounds on it, and Murray, who had loaned the two thousand pounds. The representatives of Mrs. Leigh and Lady Byron, and Hobhouse, Byron's best friend, all concurred in sentencing the work to the flames. Byron had offered the manuscript to Lady Byron; but she had refused to read it. Nevertheless, she was so anxious—on her own account or for some other reason—that it should be destroyed, that she offered to pay the two thousand pounds involved, although she evidently regretted this rash offer as the sum was never paid. Before the manuscript was thrown into the fire, Murray was allowed to salvage a single leaf. The page is numbered 125, and the contents show that at that point Byron was still writing of his school-days. This page, described in my "Sentimental Library," was sent by Moore to Sir Robert Peel, with a note saying: "The fragment of Byron's journal was meant to be yours, and Murray tore it out of the book expressly for that purpose. I am nothing more than the (certainly very willing) medium through which his gift is conveyed." The two lines at the bottom of the page are in Moore's writing, completing the sentence, adding the words from the leaf

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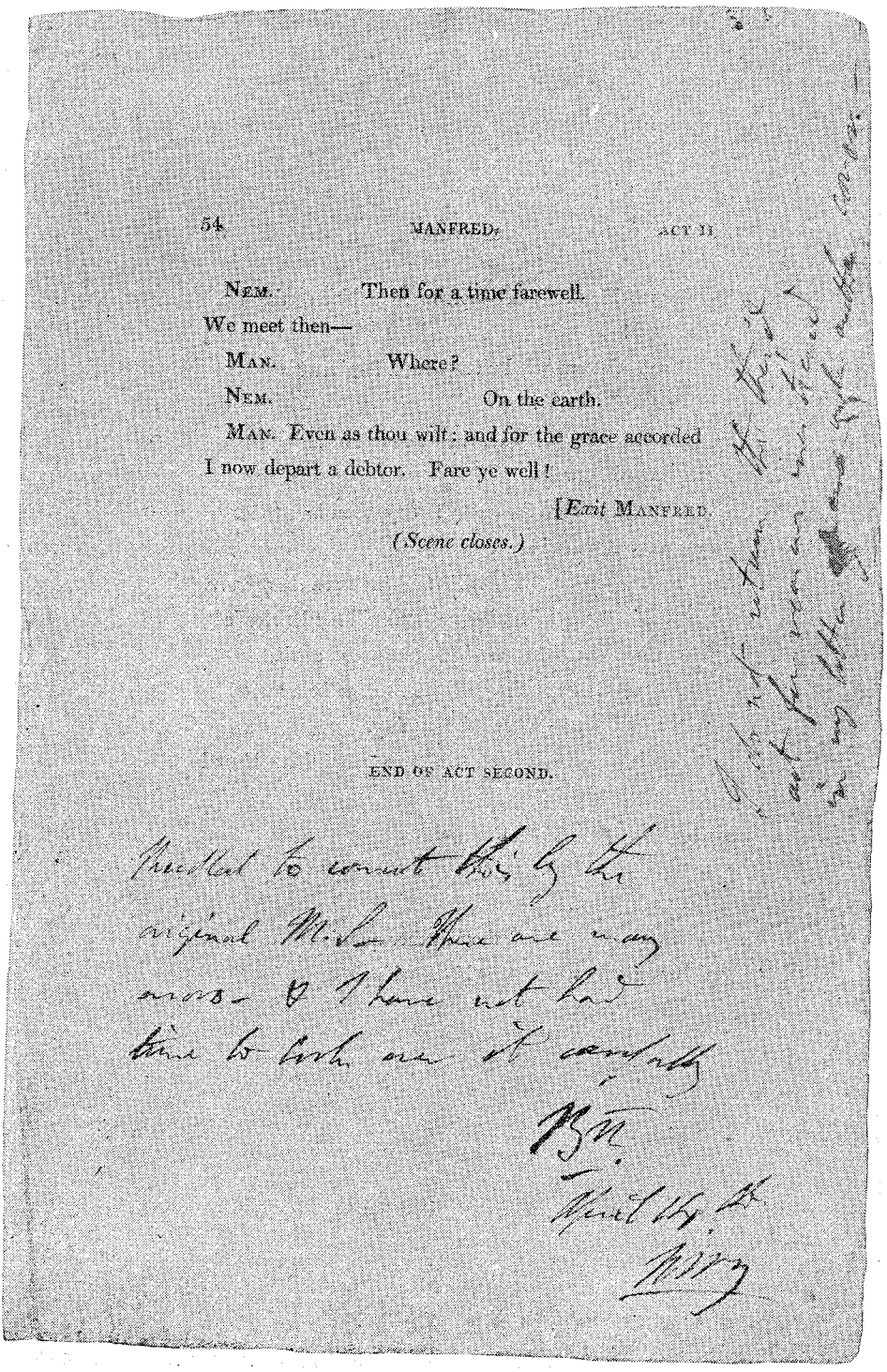

54 MANFRED. ACT II

NEM. Then for a time farewell.
We meet then—
MAN. Where?
NEM. On the earth.
MAN. Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit* MANFRED.

(Scene closes.)

END OF ACT SECOND.

A proof page of "Manfred" with notes in Byron's autograph.

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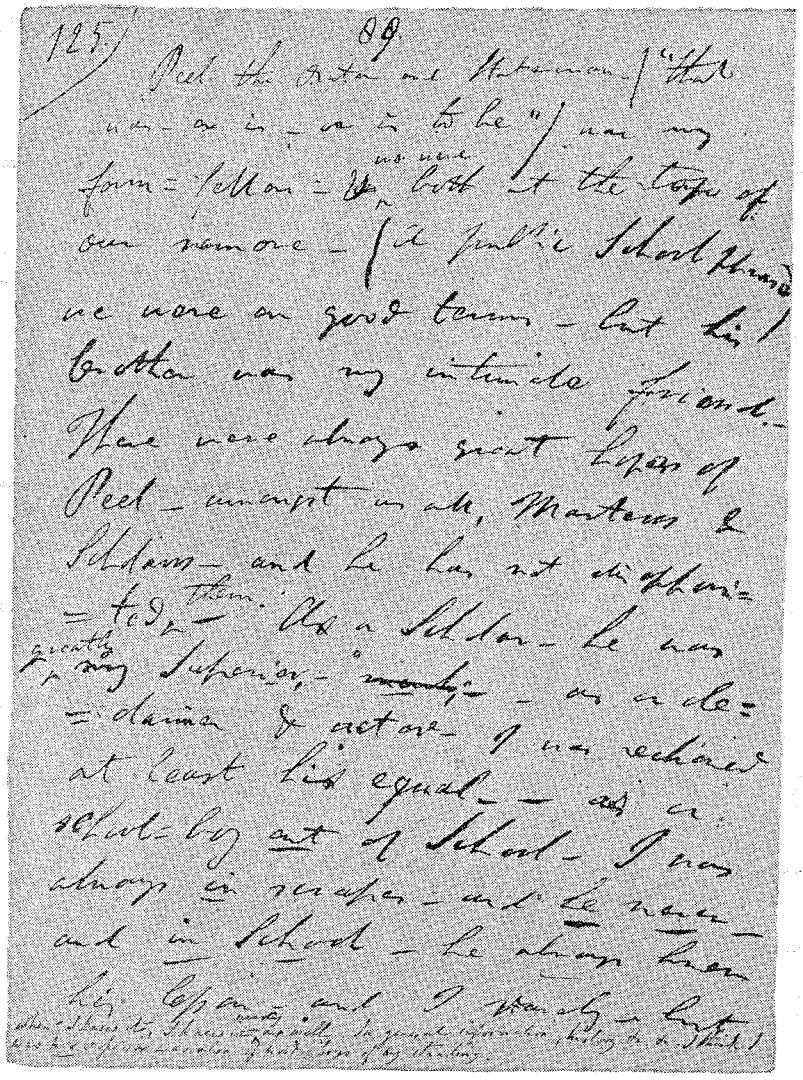

A page of Byron's journal.
Given by Thomas Moore to Sir Robert Peel.

that followed. If this is a fair sample, the autobiography could have been preserved without bringing a blush to the cheek of anybody.

"Peel, the orator and statesman 'that was, or is, or is to be,' was my form-fellow. We were both at the top of our remove—a public school phrase. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all. . . . As a scholar he was greatly my superior. As a declaimer and orator I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy *out* of school, I was always *in* scrapes, and *he never*, and *in* school, he always knew his lesson and I rarely; but, when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c., &c., I think I was his superior, as also of most boys of my standing."

The definitive edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals" is a marvel of careful editing and thorough research, containing nearly double the number of letters comprised in any other collection; yet a

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considerable portion of Byron's correspondence remains unpublished, most of which is in the possession of American collectors. In a letter written from Genoa in January, 1823, to Richard Belgrave Hoppner, there is the following reference to Shelley, whose death had occurred six months before:

"I do not know that any acquaintances of yours are here, except the Ingrams, (I believe you do not know Madame Guiccioli,) and Mrs. Shelley who is living at some distance. I see very little of her—about once a month. She is staying with the Hunts, friends of Shelley's. Shelley left me his executor; but his will is not at present available, if indeed it ever will be, and his father, Sir Timothy, will do nothing for the widow as yet. It is difficult to decide what is to be done. She will probably return to her father in the Spring. . . . I have been very unwell, but am better and hope to continue so. At least I am temperate enough, much more so indeed than in Venice."

Byron spurning the world.
From a drawing by George Cruikshank in "Rejected Addresses."

After Shelley's death, Mary resented what she considered miserliness on the part of his brother poet. "His unconquerable avarice prevented him from supplying me with money," she wrote to Jane Williams, though Byron had refused a legacy of two thousand pounds left to him by Shelley's will, which—though the decent thing to do—did not indicate an itching palm. An unpublished letter written a few months before his death affords evidence, if any were needed, that Byron was not inclined to be mercenary. It was written to Douglas Kinnaird, and sent by the deputies who were visiting London in behalf of the Greek cause:

"At the request of their government, I have agreed to advance the sum of four thousand pounds sterling by way of loan (as they apparently decline it as a gift) which is to be repaid in the event of their obtaining a subsidy in England. This sum is essential at the moment for the succour of Missolonghi and, whether it be repaid or not, I hope it will be of service to the cause. . . . I shall draw on you for the amount, which will extinguish my letter of credit for four thousand, which will be returned properly signed as paid."

In another unpublished letter, dated only three weeks before his death, Byron says: "I am at this moment paying nearly thirty officers, of whom five-and-twenty would not have bread to eat, if I did not. I am an enemy of cant of all kinds, but it will be seen in time who are or are not the firmest friends of the Greek cause."

Thus far in the present century there have been commemorations of the birth, or the death, of Poe, Whitman, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brownings, Keats, Shelley, and Byron; and none has fared better in posthumous advertisement than the poet whom Macaulay acclaimed as "the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century." Signs point to a Byron revival, yet there were years of neglect during which one may imagine a malcontent shade standing aloof in misanthropic resentment, or perhaps scorning the spirit world as, when in the mood, he spurned this inferior planet. Possibly reverting to the character in which he dramatized himself, he might soliloquize in an additional stanza of "Don Juan":

The spoiled Childe muttered: "What! No timely criticism
My 'final place in letters' to award?
No prating of my 'message'? Scarce a witticism

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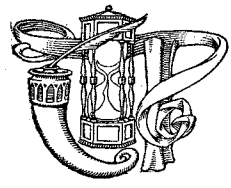
About my grandson's book—which I deplored?
Upon my many 'Lives,' this is a pretty schism
In taste! A hundred years, and I—ignored!
Was it for this I tuned the lyre impassioned?
Now, I awake and find myself—old-fashioned."

The essays customary on these occasions have debated whether the poet is for all time or merely for an artless and outgrown age. One misses the guidance of an oracle when the voice of the iconoclast is loud in the land assuring us that Byron is futile, archaic; in one sense only, a finished poet. Many an arbiter of taste who, without unbecoming levity, can read "free verse," derides Byron as a sort of scribbling Corinthian Tom who was his own and only hero and who sinned against both Murrays, his publisher and the grammarian; for even in one of his most famous stanzas was he not guilty of:

"There let him lay."

Purists naturally maintain that if the bard meant his deep and dark-blue ocean to cast a hen upon the shore, at least he might have been correct in the gender of the pronoun. In a way, the *Zeitgeist* played a shabby trick upon Byron. As daring in his day as some of our frankest contemporary writers, he was reprobated as immoral. Now that "nothing is immoral that has a message," no matter to whom the message may be addressed, he is repudiated as old-fashioned, and particularly by those who should revere him as one of the earliest foes of censorship. Bewildered by a Babel of disparagement, the reader fears that he has fallen into the common error of believing Byron to be worth while, and the book collector contemplates adding his first editions of "Childe Harold" to the copies of last year's best sellers destined for the Salvation Army. Then amid the voices of detraction one recalls the eulogies of certain critics of some importance in their day. Hazlitt pronounced Byron "the greatest genius of the age." Goethe said exactly the same thing, excepting that he substituted "talent" for "genius." Shelley rhapsodized of his "wonder and delight" in reading "Don Juan," and Scott expressed his opinion of the same poem in terms of extravagant praise. Taine asserted that, alone among his contemporaries, Byron "atteint à la cîme." If these dicta be thought to be "made and moulded of things past," Swinburne and Matthew Arnold are not quite so remote, and the latter quoted and indorsed the former's resonant phrase attributing to Byron "the imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength." A host of witnesses for the defense might be called; but I am not seeking to compete with Mr. Squire in his parody "See All the Authors I Can Name." It is encouraging also to find that Byron has been translated into nearly every language that has a literature, and into one that has little or none; for in Nuremberg, in 1866, a version of "Cain" was printed in "the International Language," whatever that may have been, Esperanto and Volapük not having been invented at the time. It has been said that in these days people care less for the poetry than they do for some new light on the dark mystery of the poet's life; yet Byron survives critical obituaries and a simoon of scandal, "the most romantic figure in the literature of the century."



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ROME
M · C · M · XX 1 · 1 · 1
Ageless – Imperial –
with her
Eternal Monuments
Drawings in Monotone
by
George Wharton Edwards
Plate I . . . . (Frontispiece) The Forum and San Teodoro.
Plate II . . . The Column of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.
Plate III . . . Interior of the Flavian Amphitheatre.
Plate IV . . . Interior of the Church of San Stefano Rotondo.
Plate V . . . The Arch of Titus
Plate VI . . . The Castel Sant' Angelo.
Plate VII . . The Arch of Constantine.
Plate VIII . . The Temple of the Sibyl.

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Plate II.

The Column of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Erected A. D. 176, in celebration of the victories of the Emperor over the Marcomanni, surmounted by the statue of St. Paul. [1589.]

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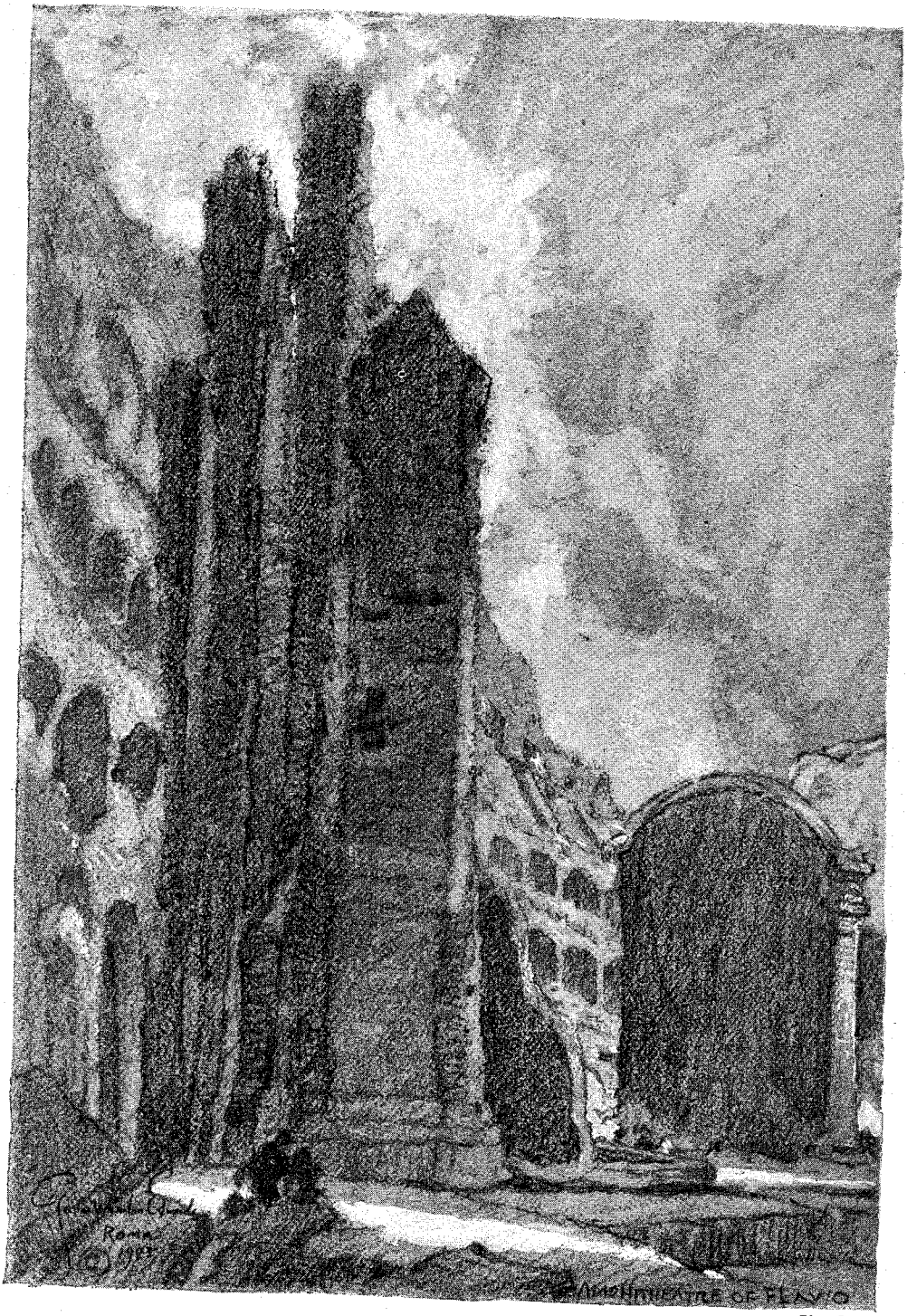

Plate III.

Interior of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

Begun by Vespasian A. D. 72, and finished by Titus in 80. The scene of the gladiatorial fights and the martyrdom of Christians by Domitian.

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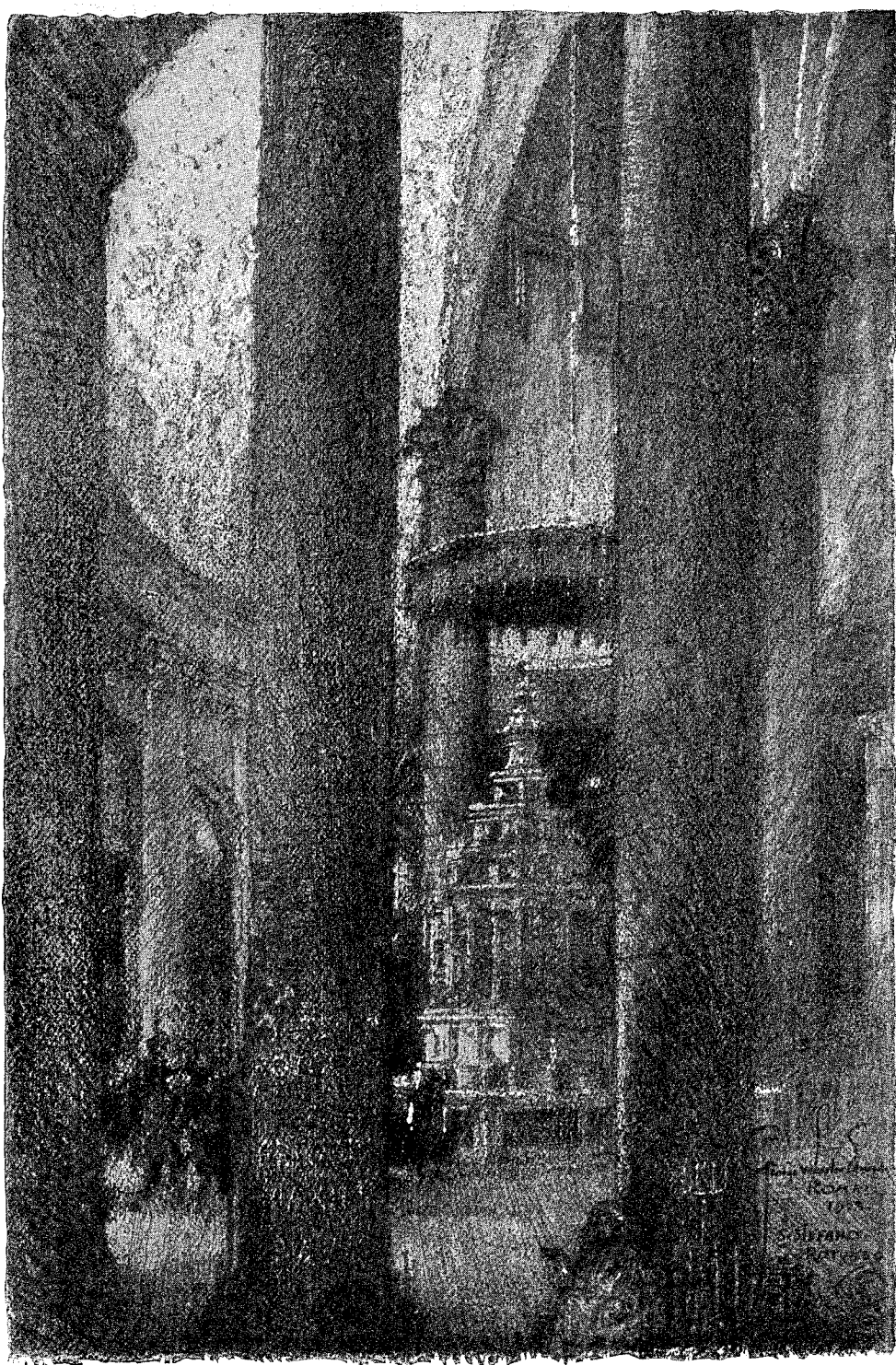

Plate IV.

Interior of the Church of San Stefano Rotondo.

Built by Pope Simplicius, A. D. 468–482, with the "terrible" frescoes of martyrdom.

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Plate V.

The Arch of Titus.

Built A. D. 81 to record the conquest and fall of Jerusalem; showing the Colosseum, begun A. D. 72 by Vespasian.

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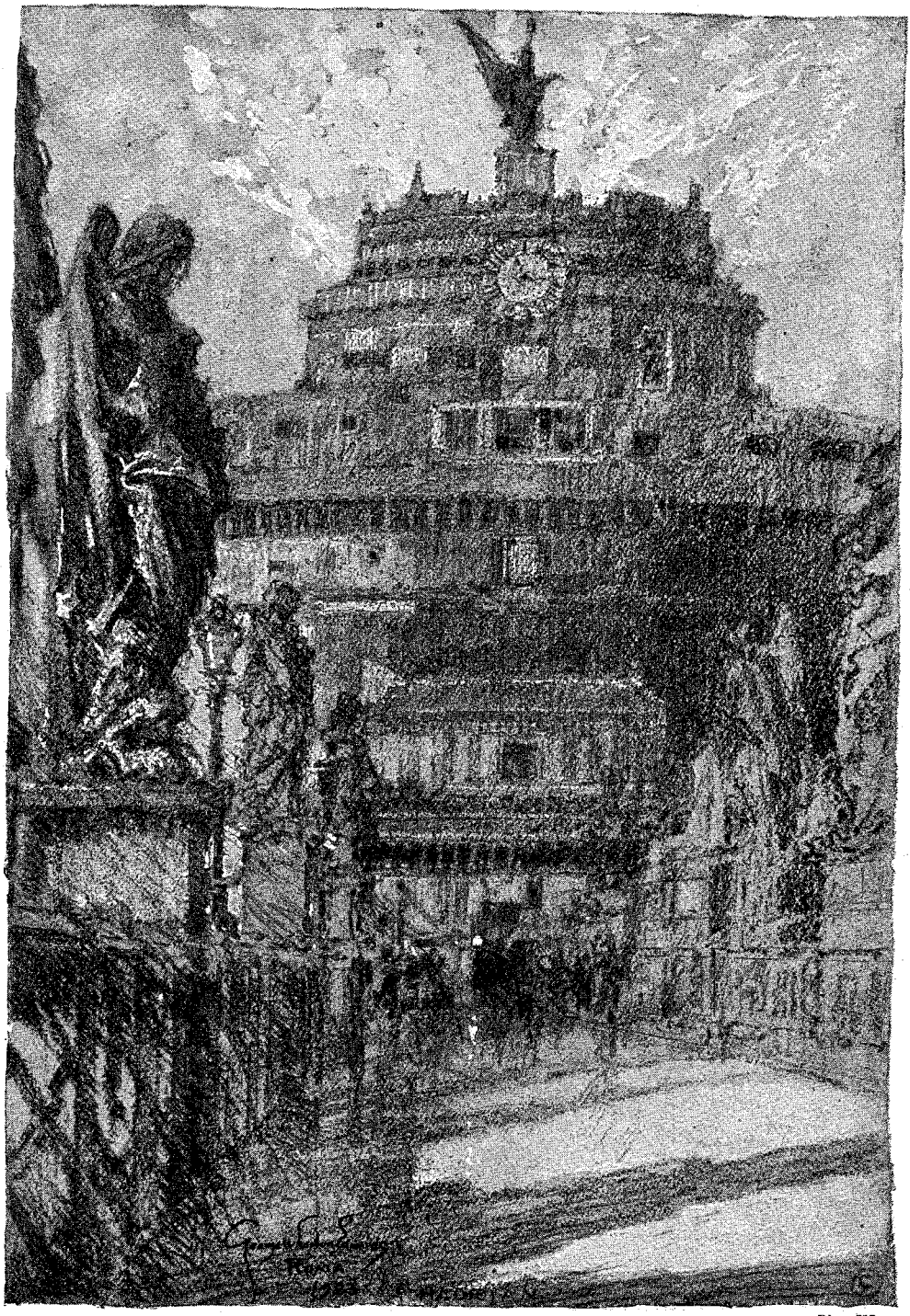

Plate VI.

The Castel Sant' Angelo.

Mausoleum of Hadrian A. D. 136. With the statues by Bernini on the approach.

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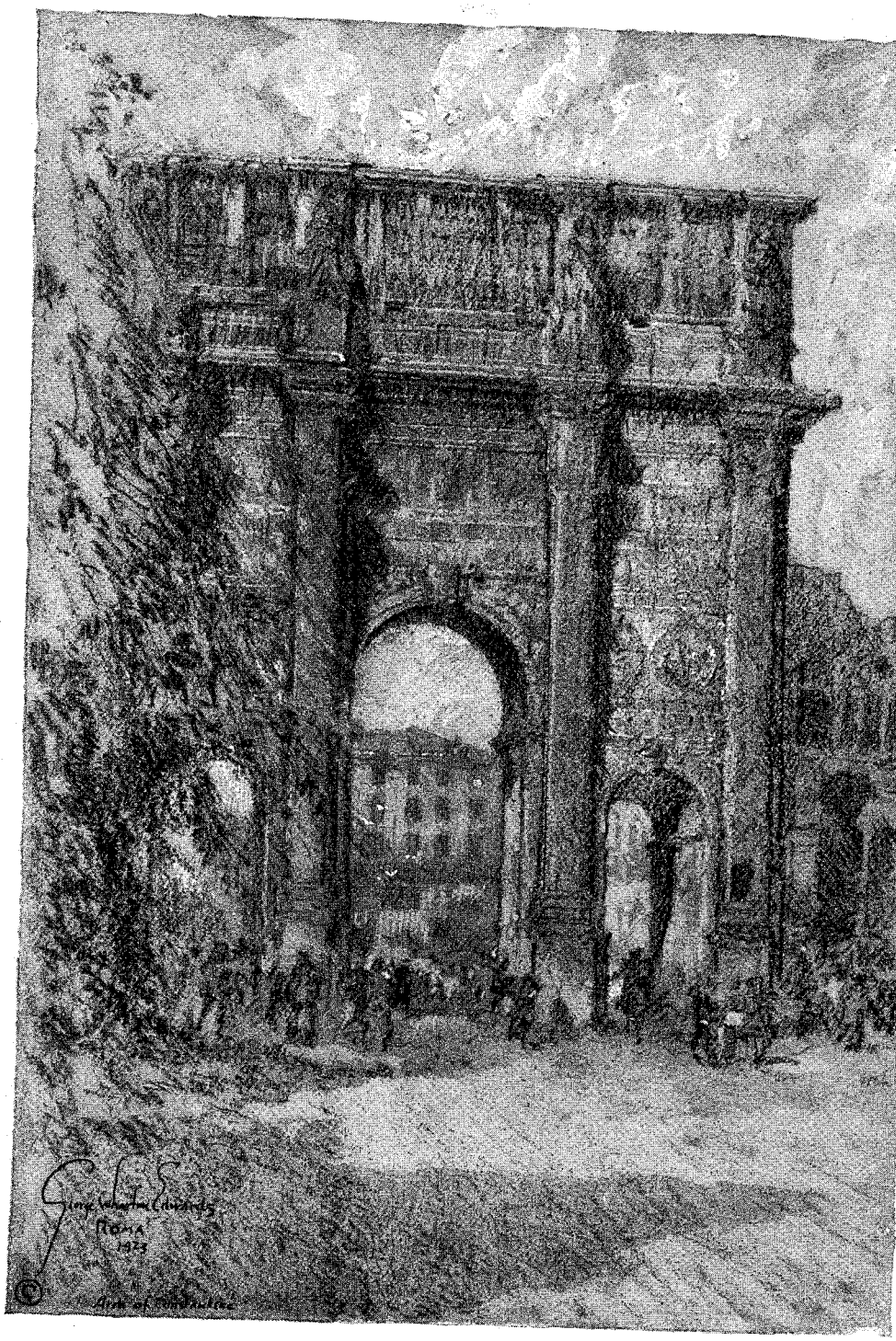

Plate VII.

The Arch of Constantine.
Erected in honor of Domitian, A. D. 90.

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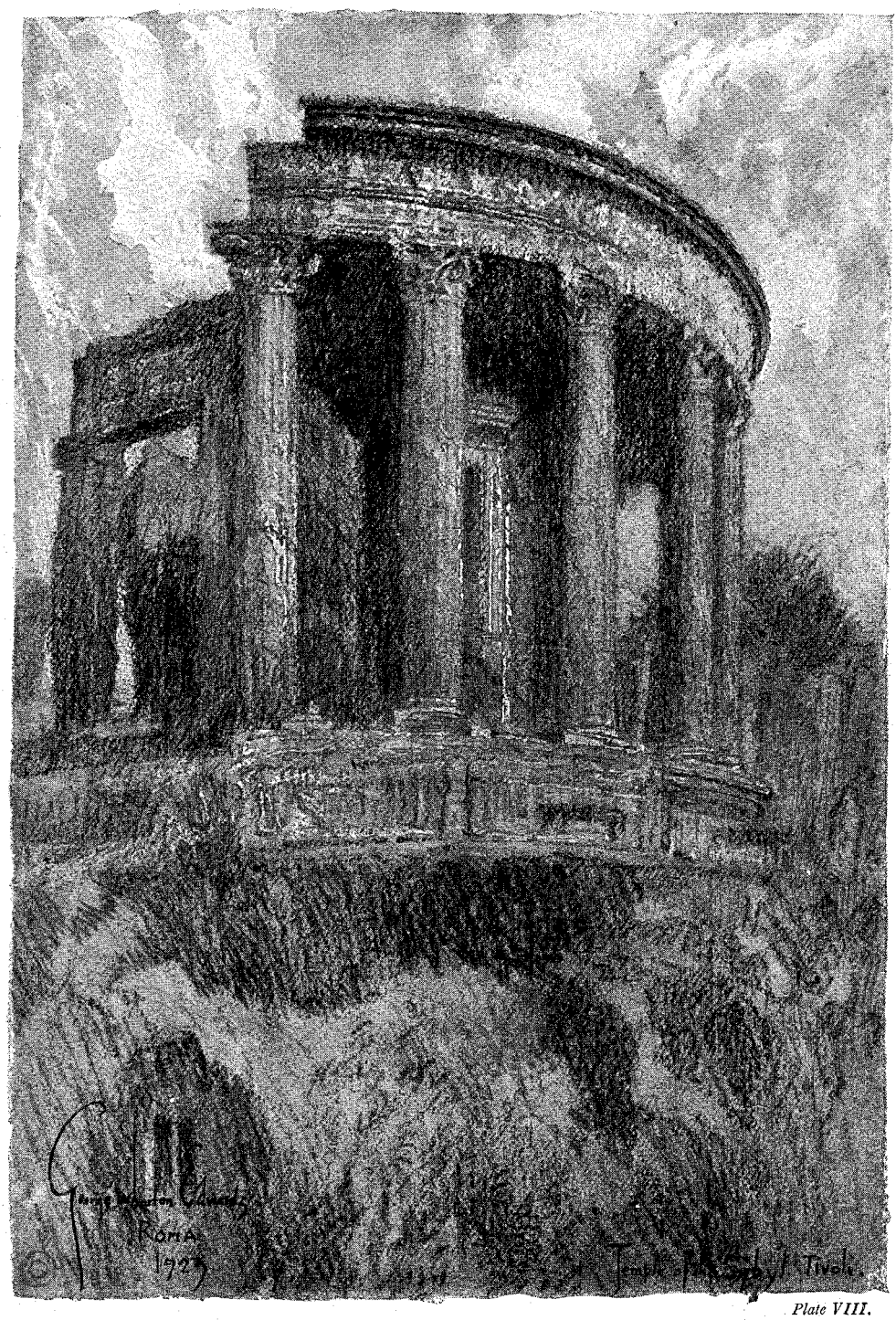

Plate VIII.

The Temple of the Sibyl.

Dedicated to Vesta at Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, on the side of the Sabine Mountains.

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What's the Matter with Congress?

BY CHARLES BROWNE
Representing the Fourth Congressional District of New Jersey

THE title, "What's the Matter with Congress?" would seem to presume that there is something wrong with this august legislative body—this dual house which makes laws and spends the money of the greatest country on earth. It certainly is rather a sad commentary on our form of government when the act of Congress which received most applause was its adjournment and when at the Republican convention a rebuke of Congress received the biggest cheer, and this Congress a Republican one at that!

Criticism of the Senate and the House of Representatives is wide-spread and persistent, and we might do well to consider the causes of this criticism and to learn if possible whether or not it is entirely justified. Of course, there are many kinds of criticism and some may be discounted or discarded. It is rather a typical American habit to show disrespect for those in authority, and lack of reverence for anybody or anything is rather a fad in this generation, and this may be only in keeping with the spirit of the times. Another form of criticism and undoubtedly the most common is that based upon egotism. Pessimistic psychoanalysts might say this form is due to failure to combat one's environment, but in reality it is a more or less harmless form of self-laudation. When a clerk tells a fellow worker that "the boss doesn't know the business" he is really trying to express the idea that he himself could run it better, or when a woman exclaims, "Look what a frightful hat Mrs. John Doe has on," she means to say, "See my own beautiful bonnet!" To imply that all congressmen are blockheads doesn't mean anything, and when the newspaper cartoonists depict members of Congress—as they always do—as short, bewhiskered morons, it is only because without exaggeration caricatures would have no being.

These lighter forms of criticism need not be considered, but when the head of one of our largest business organizations says, without equivocation, that the Congress is the greatest handicap to the country, when a distinguished senator—and all senators are distinguished until extinguished—says the Senate is at its lowest ebb, and business men generally and the heads of our leading universities speak most disparagingly of the "greatest legislative body in the world" it is then time to sit up and take notice, and make careful inquiry into the causes of this criticism—see, if possible, how much is justified, and suggest or stimulate others to suggest remedies.

Naturally the leaders of scholastic thought inhabit such exclusive and exalted mental planes that their criticism is apt to be more academic than practical, and when the one-time president of a great New England university blames the failure of Congress on the "general post-war slump in morals," he is only criticising the times we live in and not specific performances of the legislative branch of our government. The letters recently collected by a well-known weekly magazine show that throughout the country the idea is prevalent that the Congress functions neither rapidly nor efficiently and, many think, without much intelligence, but the reasons given show not only a great diversity of thought but many incompatible conceptions as to where the fault lies. For example, some blame a lack of party fealty, others say there is too much partisanship. There are those who think the general primary election is wrong, while others claim that the voters do not sufficiently avail themselves of possibilities under the primaries. Some seem to think there are too many members in the House; maybe some want more in the Senate. We shall in this ar-

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ticle confine ourselves to the House of Representatives, since it would ill become the writer to discuss that body which is usually called the "upper house." Both bodies have equal power and work concurrently, or are supposed to. Wasn't it Hoke Smith who when asked to state the difference between the Senate and the House said: "The Senate deliberates but does not legislate, while the House legislates without deliberation"? If it were not for our self-imposed restraint we might say that nowadays the Senate investigates and does little else. The Senate having only two members from each State is more exclusive than the House and is more or less a social organization. It has been called a "rich man's club," though whether the members are rich because they are senators or are senators because they are rich is not for us to determine.

In some States, such as Pennsylvania for example, one might almost say the United States Senators are appointed at the pleasure of the governor, perhaps with the "advice and consent" of the political organization which may have been instrumental in giving the governor his office. We don't want our excellent senators from the Keystone State to take exception to this statement; we hasten to assure them that they were elected by the inviolate will of the people, the governor only anticipating the *vox populi* by a few months. A Republican nomination in Pennsylvania is almost as surely an election as is a Democratic one in Alabama.

To discuss intelligently the question as to "what's the matter with Congress," we must determine, if possible, whether the fault is due to our form of government, the rules and procedures under that form, or whether the personnel of the Congress is to blame.

Is representative government productive of inefficiency, or are men generally intolerant of any form of government? Neither is necessarily the case, for, as Exline points out, the fall of previous governments has not been caused by any incapacity of mankind for enduring the necessary restraints of government, or any inability to devise a government which is capable of justice. Man likes to be ruled. He dislikes the responsibility of not being governed. As Bernard Shaw puts it, men dread liberty because of the bewildering responsibility it imposes and the uncommon alertness it demands. In this country of ours, with all its faults, we have, perhaps, the nearest approach to a government which gives the greatest good to the greatest number—a government "of the people, by the people, for the people." It has been called a "democratic republic"—democratic because the franchise is practically universal and does not belong to a privileged class, and republic because the governmental power is vested in representatives chosen by the people. In this direction we have exceeded the expectations of those who formulated our Constitution, which instrument originally gave the people only the power to elect the members of the House of Representatives, and allowed no direct vote for the President, Vice-President, judiciary, and the Senate. Even now there is a tendency to make the judiciary elective. Taken all in all, our form of government, copied, as are other bicameral governments, from the English system, seems to be the most stable, and, as we said above, it is apparently best suited to meet the needs of most of the people and to protect human rights; and this, of course, is the basic function of any government. But while this government is of and by and for the people, the people themselves do not seem to appreciate their inestimable franchise, which gives them the right to choose those who shall be in authority over them. In this best—some say most—governed country, less than half who have the right to vote ever exercise that privilege in a general election, and in the primary election—even more important, for it is then the candidates are chosen—hardly more than a fifth ever take part. And this is quite relevant to the subject of this article, for if the personnel of Congress is blameworthy, part of the responsibility rests with those who could have exercised a better choice.

Granted that our form of government is the best, we might now consider whether or not we have built up proper rules and regulations for effectually carrying out the purposes of the government. Does our legislative procedure hasten or hinder the execution of the will of the people?

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It is rather an Anglo-Saxon characteristic to pay strict attention to parliamentary procedure, and to impose rigid adherence to the rules. This is in line with the best sporting traditions of England and America; we abide by the rules of the game even when those rules are self-imposed. As a matter of fact it is the right regard for parliamentary usage which makes proper legislative procedure possible, and it is due to this that England has set the pace and the United States followed closely in the maintenance of reasonably dignified legislative bodies. While the lack of parliamentary procedure may not actually have caused the French Revolution, it was a decided factor in that disaster. Uproar and chaos in the Assembly prevented any legislation, and under such conditions no business could be conducted. The statement of the practice in the House of Commons, prepared by Sir Samuel Romilly and translated into French by Mirabeau, was ignored. Other republics, notably in Central and South America, have suffered greatly through lack of a method of orderly procedure in their legislative assemblies, and we may therefore congratulate ourselves that we do play the game according to the rules.

But the very fact that parliamentary law compels strict obedience to the rules makes possible its use in delaying or defeating legislation. As rain falls upon the just and unjust alike, so the rules protect the hinderer as well as the hastener of legislation, and the gentle art of "filibustering" is made possible. By this method one or two determined members can hold up the whole House and delay beyond reason the consideration of a bill and defeat the will of the majority. For example, upon a certain day last April one member inflicted himself upon the House of Representatives almost continuously and addressed the chair in the neighborhood of a hundred and thirty-five separate times, consuming the whole day in preventing action upon a bill of no great importance and of purely local interest.

Such action could only be tolerated in England or the United States; in a French assembly or in a South American republic this gentleman would surely have been hit on the head with a bottle. Upon another day the House sat for twelve hours doing practically nothing but answering roll-calls. Eighteen calls were made either upon motion to adjourn or upon the question of a quorum being present, and as each call consumes just short of half an hour, it is easy to see how little time was left for constructive legislation. To engineer these roll-calls on a question of a quorum it was necessary for the Speaker to note visually that a quorum was not present and then order a roll-call. Consequently when a "gentleman" on the side of the filibuster questioned a quorum, his fellow members would run out and hide in the hall and cloak-room while the Speaker was counting, and upon "no quorum" being announced and a roll-call being ordered, these gentlemen would rush back and answer to their names. To a layman and perhaps even to an observant member, such tactics seem childish, nor could the visitor in the gallery quite comprehend how or why the Speaker could rule that a motion was not "dilatory" while acknowledging that he thought it was! It is not intended to prove by the above-cited examples of filibuster that parliamentary usage should be abolished; quite the contrary; its importance is inestimable. Even filibustering under the present rules may have a legitimate place, though the rules could be changed to render it unnecessary.

While this country borrowed its forms and laws from England, it has expanded so rapidly that new rules and laws were made to meet emergencies as they arose. We are more renowned for our initiative and energy than we are for our prevision, and we are given to the making of laws.

It is rather a general idea in the United States that law can cure every evil or even prevent discomfort, and consequently we have laws for almost everything. In some States the length of sheets is on the statute-books, in some law prevents the upper berth in a Pullman from descending unoccupied upon the sleeper beneath. What we eat and what we wear is regulated by law; clocks are put ahead or behind by order of the court, and finally the sacred Constitution tells us, if not what we shall drink, at least what we shall not!

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We have encumbered our Congress with interminable rules, and a great waste of time is the result; and since these rules offend they should be simplified and changed so that such pathologic legislative performances as filibustering would be made unnecessary and impossible, and the clear purpose of the Congress rendered easy of accomplishment.

It has been said that the House of Representatives has too many members, that its size impedes it. This may be true to some extent, but one might here consider the Senate, with less than one-fourth as many members; does it function proportionately better? Certainly a perusal of *The Congressional Record* for the closing day of the last session would not support this view. The House closed its doors peacefully with its work done, not well, perhaps, but over with. In the Senate, through the obstructive tactics of a few wilful senators, rancor and recriminations consumed the day, and when the "shouting and the tumult" died and the closing hour brought adjournment, many mighty things were left undone.

Minor abuses have grown up in the Congress, and it has even been charged that members go there to make money. It is possible that some "make a living" out of their salaries, though even this seems doubtful if campaign expenses are reckoned with; but that any one could accumulate anything by way of profit seems quite impossible. Rather is it probable that the majority are making financial sacrifices to go to Washington, but the question as to why any man wants to be a Congressman has never been answered.

The franking privileges, mileage, stationery, and such things, have all been criticised but with little real reason. The mailing franks have been greatly restricted, and without free postage on official letters and pamphlets a congressman could hardly get by. Mileage is only given for one round trip each session, and does not include a member's family; the stationery allowance is not too liberal, and such office supplies would be given in any business house. But the one recurring target for shafts of humor and criticism is *The Congressional Record*.

This journal, for it is a journal in the true meaning of the word, since it records accurately the doings of the Senate and the House, is of great historical value, and a real necessity as a reference-book. However, through customs which may have originated in courtesy or fear, certain features have developed into abuses, and many think that "extension of remarks" and "leave to print" are the greatest of these. A member asks unanimous consent to address the House on any subject under the sun, and this consent is almost invariably given. Why? Because the members are burning with curiosity to learn about "Armenian folk-lore" or "Hawaiian pineapple orchards"? Not at all; they don't care what their colleague is talking about; they mostly go out; but each thinks that some day he may wish to please his constituency back home, and naturally one adverse vote can block unanimous consent, ergo *noblesse oblige!* Every word uttered by the gentleman who has the floor goes into *The Congressional Record*, as it should; but then he asks for permission to "revise and extend" his remarks, which means that he can have printed almost anything he wishes on the subject, and of course has prepared (or has had prepared) a veritable essay. The peculiarly amusing part of extension-of-remarks business is that the "remarks," though not necessarily delivered, are printed as if they had been, with appropriate remarks in parentheses, such as "loud applause," "prolonged cheering," though we fail to find the recording scribes inserting any such possible conditions as "much drowsiness," "hissing in the gallery" or "general exodus." The "leave to print" is worse and more of it. Upon gaining this permission a member may insert, at the taxpayers' expense of course, magazine articles, sermons, his wife's uncle's Armistice Day address at Hayrick Centre, or his own appropriate remarks upon laying the corner-stone of the new five-and-ten-cent store in his old home town. This is no exaggeration. The same ubiquitous gentleman who used up the aforementioned April day in filibustering, inserted in *The Congressional Record* some fifteen pages of advertisements from the Washington newspapers, and this at a cost to the government estimated to be over a thousand dollars. It is only fair to say

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that a joint committee of the Senate and the House hopes to make some improvement in the privileges of *The Record*, though an effective and reasonable rule could be devised which would correct this abuse, and by shortening the speeches the business of the House would be expedited. Suppose, for instance, that each member was allowed so much free space in *The Congressional Record* for reporting his proper efforts upon the floor of the House. A member of a committee in reporting a bill would have so much space allowed to him upon that bill. Each member would be entitled to his fair share, but all space used in excess of the allowance would be charged to the member so appearing! This charge should increase not in simple proportion but in geometrical ratio, even as does the income tax. All matter in the appendix, since it is nothing more or less than advertising, would be paid for by members at appropriate advertising rates.

Criticism has been directed at the seniority rule in the committees of the House, since under this rule a man may attain to the chairmanship of a committee merely on account of length of service and not because of special ability. It is probable that this rule does no serious harm, for now a chairman of a committee may not keep a bill "buried" if a hundred and fifty members want it brought out for consideration by the House.

There are some other factors, such as bad ventilation, vitiated atmosphere, and rather poor restaurant facilities, which may have some effect in interfering with the efficiency of the members, but these would be of no general interest and are in the process of investigation.

This brings us down to the most popular form of criticism, namely, that which is directed against the members themselves. Are these members really representative citizens and do they adequately represent their districts? We might also consider, without being too personal, what manner of men they are who make our laws and spend four billion dollars of our money in a year, and finally why they do not—presuming they do not—give the country the kind of service it is entitled to. Without doubt these men are representative citizens of their respective districts and are above the average intelligence of the population of the sections from which they come; however, there's little comfort in being above par if par is wofully low. Each member is presumably the choice of almost a quarter of a million people and is selected and sent to Washington for some good and sufficient reason. He is expected to carry out the wishes and to represent the views of "his own people." A member coming from a farming community should be strong for agricultural relief, though no one has yet demonstrated just how this relief is to be accomplished. From a "hick" district we should expect a "super-hick," and we usually get him. The voters cannot complain, since they do the choosing, and those who don't take the trouble to vote deserve little, if any, consideration.

As a rule the men who come to Congress are what one might call the political type. Of necessity they must be, and it is no particular criticism to say that the substratum of their mental background is egotism. This must be so, since each one has gained office through a personal campaign in which he has devoted his time and his speeches in proving how much superior he is to all others who are contesting his right to interpret the will of the people.

The office may seek the man, but if it does so its quest has been so infrequent as to escape observation. It is this fact that makes the selection of a candidate on account of his qualifications for a particular office a rarity. This does not mean, however, that an office-holder is usually not qualified for the service he enters—quite the contrary.

That a man is sufficiently interested in public affairs to put up with the discomfort and expense of a political campaign rather argues that he will be, or could be, a competent public servant, though this capability is not always translated into action. To most newcomers this self-advertising in speeches and in photographic and newspaper publicity is repugnant, but the repugnance is soon overcome and we even find members "carrying on" with some personal eccentricity to direct attention to themselves, though in latter-day practice the old-time oddities in coiffure and dress are diminishing. We note but few "whiskers," and

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but one member of the House who wears his hair "bobbed," and in this case it may be but the sincerest flattery accorded to an ofttime presidential candidate from this member's own mid-western State.

This gentleman's long hair and sonorous drawl may be used only for advertising, analogous in purpose to the red carnation of a well-known senator or the cow-milking proclivities of a famous farmer-labor member.

Posing is twin sister to publicity, and publicity is the politician's dearest sin.

Taken all in all and eliminating one or two megalomaniacs, the members of the House of Representatives would pass as a group of reasonably intelligent, not particularly well-groomed but quite responsible business men. They would appear to be able to conduct the business of the government well and expeditiously. Well, do they do it? And if not, why not? Why the tremendous waste of time, making business which should be done in weeks drag itself through months? Why this interminable talk on irrelevant subjects which wouldn't be tolerated in any business directorate, and why these endless essays in *The Congressional Record* which have no bearing on legislation? The answer is "politics," or rather a misconception of politics.

There are two great basic handicaps to efficient legislation in the House of Representatives which can be attributed to the attitude of the members themselves, though they are not necessarily the fault of those members but may be the result of political tradition.

One is the obsession, held by many members, that they are elected by their own party for the sole purpose of harassing the other party. It is to be hoped that this view-point is diminishing, but one could point out at least one senator who, though he speaks often, can never refrain from concluding upon every occasion that his own party contains all the good there is, while those of the opposite political faith are but sinister agents of an incarnate spirit of evil. While all do not carry this obsession so far, it taints almost every debate with suspicion.

The other handicap, and probably of more importance in the House, is the shadow of the coming election falling upon every member, and without doubt influencing his judgment, whether he be conscious of it or not.

In bonus legislation it is the soldier vote, on immigration it's the foreign-born, in an industrial section it's fear of the labor voters, and so it goes. Now right here many members reading this would say, "Of course we must represent the wishes of our districts; that's what we are sent down for"; so we shall have to leave this question to the student of ethics: just how far should a man allow himself to violate the dictates of his conscience to humor the wishes, or what he thinks may be the wishes, of the voters in his district?

To what degree is it ethical to support a measure acknowledged to be wrong for the country at large in order to carry one's district, or to mock almost nightly by example and precept a constitutional amendment, and then vote and speak for its principle and enforcement upon every opportunity? These are real questions, and there are those who would resign from office if they found their consciences and constituencies hopelessly incompatible—but these are rare.

That a member of the House doesn't take office until more than a year after his election is an evil complicated by the fact that he must campaign again in the middle of his term, and if defeated, with hope abandoned, must sit as a "lame duck" through an entire session. A remedy is in sight, though with low visibility, in the form of a constitutional amendment to make the President and members of Congress take office in the January following their respective elections.

Another menace, perhaps the greatest, which interferes with the smooth working of our legislative bodies, is the group attitude, or the formation of so-called "blocs" within the membership. The Senate and the House each has its progressive or insurgent bloc of about the same proportional size. This small group of irreconcilables has not sufficient numbers to put over legislation of its own; its strength lies in its ability to act as a balance of power in a division along party lines, where the voting power of the major parties is nearly equal. In the House the insurgent group has been recruited from the Republican ranks, perhaps a reaction

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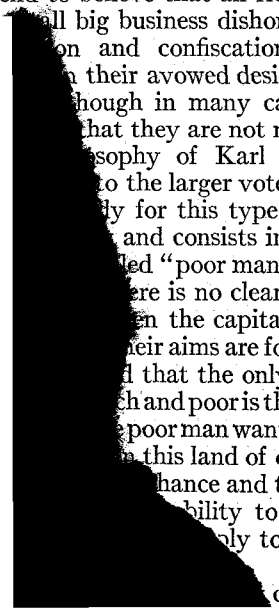
against reactionaries or a protest against "steam-roller" tactics of that party.

The Democrats have so far maintained their ranks intact, but if such archaic procedures as the binding caucus (synonymous with "steam roller") are to be overworked, insurgency may naturally be expected.

The "bloc" is destructive rather than constructive in its effect; it can defeat legislation but cannot create it, and the menace consists in a multiplicity of these blocs resulting in a coalition form of government, or government by compromise rather than by the will of the majority, a state of affairs which has caused the downfall of many a republic.

A better understanding between the dominant parties would go a long way to correct this, and less suspicion and more co-operation on matters of public rather than partisan interest would make for the general good.

Finally, one finds in Congress as elsewhere the populistic type of mind. Persons of this type, whose reading has been confined chiefly to head-lines, have so often observed in the press such expressions as "predatory interests" and "malefactors of great wealth" that they think or pretend to believe that all rich men are evil



ll big business dishonest. To them
on and confiscation are synony-
their avowed desire to "soak the
though in many cases one might
hat they are not real followers of
sophy of Karl Marx but are
o the larger vote of the masses.
dy for this type of legislator is
and consists in the education
ed "poor man" to the knowl-
re is no clear line of demar-
n the capitalist and the la-
eir aims are for the most part
d that the only difference be-
ch and poor is that the rich man
poor man wants; and, further-
this land of opportunity ev-
hance and that real wealth
bility to handle money
ly to acquire it.

can be said that with the basic form of representative government, though there are those who claim that the country has outgrown the Constitution. Certainly this document is top-heavy with amendments, but, being a sentimental people, we are not likely to change or rewrite it. We find legislative procedure encumbered with rules and regulations which could and should be simplified. We find members of Congress wrestling with and voting on subjects to which they have given little study and the scientific principles of which are beyond the scope of most. In the Tariff Commission a remedy for this is sought, but its power is too limited. Why not have the commissioners represented in debate upon the floor of the House? A learned non-political commission on taxation could formulate excellent tax bills if such a commission existed and were not interfered with. It has been suggested that the cabinet officers be permitted to present the needs of their respective departments directly to the Congress and take part in the debate. Why shouldn't they be asked to supply first-hand information and not wait for a subpœna by an investigating committee?

The attitude of the members on the necessity of violent partisanship could well be corrected if the public were less tolerant of vitriolic political campaigns.

Retention in office might be recognized more often as a reward of merit rather than the result of advertising or political trickery. A civil-service requirement and even a Binet-Simon intelligence test have been recommended for congressional aspirants, but these might be depleting and disastrous, though some qualifications should be demanded of every candidate.

Finally, we say in all seriousness, let the public take more interest in public affairs. The government is ours and is of us; as we wish it so will it be; if we want good men in Congress they can be had, but if hardly twenty per cent take the trouble to choose candidates in the primaries, then eighty per cent have no right to criticise; and after all, public indifference before election is at least one thing that can be included under the title: "What's the Matter with Congress?"

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Down the middle of the Lane of Lies, the clan of Pad and the Mom trailed its ill-considered path.

Pad and the Mom

BY SHAW DESMOND

Author of "Passion," "Gods," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

THE greasy roadway ran between the long lines of fish-strewn tables. Behind them, the scaly sirens, peering sideways for customers from out the head-shawls that swathed them inextricably from the airs of the October evening and the drizzle of the southwest rain, wooed the infrequent passer-by.

It was nothing less than "Won't you have the look at the tail of a hake for nothing, honest man?" or, in the blasphemous affirmation bred of despair: "May I never spake agi lookin' this minute at the gurnards between here an In vain did they sing the It was not buying-weather.

Down the middle of the the clan of Pad and the ill-considered path—Pad, male, leading the way, in the soldering-iron wh or weapon of offen Behind him the woman, her b shadows tha around her her lates

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gum and claw whilst it sucked for the dear life from the starved breast. And behind her again, trailing like the tail of a comet, the little Paudeens and Mollies, eight in all, the end of the tail falling sometimes by the wayside as it lost its grip on the mother's petticoat.

Down the lane, now ribald, paddled Pad in a pair of boots that hung on him only by half a bootlace and the favor of Heaven, with the Mom, barefooted, making pretty fair weather in his wake and a noise like all the pots and pans in Ireland. The baby hung prehensile to its mother, kept to its work by a swathe of the knotted shawl and half its mother's right arm, from the end of which hung the soldering-pot. By that conservation of energy which holds both planet and tinker to their courses, she used her left arm and fingers to carry the armory of broken kettles, the stopping of which was to give the tribe their supper, a kettle from each finger. By a still further refinement of that conservation, there hung over the thin back two big saucepans on a *sugaun*, or straw rope, which went around her scraggy breast.

Pat-pat in the mud went the barefooted tribe, and clonkety-clank went the kettles, and at each clank the Lane of Lies broke and answered mirth.

taxatio save us all! but isn't it Pad that mous in the shest?" and then: "But 'tis rich," t that wears the britches!" and suspect t ackle of ribald laughter like the the philo f thorns under the pot.

trucklers d strode manfully forward, the The remec t over the stringy throat of on the way part—that throat which of the so-cal h its gullet had never been edge that the cent milk or honest meat cation betwee he light on the roadside borer, that th Horn, when out from his identical an he put his little screeching tween the ri big world. The soldering- has what the erously in the heel of his more, that i there were little dancing ery one 'the brown eyes that looked as consi they had burned themselves into wel d, the leader of the tribe shut the en mouth under the torn mustache, kept the little thirsty tongue well th in the crabbed throat.

. . and they do be sayin' that Red Maureen is on his thrack—God help us! but 'tis she that must be hard up for a man!" And then the strident: "Look afther your man, Mom!"

Hitherto, the Mom had shown admirable self-control, but at this taunt she sprang into the air, soldering-pot, tin kettles, baby, and all, to utter a shrill whiroo of defiance.

"Blast ye! did ye hear that?" She whispered it raucous to the partner of her sorrows before her. "Doesn't the whole town know of your divilments and divarsions—but I'll cool ye, me bould buckoo, and wid the soldering-iron itself!"

Pad strode on, biting the scrag of his mustache as was his custom when moved beyond endurance. For, indeed, sure it wasn't his fault that Red Maureen had the eye on him, a fine man, and wasn't he still vartuous?

Pat-pat, clonkety-clank, went the procession as the tribe moved out into the nearer distance toward where the brown sails of the fishing-boats hung forlornly on their stick masts by the quay edge, and the great yellow balks, just unloaded, made passage perilous.

As the head of the rout moved out on to the curve of the old gray quay, Pad still silent and the Mom still hissing behind him like an angry cobra, there came swinging the length of the quay a head of tousled hair that flaunted itself like a red banner in voluptuous defiance of God and man in a final upward sweep. The brows under the hair were two clean black curves, and the eyes under them, again, green.

But from the mouth, a great generous organ with scarlet lips, there came the volume of romantic blasphemy which had been making the air tumultuous, as the owner, a splendid young woman in her early twenties, gave forth her soul before the Lord under the stimulus of the corner boys, who, with their nether garments, polished the gray stone fronts of the public-houses that lined the quay.

"Love Pad, is it?" she asked, giving a shout as she answered some unseen tormentor. "Love that livin' rag? God forgive ye!" And then would come the great bellow from full chest that seemed to hang between laughter and tears.

There could be no doubt about it. Red Maureen, sleeping partner in the

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firm of rival tinkers whom Pad and the Mom hated as they hated nothing else on earth in a town which could support one tinker but could not support two—Maureen, the young wife of Mike Malone, the strongest man in the County Waterford and the quietest, "had had a glass."

Sure didn't everybody know Maureen and her amours, especially that last incomprehensible passion for little Pad, that *sheveragh* of a tinker, the only man, 'twas said, that ever meant anything more to her than a light o' love? "Wasn't she the great fun!"

And here she was again, with the devil and all in her green eyes, and, for all her scoffing, the thing that stood for love in her heart, with her strong young legs in splendid freckled nudity as she splashed her way triumphant along the slimy runways, holding her own with the world, and a bit over. Maureen—the childless woman.

"The Mom does all the lovin' that Pad can get his arms round," she cried, as in sheer joy of life she kicked the head of a hake into the face of the tuberculous quay lounger who, hands in pockets, the chest of his shirt open under the drizzling rain, had just spat blood into the gutter after his final adjuration to the tumultuous virago before him. "Look! may hell be me bed if he's not there forninst me. . . ."

The cry had died in her throat as she caught sight of the procession, her eyes fixed on Pad with a look surprised in them like that of a mother.

The Mom, still clanking, stared straight over her lord's shoulder as they approached the red-headed woman. The shadows around the eyes had deepened. The eyes showed a light in them that might have been the reflection of the sunset in the October sky that was just beginning to show itself below the leaden clouds.

But Maureen had recovered herself.

"Why, ye dirty little divil," she cried, "it is the likes of you that ud put the heavy hand on your poor wife, lettin' her carry the kettles and all—and she wid a back like a red herrin'. Be Christ! if it was me that had ye for the makin's of a man, I'd make ye carry me, the childer and all." The laugh that followed ran the length of the quay as the corner boys sent it from mouth to mouth.

But the Mom still held on her path, steering Pad to his duty, acting as cargo-boat to the pots and pans, and dragging the tail that fluttered in her wake.

As she passed the woman with the red crest, Maureen let out a howl of derision to skip on the road before her and look at Pad.

"Cripes! but if I rowled that in me arms, just wance, its bones would come out of its skin—the herrin'-boned, cat-gutted imitation of a man." She thrust the great crest of her hair forward and downward as she stared into the little man's face, setting the scarlet of her lips close to his broken mouth.

"Come an' kiss me, darlin'," she cried, taunting him and stepping with him as he marched.

The little man moved steadily forward, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, held to the path of rectitude by the knowledge, born of experience, that the hand which rocked the cradle ruled the world . . . and him, knowing full well that in moments of stress the Mom could produce a miraculous hand from the maze of baby and pans, a hand with the extra soldering-iron in the heel of it. Yet, as he marched, the two tiny lights coming and going in the little burnt eyes of him, there was in his strut the male of the centuries with the females of the herd battling for his favors.

Like a little bantam cock he strutted before his lawful partner, but as he strutted, Maureen the shameless strutted with him, turning out her bare toes and showing her unbridled legs through the petticoat which clung to them under the rush of the southwest rain—and so they drove the length of the quay amidst the gibes of the corner boys.

And now, finding her taunts of no avail against the fear of Pad and the high-tensioned calm of his wife, she had skipped a few paces in front, once more to thrust her sonsy face into that of the little man.

"Kiss me quick, darlin'," she crooned; and it was queer to catch the tenderness in the taunt.

But as she thrust her face forward, the Mom, moved out of her white-faced calm, had jumped into the air as though something had stung her, cans, baby, and all, and as she descended had swept her

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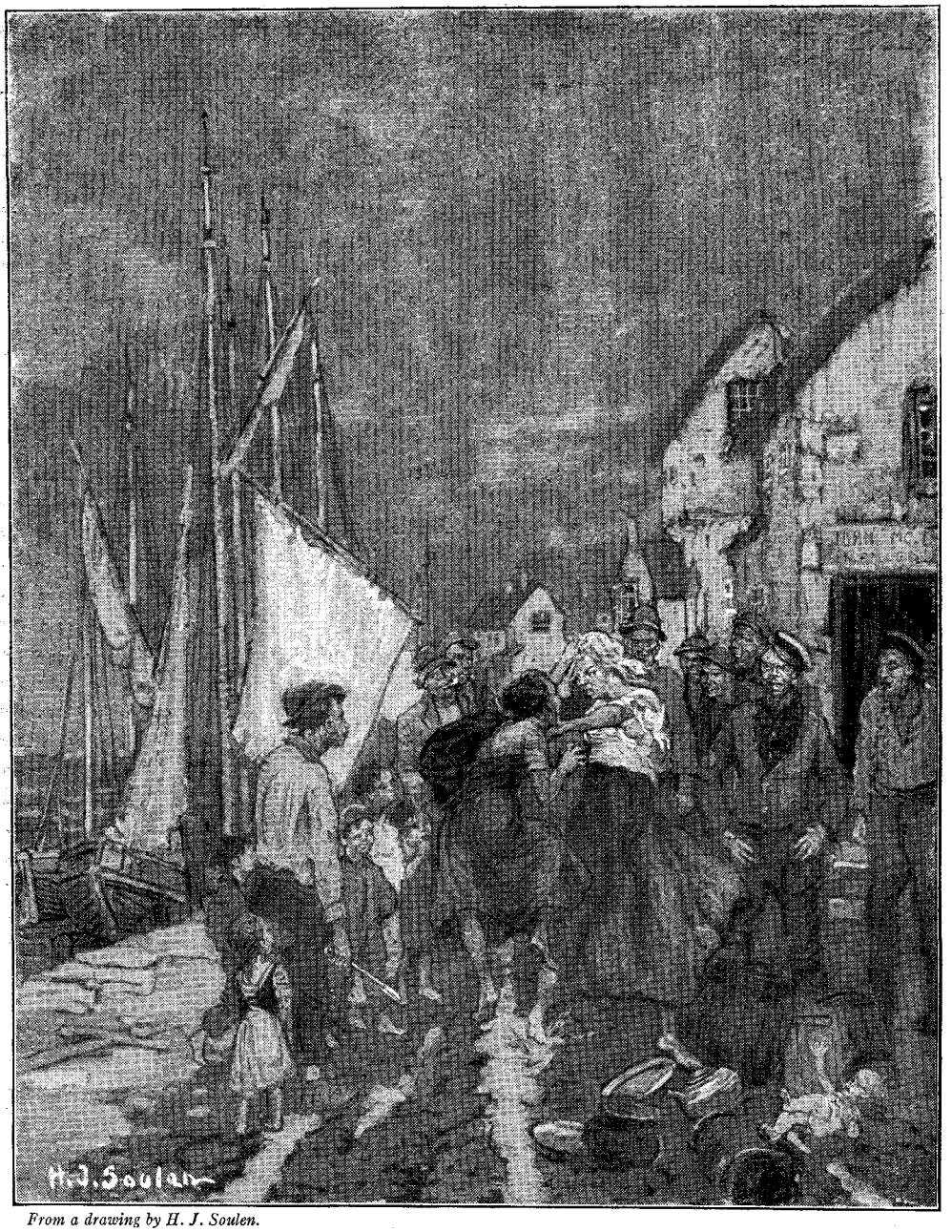

From a drawing by H. J. Soulen.

But the Mom was already inexorably tangled in the generous anatomy of her opponent.—Page 270.

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weighted left hand around and over and down upon the brazen face of the hussy before her, dropping little Mikeen out of her shawl in the process and leaving him to lie unheeded in the slime to howl his little lungs out under the gray skies.

And then they had grappled, the big, red-headed hussy with her left hand griping the little woman's back hair, whilst with the large of her right she pushed back the viperish face that bit and spat as it fought to free itself.

But the Mom, desperate battler and scarred veteran of many fields, quick on the uptake and fast as a weasel, was already inexorably tangled in the generous anatomy of her opponent, from which she had already drawn the first fistful of hair out of the reeking scalp. Her left claw was working like a pick-axe, striking runnels the length of the cheeks and turning Maureen's comeliness to a crimson mask. And with it all, her bare feet were working on the other's body as though it were a drum and she the drummer.

Through all this Pad stood by with magnificent male detachment, what time the remainder of the tribe crowded around delightedly to see their mother doing the good work she had so often done before . . . all except young Mikeen, who, as yet too foolish and too innocent to feel the joy of battle, still howled in the mud.

Red Maureen, for all her weight, could not shake off her terrible little antagonist, who, fighting for the purity of the home with a passion old as the world itself, seemed to take new strength from each slash and from each kick. Maureen's bodice, what there was of it, had been torn from her left shoulder to display the torso of a wrestler, one ivory breast flying free. In vain did she try by superior weight to 'whelm the weasel that clung to her, falling on her in the mud again and again. Even as they fell the Mom would twist herself in mid-air so that the big woman would be underneath as they reached the trampled mud, now flecked with crimson.

Silently they grappled in the muddy bed like elemental creatures of tooth and claw, with bare limbs shooting white from the mouthing, turning mass. And once the Mom screamed; and once Maureen roared like a bull as she felt the little sharp teeth.

And now the Mom was uppermost and had sunk her little white fangs into the throat of her rival where the red life pulsed. It spurted on the impact, and as Pad stood there, arbiter of fate, looking down upon the now shapeless mass that writhed at his feet, he saw the green eyes of Maureen, in her extremity, search upward for him, blindly, mutely.

Something snapped in the back of the little shrunken head as he caught that look. Something had flashed behind the little vicious eyes, and with a cry that seemed torn out of him, the little man had launched himself on the mass to take the Mom's head by the hair, drag it from the throat, and smash it again and yet again on the roadway.

The little tattered scarecrow lay there on the broad of its back, the whites of its eyes staring blindly at the skies above, its mouth still raw.

But Maureen had risen to her feet to twist her great tail of horsehair into a knot, one breast swinging free as she panted like a baited bull.

"God love ye for that, Pad," she said, as she looked at her savior. "I'll not say 'no' to ye for anything afther that."

She looked at the little man tenderly, as a mother might look at her child. She came over to take him in her arms and to lift him up to the mask of her face to kiss him with great, full kisses.

The Mom closed her eyes, opened them to look at the pair as they stood there locked together, and then had shut them again. Then, without a word, she had lifted herself to her feet to sway unsteadily amongst the brood which had gathered into her skirts once more as the chickens gather under the hen.

She looked once at Pad, dumbly, and not at all at the woman by his side.

The little man stood there between the two women. First he looked at Maureen; then at the scarecrow of a woman that was the mother of his children; and then back at Maureen.

"Let you now say the word between us, Pad," said his wife, simply, as she lifted her petticoat to wipe her lips.

"'Tisn't hard for him to say the word," mocked Maureen, now her old scoffing self. "He's my man, for, sure, didn't he fight for me, you blood-sucking weasel?"

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But Pad still stood, undecided.

He was thinking of the long gray roads where he had tramped with the Mom; of white limestone quarries under lifting moons; of the day she had brought Mikeen forth by the roadside the night they were coming from the fair in Dungarvan; of the hard bread they had shared . . . yes, and of the connubial fights in which she had invariably mastered him and marked him.

He thought of the workhouse wards and of the yellow skilly; of the crying brood and the hard-won pence; aye, and of the nights of hard-seamed love on beds of scented heather under drowsy stars.

But, at the long last, it was at Maureen he looked.

That was hard for a man, especially for a lustful little man—Maureen, with her great, tawny mane and green eyes and level brows; Maureen, with the long, soft arms and strong, straight legs; Maureen, the she-devil, professional of love.

He went over to the saucepans, which he slung over his back, knotting the soldering-iron to dangle before him on the same rope. The kettles he picked up with his left hand. The soldering-pot he took in his right. And so he had turned to the big red woman, who shouted her triumph.

The Mom knew what that meant. Maureen wouldn't lift a finger—Maureen, who called no man master, and who worked her lovers to death. Pad had to do the carrying, and Pad knew it.

It was his surrender.

The two moved off the length of the quay, leaving the Mom standing there, white and bloody, amidst her brood. Pad, the soldering-iron hanging around his neck by the knotted loop of the *sugaun* and holding the kettles in his little sinewy left hand, clanked his way along. Along the edge of the quay he picked his way, with Maureen in front of him, for the great timber balks in that place left little room for passage, and the green tides ran hungry beneath. Over the ropes of the fishing-boats he picked his way, with their sails now gleaming under the sulky orange of a sun that had just shown itself at the heel of the day, only to sink behind the further horizon.

And behind him, silent, crept his wife—and behind her, again, the brood.

Pad turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor did he look behind. He dared not. Clonkety-clank went the pans. The heavy soldering-iron hanging from his neck knocked the kettles as he trod delicately upon the slippery edge.

But always behind, sleuthy as Death, the Mom.

After all, the battle was to the strong. His eyes were fixed on the flaunting hips of the red devil before him. It was fate.

And fate trod close on his heels. Something white shot between his legs, and he lurched violently to claw at thin air . . . and then to crash relentlessly with his iron into the green tide that whimpered beneath, whilst above, two women stood on the quayside looking down into the green depths. And as they looked they saw a stream of bubbles trailing thinly from below. And then all was still.

Somebody was laughing—a laugh that rose higher and higher—a laugh that ran the length of the quay and echoed back from the sweep of the gray walls—and then Red Maureen had flung herself downward into the green waters that still whimpered below.

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On the Soviet Trans-Siberian

BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT
Author of "The Happy Hunting Grounds," "In the Land Where the Elephants Are," etc.

I HAD only just returned from ten months in the Far East when business unexpectedly called for another rapid visit to Japan. The two long passages across the Pacific formed a gloomy vista, so that I was much cheered when my friend Carver, who has business connections in Russia, offered to secure visas for my return over the Trans-Siberian.

My mother and I left New York on Christmas eve, sailing from San Francisco for Japan, where we arrived just in time for the earthquake of January 15. We learned that there were many complications attendant upon securing Siberian visas and therefore deemed it wiser at the termination of the business that called me to Japan to go direct to Peking, where resided the head of the mission sent by the Soviet Government, to open diplomatic relations with the Far East.

Mr. Karahan, the chief of the mission, and his secretary, Mr. Shvarsalon, were exceedingly courteous and put through our visas with great despatch. We found that we were going to have a most welcome companion in W. H. Donald, an Australian who had spent the last twenty-three years in China and holds many important posts in connection with the Chinese Government.

Up to 1914 a rapid and regular train service was maintained between Peking and eastern Europe, and mails could be counted upon to the minute. It is hoped that the service will soon be resumed, and during the last six months a through train has been run once a week between Chitá in Siberia and Moscow. It is wise, however, to allow ample time for making the connections between Peking and Chitá; so we left Peking on the 3d of February for Moukden, arriving there on the eve of the Chinese New Year. The bleak hotel is in the station yard, and at the best of times the locomotives are hooting and shrieking throughout the night, but on this occasion they were ignominiously put to shame by the salvos of firecrackers with which John Chinaman welcomed in his week of festival.

Next day we wandered about the town in the bitter cold, which in no way seemed to dull the ardor of the celebrations. Gay processions marched along to the accompaniment of the mad beating of drums, and small boys hurled firecrackers every which way in canonical fashion. No shops were open but the gaudy hanging signs made a brave display and venders of toys and sweetmeats lined the streets.

In the evening we boarded the Japanese railway train, which landed us next morning at Chang-Chun ready to transfer to the Chinese Eastern Railway, formerly a part of the Trans-Siberian, but now jointly administered by Russians, mainly refugees, and Chinese. The whole of the railroad within the confines of Manchuria is run in this way, and forms one, if not the chief, obstacle to resumption of diplomatic and trade relations between Russia and China; the Soviet at one time having very definitely stated their abandonment of any imperialistic designs upon Manchuria, a sentiment difficult to reconcile with their administration of the most important railroad system in that country.

At Chang-Chun we were met by representatives of both the Russian and the Chinese officials of the railway. Mr. Ostroumoff, the Russian chief, was absent on an inspection tour, but his assistant Mr. Obolsky had come in his stead. We had already had the pleasure of meeting Mr. C. C. Wang, whom we had found most agreeable and delightful. In his absence in Peking he had sent Mr. Yu-Jen Fong to represent him.

A luxurious special car was placed at our disposal. Only three years ago this

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road was in the last stages of disrepair; bridges had been destroyed in the conflicts between the Reds and Whites, and the roadbed was in the poorest of shape. The Russo-Asiatic Bank, representing the bondholders, then took matters into its hands, and now no better-run railroad is to be met with anywhere in the world.

Many of the Russian employees are members of the old aristocracy. The man in charge of the dining-car on our train to Harbin was a former colonel of the Imperial Russian Guards. He was a fine-looking old man, with the most graceful bearing, and a delightful conversationalist. His sons had been killed, but he had escaped with his two daughters, and said that he had never in his life been more contented.

When we reached Harbin we felt that we had left the Orient and were in a Russian city. There were white school children walking around the streets, and most of the troika drivers were bearded Russian mujiks. In the Chinese city it was, of course, different, but both New and Old Harbin are Russian towns. Every type of conveyance is to be met with; rikishas drawn by strapping Manchurian peasants, troikas and little pill-box single-seat sledges, and barouches and fiacres of every age and description. The cold was bitter, and you had to keep close track of your nose and ears to avoid their freezing.

In true Russian fashion, night was turned to day, and after two nights spent there Donald and I welcomed the early hours on the train. If you left a dance at the hotel or at a cabaret by five you were almost always the first to leave. Outside the troikas were lined up waiting for fares to be whisked off through the frosty morning air while the sleds skidded and slithered around the street corners. It is true that the Russian bundles himself up well in furs, but even so, it made us shiver to see the men and women sitting chatting on the benches along the streets apparently as comfortably and unconcernedly as if they were enjoying a bock in front of the Café de la Paix in July.

On the morning that we were scheduled to leave Harbin we were awakened with the news that our Soviet visas had been cancelled; and for about an hour we bustled about in much uncertainty, until we learned that a mistake had occurred and the cancellation of visas did not rightly refer to us.

The Russian Administration sent Mr. J. J. Drury with us to Manchouli, the border town of Soviet Russia. Mr. Drury's father had been English, but he was born in Moscow and spent most of his life there. The great ambition of the greater part of the officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway was to see communication once more opened up with Moscow. They told us that they had in their yards in Harbin a de-luxe train ready to despatch at a moment's notice, as the first of the through service to the Russian capital. They might well be proud of the cars which they pointed out to us as having been built entirely in their Harbin workshops. Most of the Russians we met had suffered some tragedy in the revolution and had the loss of some one near and dear to mourn, but the great majority still felt themselves Russian and looked eagerly forward to returning to their native country under happier auspices.

At Harbin we had added to our forces a little Russian girl, Tamara, the niece of some friends of Donald. She had been living in China with them for six years, but they were now anxious to send her back to her mother in Petrograd.

The country between Harbin and Manchouli is, for the most part, rolling prairie land, with here and there higher hills through which the train wound its way. The snow lay deep on all sides, and we were glad of our smoked glasses. The low roofs of the log houses were buried in drifts, and the occasional herds of tough Siberian ponies pawed away the snow to get to their frozen pasturing beneath it. The native villages were built on the slopes of barren hills, sheltered from the prevailing wind; stockade walls surrounded them and they looked lonely and desolate in the midst of the great waste of snow. I was continually reminded of a picture at home of a lone wolf standing on a snowy hillside and looking down over a settlement below him.

The Russian meals we had in the dining-cars of the Chinese Eastern Railway are unsurpassed. In one car the cook had formerly been the chef of one of the grand

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dukes. The meal would start with sakouska, a glorified and amplified form of hors-d'œuvre, with cold pheasant and fish and quantities of different sorts of caviar. Although a meal in itself, the sakouska would be followed by a series of undescribable dishes, each equally delicious and washed down with the appropriate wines.

A twenty-four hours' run from Harbin landed us in Manchoulí, where numerous Chinese officials and the only English-speaking resident, a Scotchman in the Chinese customs service, met us. Manchoulí has a certain importance because of its position on the frontier. It is a desolate-looking town of at present about ten thousand inhabitants. The Scotchman told us it had a good moving-picture hall, and once more brought to mind the genuine value and importance of the moving-picture in the lives of those who live in the outposts of civilization. He explained how the main topic of conversation during the week would be the discussion of the last film that had been given or the next that was to appear; how such and such a new actor had impressed them, and whether another old friend had been better or worse than in other films in which they had seen him. It is hard for us to realize the absorbing interest of such topics to our far-flung brothers in their lonely lives.

In order to be more mobile in our transfers we had taken with us only suitcases. The Soviet customs examination to which we had been looking forward with interest, mingled with a foreboding of discomfort, proved to be a perfunctory affair, and the long-bearded, startled-looking Soviet station-master, who had formerly been a switchman in the Chinese Eastern Railway station yard, despatched our train almost on time, an occurrence which we were told was by no means common. At present there are only two passenger-trains a week run between Manchoulí and Chitá. As we were pulling out of the station there was a rush of passengers to climb aboard, and a sudden screaming from the car ahead warned us of an accident. The train was barely under way, but it was some distance before it could be brought to a stop and we were prepared for the worst. A score of eager helpers pulled out from under one of the cars an old woman, and our surprise was great to see her scramble to her feet and unconcernedly start arranging her furs. She had not been hurt in the least.

As the train once more got under way a tall, well-dressed Russian, in whose passport some irregularity, real or imagined, had been discovered, made a final effort to get aboard, and we last saw him the centre of an excited group of white-aproned porters.

We were at length within the borders of Soviet Russia, a goal which had more than once seemed very uncertain of attainment. We had heard so many conflicting reports of conditions even from those living almost at its doorway that we were ready for anything. Our forewarning about the cold had certainly not been exaggerated, and the car was old and dirty, but the bunks were wide and our fur coats warm. The porter, too, was most obliging and ready to do anything possible with the scanty materials at his disposal.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by the first Red soldiers that we had seen, who asked for our passports. Fortunately everything proved to be in order. When we woke up during the night on several occasions it seemed that the train was barely crawling, and we were not surprised in the morning to learn that "the locomotive was sick" and we would be six or seven hours late in reaching Chitá. This would mean that we would not get in until five at best, and the Moscow train was scheduled to leave at three. If it left without us we would have a week in which to explore the hospitality of Chitá. There was, however, nothing we could do about it; and M., who possesses in its entirety the philosophy of travel, merely quoted: "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

The washroom was frozen solid, but our porter was well used to such conditions and came in brandishing a four-foot iron poker with its end heated red-hot. This he rammed down the pipes and circulation was temporarily restored.

The dining-car proved a most agreeable surprise. Its presiding genius was a little Armenian who had been educated in an

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American mission on Lake Van and spoke excellent English. We had a combined breakfast and lunch of fresh caviar and plump Siberian partridges deliciously cooked.

Conductor and porter were leaning eagerly out of the doors as we rounded the curve and came within sight of Chitá station. Both shouted out that the Moscow train was waiting, and, stoical as we had been, we heaved sighs of relief to find our forebodings groundless.

We hastily divided forces, a reconnaissance party under command of M. to go and occupy immediately suitable quarters in the one *wagon-lit* on the Moscow train, while the other force should undertake the complications of the purchase of tickets. The advice which had been showered upon us regarding the best form in which to take our funds was as varied as the advice in regard to everything else, and we ended by taking something of everything, and we found it all useful at different stages of the journey. To begin with, we had American gold certificates, chiefly in ten and twenty dollar bills, then we had pound notes, Russian gold five-rouble coins, and Russian gold ten-rouble certificates called chervonetz. These roubles were worth fifty cents in our money. In paying our railroad fare from Manchoulí to Chitá, only gold rouble coins were accepted, but in Moscow we were told that the possession of these gold coins made you subject to arrest, for the government had ordered them all turned in to be used as a reserve in the issuing of chervonetz. At length we had made the rounds of the windows at which the various tickets for the different stages of the journey had to be purchased; a final scurry had secured us once more the possession of Tamara's suitcase which had been left behind in the other train, and we were off on the longest leg of our journey, eight days from Chitá to Moscow.

The *wagon-lit* proved old but clean. An unintelligent but obliging porter was continually at work sweeping and scrubbing. M. and Tamara shared a compartment, and Donald and I occupied the adjoining one. It was worth knowing that the purchase of two tickets didn't entitle the owner to a compartment alone in the event that the rest of the train became filled and the space was required. A short time previous the wife of a friend of ours was coming from Chitá with her small baby and was given the choice of sharing her compartment with a strange man or with a woman who was very sick with some undiagnosed disease. Fortunately she chose the man, for the woman died on the trip, and what she had was believed to be smallpox.

The dining-car was at the other end of the train, and to make the journey to it across the lurching platforms and through the swaying cars we had to dress as if we were bound upon a polar expedition. There were three doors to be opened at the end of each car, and two of these were usually frozen; the platforms were solid ice, and the smells in the third-class coaches were awful beyond description.

Once more we played in good fortune, for one of the waiters spoke very fair German, and a judicious tip or two made him our devoted attendant, ever full of suggestions as to what he could give us to eat, and ready to cook what we bought at the booths in the stations. At one place I purchased a sucking pig which our waiter friend had roasted for us successfully. We had brought with us a few tins of sardines, and some guava preserves that had been given to M. in Honolulu. These proved most welcome additions to our fare. The first evening in the dining-car our fellow travellers eyed us with suspicion and even resentment, but they soon became used to us and even friendly. We invariably found the peasants and servants courteous and obliging; the officials were never actually rude and usually ended by becoming friendly. The country through which we were passing was very different from what we had imagined Siberia to be. We had pictured vast barren steppes, but instead we were among forests of pine and silver birch. At times for long stretches the birches were coated with ice, and their jewelled tracery glanced and glimmered under the sun's rays.

As we approached Lake Baikal, the country became more rugged. When the road was first laid the train crossed over the lake on the ice during the winter months, and was ferried across in the summer, but now it skirts the southern shore, passing through a series of upward

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of fifty tunnels. We had an excellent opportunity to view the lake, for we were halted on its shore five or six hours when our locomotive broke a connecting-rod. We watched the fishermen making the rounds of the holes they had picked through the ice, and saw lines of sleighs passing across, laden with wood and produce. During the winter, when the snow lies deep and obliterates all trace of roads, the peasants stick double lines of pine branches in the snow to mark the trails. Donald could not get over the novelty of the sleighs and the snow. There were some spirited races when the frightened ponies bolted at the approach of the train, and more than one sleigh-load was overturned in a snow-drift.

The time passed quickly, for we played chess and cards when we were tired of reading. We had an ample library, and the opportunity to read many books which the bustle of every-day life had led us to put away to await greater leisure. I thoroughly enjoyed myself with Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," the same copy that M. had read in the course of a long sea trip to Cape Town. Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia" lived up to old memories, and made us appreciate the luxury in which we were travelling. Masson's "Afghanistan" proved absorbing, and derived added interest from the fact that it was written by a fellow American, a Kentuckian, who from 1826 to 1836 wandered around an unexplored country alone and unarmed. It would be a bold man who would to-day attempt to trace Masson's steps similarly equipped; and it was fifty years before it was possible to verify the correctness of his observations and of much of his data.

When we stopped for any length of time at a station we usually piled on our clothes and stamped up and down the platform for a few minutes. There was invariably a small log house used for heating water, with a couple of taps leading outside from the tank. As the train slowed up our fellow travellers would jump off and run to fill their teakettles at these spigots. Long, low wooden sheds formed booths for the sale of bread and milk and roast fowl or game-birds. Sometimes there were live birds for sale—at one station a woman offered three big turkeys. The booths were tended by sturdy rosy-cheeked women. Every one wore huge felt boots reaching up above the knee. Heavy woollen smocks and fur wraps usually completed the costume.

The red flags flying from the stations had bands of black around the edges in mourning for the death of Lenin, and on the station walls were posters announcing his demise. We were told that long-suffering Petersburg had once more suffered change of name and was henceforth to be known as Leningrad. Later, in Moscow, we inadvertently handed in a telegram addressed Petrograd; it was handed back, and we had to write it all out again.

We could get no time-tables, and when we asked at what distance we were from some important town no two people gave even approximately the same answer. We couldn't ask at what time by the clock we would be at a given place, for every one had his own idea as to what time it should be, and we ended by each selecting a different scale of daily alteration and stoutly defending our individual methods. This uncertainty as to time and place gave us a pleasant, vague, happy-go-lucky feeling about the trip.

The second morning from Chitá saw us in Irkutsk, the most important town in this part of Siberia. It is a big trading centre, and has a population of over a hundred thousand. All Siberian towns seemed closely to resemble each other. The streets were broad and bare and wind-swept; the wooden houses were square unpainted affairs remarkably like pill-boxes. Everything was toned to a drab uniformity, but the countryside was very beautiful.

The third day, crossing the Yenesei, the Russian father of waters, we put Krasnoyarsk behind us, and next morning we emerged from the rolling, well-wooded country on to the steppes, vast plains stretching as far as the eye could see in every direction, a desolate waste of snow. In the morning we went through Novo-Nicolaevsk, and by evening we were at Omsk, where we were told the log cabin in which Dostoievsky spent his years of exile is still preserved. I had with me his "House of the Dead," which I had last read as a small boy at school.

At Omsk in addition to the food booths there were stalls filled with toys carved out of wood, and others crowded with displays of local mountain stones—ame-

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thysts, aquamarines, malachite, and agates, made into brooches and sleeve-links, cigarette-holders and trays. In the wood-carving stores portraits of Lenin and Karl Marx figured prominently. A number of the passengers bought chess sets, and we could see them deeply absorbed in the game as we tramped through the third-class coaches on our way to the dining-car.

The peasants appeared cheerful and well fed, and children abounded. They seemed to spend their entire time on skates; sometimes of European make, but often a steel bar fastened to a slab of wood. Some of the children had push-mobiles on runners with which they scooted about the platforms.

We now began taking on new relays of conductors who were continually demanding the tickets of which we had a large quantity. Some of these they would take away, and present us with new slips until we gave up any effort to understand what we had or what we didn't have.

After leaving Omsk the country looked more settled; farmhouses were numerous, and the whole aspect was that of the rural districts of Indiana or Illinois. We had looked forward with interest to passing through the far-famed Ural Mountains, but if we had not been on the lookout we would have passed through them without realizing it, for we saw nothing but a few low hills.

Dusk on the sixth day from Chitá brought us to Ekaterinburg, a large modern-looking town possessing a mournful interest as the scene of the murder of the Czar and his family. We were told that the house is now used as a school. The station was lined with booths selling Ural stones and our fellow passengers made many purchases.

Next day found us in Russia proper, and we felt as if we were almost home. We passed through Perm and Viatka, and the old dining-car conductor pointed out the road along which he had tramped as a prisoner into exile many years before. We stopped at several small stations, where the peasants did a flourishing business selling baskets to the passengers. There were basket fairs in full swing in the clearings near the station, and every size and type of basket was on view. Our passengers also laid in stocks of frozen meat; quarters of beef and numbers of the small pigs which were stood up in rows in the booths. There was no difficulty attendant upon keeping their purchases frozen.

The effort of crossing Siberia seemed to have taken a great deal out of our train, for as we neared Moscow it became feebler and feebler and we lost more and more time; the last day it barely crawled along. The country continued interesting, and when we crossed over the Volga at Yaroslavl, we regretted not being able to stop off and visit the churches of whose gilded domes we had a glorious view.

It was on Sunday evening, the 17th of February, two weeks to the hour from our departure from Peking, that we at length reached Moscow. Two friends of Donald's, Templeton and Roustam Bek Tagueff, met us and took us to the large private house in which we were to be lodged. It had been the residence of a wealthy Russian, but he met his fate in the revolution and his property had been confiscated. Everything had been left untouched in the house, even to photographs that had been presented to the owner by famous composers and opera stars, and all sorts of little personal knickknacks and snapshots of children. It gave one an uncomfortable, gruesome feeling, as if one were living in a tomb.

The house was magnificently situated, just across the river from the Kremlin. When the morning sun struck upon the domes and towers the effect was brilliant. At sunset the air was black with myriads of ravens circling around above the churches.

Our passports read that we were to leave Russia by the Latvian frontier, but we wished to visit Petrograd and therefore the easiest way to leave would be through Esthonia. We found this change of visa by no means easy of accomplishment, and but for the kind assistance of Mr. Graudenz of the United Press, it would have taken days to arrange it. We found the officials everywhere most courteous. It was in their offices that I first heard the word "tovarisch" (comrade) in general use. Frequently the men who had come in about their papers or travel permits would address the office employees as

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tovarisch, and on several occasions they hailed me in the same manner.

While we were waiting in one office a little Turk strutted up and entertained us for an hour with tales of adventure. He had dilapidated passports to prove that he had been almost everything—a colonel in the Turkish army, a colonel in the Red army, and at odd times a sailor before the mast. He had lived all over the world and could talk with knowledge of the Philippines, the Argentine, Brazil, Mexico, the United States, and almost anywhere else you chose. He claimed to have served on the border in the American army and to have formed part of Pershing's expedition into Mexico. He gave a detailed description of how he had, for a consideration, murdered a famous Turkish general, and several other little peccadilloes of like nature that he had committed. He said that he was tired of Russia and was trying to get back to Anatolia where he had two wives waiting, but that he would leave more than that number in Russia. At first I thought him to be a member of the secret police trying to get our opinions on things Russian, but as he did all the talking himself, this could hardly have been the case.

Living we found to be fearfully expensive, and there were so few foreigners that the prices could not have been put on merely for their benefit. In the stores and the markets the prices were marked up on placards, so the costs must be high for every one. There seemed to be plenty of everything to be had, if you could pay for it, and we saw no signs of great poverty. Every one appeared well dressed and well fed. I wandered around the markets with Templeton, who speaks fluent Russian, and Donald and I paid an early and necessary visit to a Russian bath, which we found well kept and something on the order of a Turkish bath. There were numbers of individual suites of three rooms: a dressing-room, a washing-room, and a steam-room. A family would take a suite, and they often brought food with them, so I suppose they used the dressing-room as a dining-room.

We went one evening to the opera. It was to be a gala performance, "Le Coq d'Or" and "Sheherazade," and we were told that no one would be allowed in after eight. The tickets were expensive, nearly six dollars apiece, and a long queue was purchasing them, but we heard that many free passes were issued. From eight till eight-thirty the audience patiently waited for the curtain to rise. The manager then appeared and announced that the orchestra had struck, but that the performance would be given to the accompaniment of one piano. The announcement was certainly received with much more resignation and equanimity than would have been the case at home. There seemed something incongruous about an orchestra striking in Soviet Russia. The scenery and costumes were excellent. It would be unfair to judge any further of a performance given under such difficulties. No one in the audience wore evening clothes. Most of the men wore blue flannel shirts, and badly needed the attentions of a barber. As some one said, attending an opera without a dress suit is like drinking champagne out of a tin mug. Between the acts I wandered around the corridors and promenades. There were many soldiers, most of them young fellows, with a girl on arm. A man came up and said something to me in Russian, I replied in French, whereupon he informed me that he used to live in Tahiti, that he was born a Russian Jew but had no nationality, that he had an uncle a prominent antique dealer in Paris. He launched into a long diatribe upon conditions in Russia. I suspected him of being a member of the secret police.

We heard that for some months past a crusade had been under way against such people as appeared to be spending more money or dressing better than they were expected to. A number of women who wore jewelry to the opera received visits from the police in their homes and underwent confiscations.

On another evening we went to the Hermitage, a famous restaurant in pre-war days. There was an excellent gypsy troupe that sang to an almost empty room; the whole effect was gloomy. The most cheerful sight we saw was the weekly dinner and dance at the Actors' Club. We could well believe that it had changed less from pre-revolutionary days than anything else in Moscow. The club-house was most attractive and the majority of the people were in evening dress. Before supper two or three actors got up

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and sang, or gave recitations, and afterward every one danced. It was a gay, cheerful crowd, the only one that we saw in Moscow.

We all of us experienced the same feeling of depression in Moscow. There can be no question but that the far-famed O. G. P. U. is a true successor to the Cheka, the old imperial secret police. No one can feel certain of his immunity, neither prominence nor obscurity can guarantee it. We saw a number of arrests. In each case the prisoner appeared to belong to the so-called "intelligentsia" and was being marched through the streets between a couple of Red soldiers who were holding upraised their drawn sabres. We heard the details of one authentic case which may illustrate the blind way in which the O. G. P. U. must often strike. A young fellow of modest connections had been serving in the Red army, and came on leave to visit his family in Moscow. On the third evening he went to a gaming-house controlled by the government, and was playing roulette or whatever the game happened to be, when a man stepped up and arrested him. His family had much difficulty in finding out what had occurred, and were able to see him only as he was being marched with other prisoners to the railway station for deportation. They could do no more than say a few words and give him a small sum of money. After unremitting effort they succeeded in bringing sufficient influence to bear to find out in what consisted the charge against their son. They were told that he had been watched frequenting the gaming establishments in Moscow for the past three months and he could not have rightfully possessed sufficient money to do so. After it had been proved that the boy had only been three days in the capital, the authorities agreed to release him, but when the order was sent to Archangel to recall him from the island in the White Sea to which he had been deported, it was found that the cold had set in and communication with the island was closed.

We were told of many other examples of the work of the secret police and unquestionably the terror they inspire is general. A number of people whose relatives we had met in Harbin, and whom we would have been glad to see, were afraid to meet us because of the construction that might be placed upon such action by the O. G. P. U.

At length we had all our passports straightened out and by the active and able assistance of Templeton and Rennick, of the Associated Press, we just succeeded in catching the Petrograd express. It is a fifteen hours' run, and *wagon-lit* cars are used. If you wish either dinner or breakfast you must take it with you. The porter will supply you with tea.

At the newly baptized Leningrad we bundled into the same diminutive sled to which we had by now become accustomed, and whirled off to the Hotel de l'Europe and the most comfortable quarters we had met with since leaving Peking.

We found ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere from that of Moscow. We saw no arrests and the people seemed more cheerful. The long-haired type, clad in the blue-flannel shirt, seemed less in evidence. Prices were more moderate. The museums were all open to the public, and were as well kept up as in any capital in Europe. We had heard that many of the paintings had been looted, but if that was the case they must have been restored, and their locations corresponded to those assigned them in a pre-war Baedeker. The Hermitage entirely lived up to its reputation as among the most remarkable galleries in the world, and we spent a most enjoyable afternoon in the Museum of Alexander III among the Russian paintings.

The Winter Palace has been opened to the public, and was crowded with sightseers both civil and military. Guides were conducting them around and imparting the same sort of information as is given to the tourists at Versailles or anywhere else. The only signs of looting and vandalism were in the absence of a few pictures, and the way in which three or four Italian canvases of the "Virgin and Child" had been slashed by the swords of the soldiers.

The last Czar's apartments had been left untouched, even to the pencils on his writing-desk; and the chessmen ready for play. In his dressing-room the walls were covered with intimate family photographs. There were many pathetic touches. Among the engravings on the wall was a little English one called

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"Grouse Driving" and inscribed: "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to dear Nicky from Beatrice—1902." The Czar must have been a great admirer of Napoleon, for etchings and portraits of the Corsican were everywhere in evidence.

The only contribution of the Soviet Government was a large room entitled the "Museum of the White Terror." The walls were lined with photographs of dead and mangled bodies, pictures of executions and funeral processions, and there were glass cases crowded with printed pronunciamentos, bits of shells, and relics of one sort or another. The old man who was guiding us around for some reason or another did not think much of this room and tried to skip by without going in.

We went to an excellent performance of "Carmen" at the opera-house. The Spanish dances were particularly good. The audience was more intelligent appearing than in Moscow; one man was in evening dress and several wore frock coats. We went afterward to a cabaret where there was a gypsy orchestra. There was more gaiety than in Moscow. The Soviet Government experimented with total prohibition, but had modified it and now permits the sale of anything with not over twenty per cent alcoholic content. It is possible to obtain vodka, but it did not appear to be much in demand. We saw no drunkenness.

In wandering around the streets the shop-windows made a gay appearance, but it was said that the stores were not nearly as well stocked as they seemed to be, for almost everything was in the windows. The spires of the churches were particularly lovely shooting up through the falling snow. The streets were buried deep, and the sleds were busy carting the snow to where it was thrown into wooden furnace-boxes and melted. These boxes were built over manholes in the streets, and the melted snow was carried off through these outlets to the frozen river.

One of the most interesting visits we made was to the ballet school. Girls and boys are trained from seven or eight to eighteen. Many of them sleep in dormitories at the school. Before being admitted they are passed as physically perfect by a doctor, and then a committee of artists decides upon their artistic desirability. The directress was a fine-looking white-haired woman. The course is a hard one, and in addition to their daily training in the ballet they follow the regular school curriculum. We watched all the different classes practising, from the little girls learning the first exercises to the large ones almost ready to graduate. Everything was scrupulously neat, and in the kitchen we sampled and found excellent the food that was to be served as the noonday meal.

We enjoyed our few days in Petrograd, and wished that we could have prolonged them. It was snowing hard the day of our departure, and many trains were blocked. Ours originated in Moscow, but was only a couple of hours late. There were no *wagon-lit* cars, but three officials of the Esthonian State Railway were returning in their private car from a conference with Soviet railway officials and they most hospitably invited us to join them. The snow-drifts were piled high. Our Esthonian friends gloomily predicted that we would be stalled for a day in the middle of some field, but our locomotive held on, slowly and with many halts, until it deposited us at the border station at two in the morning. Here we piled out in the snow to pass our belongings through the customs. The inspectors were courteous, but curious. Everything was separately examined. The clothes they held up to the light. When we asked one man for what he was searching he shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I don't know, but this is what we are told to do!" Books were carefully inspected, as often as not, upside down! They went through the train with a fine-tooth comb, but we never saw them confiscate anything. Russians are apparently allowed to take out only one suit of clothes, and no one is permitted to take gold. After leaving the Russian station we had a twenty-five kilometre run through a no-man's land where we were for some mysterious reason ordered to pull down the blinds and not look out. I passed the time playing chess with our Esthonian friends, and when we came to their frontier, through their kind offices we were swiftly put through, and found ourselves at the end of our long journey across the Soviet Republic. Interesting as it had been and glad as we were of the experience, we all three breathed more easily to have it behind us.

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One Night Only

BY McCREADY HUSTON
Author of "His," "Fairer Greens," "Jonah's Whale," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS

HE finally ordered the second doughnut. That brought the price of his breakfast to twenty cents, in spite of hours of determination to spend only fifteen. Mentally he had appropriated thirty-five cents to luncheon and twenty to a clean collar. Eating the doughnut and finishing the last of the fluid which had failed to become coffee, he debated whether to deduct five cents from his luncheon money or trust to finding a collar for fifteen cents. Tired and worn, he sat on the stool in the railroad-station restaurant and contemplated, through a dirty window, a patch of his home town.

Six o'clock was too early to look up the family. The Welbridge Welliver Company, presenting classic and romantic repertoire, was compelled to choose the repellent kind of train which carries day coaches at night; and such trains always arrived at the towns of the company's uncertain and variable route in grayish dawns to the banging of many milk-cans.

He would go down to the opera-house; probably he could doze there on a roll of baize until the trunks and scenery were unloaded in the alley. About ten o'clock he would go to see mother and hand her seats for the evening, seats for herself, for father, and for sister Emma. That would be five dollars. Dinner for them all at the Hotel Metropole would come to four or five. He had just ten dollars, desperately preserved, and the seventy cents of his day's personal financing. He had planned it all out.

Slipping off the stool, he made his way across the platform to the alley and from there to Main Street. It wasn't a return to a home town that any actor would have dramatized for himself; but to J. Edward Brown, at his stage of hunger, cold, and fatigue, it was the opportunity he craved, to pass along the street unrecognized.

He was J. Edward Brown on the programmes; but to any Union City man stirring at that hour he would be simply Eddie Brown, looking utterly unlike one capable of playing a billboard Buckingham on two doughnuts and a cup of branch-line coffee.

The name on the programmes represented development. Running away from home, with mother's unvoiced assent, and joining the troupe on Price's "New Sensation," playing on a floating theatre along the Monongahela, he had called himself Edmund Browne. He was nineteen then. At twenty-three, playing Harris in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" under canvas, and conscious of his environment, he became merely J. E. Brown. Then, as Denton, in a brief but glorious month in a third company of "Arizona," he had hesitated over and finally used J. Edwin Broun. But his real name was John Edward and, at twenty-eight, developing taste as well as talent in the strange world behind the tattered scenic drops, he became J. Edward Brown.

He might have known the doors of the opera-house would be locked. He turned away, not knowing where to go. The morning was raw and wet, and he had no overcoat. Welbridge Welliver had the only overcoat in the troupe of twelve men and two women. Across the street a knot of three or four of the actors were entering the Metropole, in the office of which the sleepy clerk regarded them with indifference. Brown joined them, guessing they had agreed not to register. With a word to the clerk they stood their hand luggage in a row and settled into chairs to wait for morning to come seriously. If they did any sleeping it would be in the theatre.

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None, Brown knew, had seen any salary for weeks.

He intended to stay awake. But the strain of the fifty miles in a chilly day coach was too severe, and presently he was nodding with the rest while the hotel clerk waited for somebody in authority to come along and sign the register for the company.

At half-past ten he woke with a jump and, with hardly a glance around the dingy hotel office, instinctively avoiding chance recognition from some boyhood townsman, he caught up his little imitation-leather bag and hurried across to the theatre.

The stage, strewn with green property crates and trunks, was deserted. Familiar sounds told him the company had scattered among the dismal dressing-rooms, trying to make themselves comfortable without comforts. Outside the door on which an old gilt star had been tacked he paused, stopped by the full, rich tones of Welliver and the carefully pitched and modulated responses of Miss Pemberton, his young wife and leading woman. They were speaking so precisely that Brown guessed they were trying to avoid a quarrel, in their weariness and discouragement.

He found his own trunk and that of Arthur Morris in a near-by dressing-room. Morris was not visible and Eddie was glad; he did not want to talk. He was soon dousing his face and head with cold water from the tap. It was time for him to be off to see mother. He retied his necktie five times before the piece of glass that served as a mirror and wondered if his collar looked as soiled as it really was. He wanted to reserve the fresh one for dinner at the Metropole.

In their days of sufficient income the Browns had built a cottage on the rear of their lot on Scrabbletown Hill. Living in the big frame house on the front, from which they could sweep the river for miles, they had, when Abner Brown retired from the steamboats, decided that the rent from a house on the alley would be more desirable than the vegetables which might or might not be forthcoming from a garden. So they built it and rented it for fifteen dollars a month. But that had been ten years ago. For some years now the Browns themselves had lived in the alley cottage. The big house on the brow of the hill had passed from their possession, as houses will from fretful incompetents who read the persuasive form letters of stock swindlers. The Browns had become poor in everything but their son. He was their remaining claim to patronize anybody in Union City —"supporting Welbridge Welliver this season, you know."

There was no approach to the house on the alley to give an actor an entrance. Eddie simply tramped through the mud and pushed the door open. And there sat mother in her old rocker, with a bookful of old programmes on her lap. She looked up at him with a tightening of the lines about her mouth and gripped the covers of the book so that the blue veins in her hands stood out.

"My, Eddie, you're gettin' a big man," she said.

"Getting to be, mother? Always getting. According to you, I never quite arrive!"

He lifted her in his arms and kissed the meeting place of white hair and lined forehead. Replacing her carefully in the chair, he made inquiries.

"Where's father?"

"Gone to get shaved. He thought maybe he'd see you down the hill. The paper said last night the show'd get in on the noon train."

"Well, we got in earlier," he responded, his eyes roving the little room with its base-burner and furniture saved from the old house and made to do.

"Mother"—his gaze returned to her—"I can't stay for dinner. I've got to get back to the opera-house and help get the drops up. You see, I'm assistant stage-manager. But I want you and father and Emma to eat with me this evening at the hotel—six o'clock—and then go over to the show. Here are the seats, three good ones in the third row."

"Just to think," the bowed, shaken little figure said, holding the scraps of blue pasteboard in gnarled fingers, "just to think I'd have a son acting Shakespeare."

"Well, you have, mother; and it's due to you. You made me ambitious."

"I kinda hoped you'd give 'Romeo and Juliet' here. It must be so pretty."

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He finally ordered the second doughnut.—Page 281.

He gave a short laugh.

"Welliver quit playing Romeo a few years ago . . . when he was fifty-five. He still does Hamlet; but Romeo. . . ."

"But you could play Romeo, son."

"Yes; I could. But he wouldn't let me. It is a star's part and this is his company."

"I've been reading 'Richard III' to your father. He don't seem to understand it much. We got the bill you sent from Beaver Falls, so we know you play the Duke of Buckingham."

Because he was hungry, so hungry he had trouble being still and talking, and because, having no money to give her, he wanted to appear casual, natural, and at ease, he began to terminate the visit.

"Well, I'll meet you in the lobby of the Metropole at six; I won't have to go and make up till seven-thirty. We'll have a nice visit."

"Eddie," she said, smoothing the faded fabric of her cotton house-dress and looking away, "I wonder if you could lend us a little money. Father ain't been so well and he's had some real bad luck. He borrowed some money on this house and now it's almost due. We haven't anything much but what Emma gets. I don't like to ask you. . . ."

The man stood looking out the little window into the alley. He was thinking how, a few minutes before, hungry, with no salary in sight, and with thirty-five cents to spend for food, he had been, largely, free and competent. Now, with this, he was baffled, impeded, confused. Of course, he could simply tell her how things stood. He debated that and rejected it. That would not be in character. He was not simply her son; he was also—he smiled to himself—a distinguished and successful actor. Oddly he found himself thinking how soiled and frayed was the costume he wore as Buckingham. He heard himself speaking presently.

"Why, yes; I think I can help you out. I haven't it with me; but I'll see our

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treasurer. Probably I can raise it for you by to-night."

"Now that's sweet of you, Eddie. I don't care for myself, but I can't stand to see father worried . . . he put it in some oil stock."

He took his hat from the table, feeling himself growing furious.

"Well, we'll see," he said. "Be there at six."

He stooped and kissed his mother's forehead, and was gone.

Striding down the hill, past familiar, homely dwellings, he arranged it simply enough. The little lot back on Cass Street which he had owned for seven or eight years was worth, perhaps, five hundred dollars. By offering the deed to Decatur Jennings at the bank he could get, he knew, at least three hundred. That the lot was his only capital, the only resource he had to show for his years of trouping, did not matter now. He would let it go and put the bills in mother's hands to-night.

The business took even fewer minutes than he had expected. With three hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket he left the bank at one o'clock and walked to Mitchell's restaurant. There, he knew, he could get the greatest quantity of food for his thirty-five cents. After bolting it, he returned to the opera-house.

Nothing had been done on the stage, and that was strange. He threaded the stacks of baggage and piles of scenery to his dressing-room. No members of the company were visible. The silence gave him a queer feeling. If something had not happened his trouper's intuition was failing. He was uneasy.

Morris was sitting on a backless chair in the dressing-room, smoking a cigarette, and reading an old number of the *Billboard*. He had not unpacked.

Brown stood leaning against the doorway, a question in his eyes, while Morris gave him a crooked smile.

"I was waiting for you to turn up," he said. "I thought maybe you could raise me the price of a ticket. This is your home town, isn't it?"

"Yes; you don't mean . . ."

"We close here. We're on the rocks. There is only thirty dollars' advance sale, and the hotel man from Bloomsburg is waiting for every dollar that comes into the house. Welliver, it seems, told him yesterday morning that if he'd let us go he could collect here."

Eddie sat down on his trunk.

"This is a hell of a place for me to close," he replied. "I've just been to see my mother; first time in six years. Part of that thirty in the box-office is mine. I bought seats for her and my father and sister."

Morris threw his paper aside.

"That's tough on you. I suppose they think this is the real thing . . . headed straight for Broadway."

The other looked up.

"Well, after all, we're doing Shakespeare, and you know what that means back here in the sticks. If Welliver roars loud enough they won't see the spots on his royal robes. Mother has never seen me work; she's got a book of my tank-town programmes; bum job printing, misspelled names, and all. She looks at them."

He stood, looking across at the shabby, lean actor.

"We can't close here!" he exclaimed. "We've got to work to-night; then we've got to get out of here and up the line somewhere."

"You know Welliver," said the other dryly. "He may have closed the box-office by this time; he may let the Bloomsburg hotel man sell the junk."

Immediately Brown appreciated the need for action. Without a word he passed like an angry gesture to the star's dressing-room and pushed open the door.

Welbridge Welliver was a pathetic sight. Standing inside confronting him the younger man was seized with an immediate pity which began to neutralize his wrath. The star was so old and so gray; so lined and sick. That the world had swept by him was not his fault. It simply had ceased to want his wares.

Maxine Pemberton sat across, staring out at the muddy, forlorn street. She had let down her hair and had been brushing it. Evidently she was to be ready for a curtain when another curtain should rise, here or elsewhere.

Brown had intended to unloose fury upon the old actor. Instead he found himself speaking gently.

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"Just to think I'd have a son acting Shakespeare."—Page 282.

"Couldn't we, some way, go on tonight, Mr. Welliver?" he asked.

The other turned his gray crag of a head slowly around. Even a soiled shirt, without collar, and two days' growth of beard could not spoil his effect.

"You will be paid later, in New York," he replied. "I have plans for a production, something in the modern vein. When we get to New York I will disclose the plans; and I expect to use you all.

"You have, I may say, Mr. Brown, a fair amount of ability, an excellent sense of the theatre."

"All I meant, sir, was—well, you see, this is my home town; and my parents are counting on seeing me in the play. They have been reading the piece."

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The woman at the window had not stirred, but now she turned her head.

"I know my husband would like to please you, but he has not made everything clear. We have nothing; we have had no food . . . since yesterday."

"A detail, my dear," Welliver interposed. "However, I am afraid nothing can be done. I have wired a friend for a fare to New York. The rest of you . . . the fortunes of the profession, you know. You might give a little play for yourselves, a benefit; the house manager here appears to be a good sort. Of course, for me, *infra dig* and all that."

He ended with a grand gesture of a fine hand.

Brown was silent. He knew only too well that Welliver was stating the case of the stranded actor precisely; probably out of experience.

"I have just returned from the front of the house," Welliver went on. "There was fifty-two dollars in the office. Forty of that belongs to the hotel man from Bloomsburg, who is here to collect it. I came back to tell Miss Pemberton that we would have to give the people's money back, make the hotel man wait a little longer, and post the closing notice."

The younger man regarded him dully.

"It doesn't matter when we close, sir, since we are closing. We could make it after the show to-night."

He saw he had made a mistake. Welliver flashed him a look of bright anger from under his jutting brows, but it was Miss Pemberton who spoke.

"We have never played to less than one hundred dollars, Mr. Brown."

The interview was over. There was nothing to do, he saw, but to climb the hill and give mother the three hundred dollars. He must go to her. It would be cruel to let her come down to the Metropole now expecting to see the play. She was seventy-two and frail to transparency. She could accept this additional thrust of fate less falteringly in her own setting.

He would keep a few dollars, enough for a ticket to some town, and revive the fiction of years that some day she should see him triumph on the stage. He turned away, and as he did so thrust a hand into a trousers pocket, touching the roll of bills. It was a lot of money. He half turned and discovered Welliver examining a soiled collar, appraisal in his eye.

"Mr. Welliver, if you don't mind, I have a dollar or so, and if you and Miss Pemberton would go over to a place I know and have some luncheon, I would be glad."

He held out a ragged five.

Welliver stood looking at it.

"This is admirable of you, Brown," he said finally. "I could not accept it, but Miss Pemberton . . . My dear, if you will put up your hair we will go to luncheon."

Eddie figured it out on his way up the hill. He would explain to mother, with properly indefinite allusion, that the company was summoned to New York. A theatre—it would appear that Welliver had been waiting for a theatre—was suddenly available if claimed immediately. It was a question of hours; such chances made or broke one in the profession; the first train must be taken. A telegram had come and, much against his desire, Welliver had cancelled the performance for to-night.

The company would creep out, Eddie knew, as actors can; and his carefully patterned fabric would not be penetrable by mother. An easy gesture in handing over the money—"Mr. Welliver instructed our treasurer to advance me this so I could bring it to you"—would put a solacing period to the interview.

Having it settled made Eddie feel easier, and he plodded more rapidly up Scrabbletown Hill.

At a point where the street curved sharply he remembered an old and favorite view of the town and the river, so he turned to enjoy it for a moment. His eye roved appraisingly over the picture spread at his feet and, quickly satisfied, he was about to resume his climb when a bright splash of color arrested his movements.

It was a prodigious expanse of red and blue lettering on a billboard:

"One Night Only—Welbridge Welliver, in Shakespeare's Tragedy Richard III."

"One night only." The ancient phrase of the show bills made his thoughts race ahead to the cottage on the alley where

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"I could not accept it, but Miss Pemberton. . . ."—Page 286.

mother was, he knew, making her meagre preparations. It was to be a night in a lifetime for her. She had been counting on it so long. If she could see Welliver's tyrannous and compelling movements and hear his resonant declamation and know that Eddie was contributing to so much grandeur she could do with an uncertain tenure of the tinder-box cottage with her wavering husband.

Standing there in the wet and the cold Eddie peopled the scene for mother. He was making his first entrance as the Duke and that was mother sitting down there in the third row with her hands folded. Always he had been coming home to

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crown her gray head with glory; and he had never come. Even such ragged road shows as he had joined through unspeakably shabby years had not condescended to this town. The coming of the Welliver company had been an accident, throwing opportunity into his lap. And now the show was closing. Out of the gathering mist of late afternoon the billboard spoke its ironic comment:

"One night only."

He turned to the hill, and, for the second time, his fingers closed on the roll of bills; and as they did so he was suffused with a solution. If it could only be made to work. . . . Suddenly he found himself running down the hill.

Hurrying into the dark, musty entrance of the Grand Opera House he peered eagerly into the box-office, where old Andy Hickox was sitting writing in a little black book.

"Well, if it ain't Eddie Brown," Andy exclaimed, rubbing his hand on his coat and extending it through the window. "I heard you was with this show. Shame you bust up here, with your people here and all. I ain't give the money back yet, but I guess I better put the sign out."

"No!" Eddie spoke sharply through the grating. "Don't give it back. We're going to show to-night. How are we playing you, Andy?"

"Seventy-thirty; and there's just fifty-five dollars in the house now."

"All right. Now, Andy, listen to me. Here's three hundred and forty-five more. You take seats off the board in all parts of the house, dress it up good. Then you take them out and slip them to your friends around town, people you know'll come and keep their mouths shut. We'll have how much coming? About two hundred and seventy or so for our share, won't we? All right; pay the Bloomsburg hotel man and give Welliver the rest. When you start out go back and tell him there's a sale; tell him we'll gross four hundred to-night if we show. Tell him anything except where the money came from."

The little man in the ticket-office took his coat from a hook and began to pull tickets from the slotted board behind him.

"Andy, are you sure you get me? I don't want anything to happen."

Eddie was still looking anxiously through the window.

The box-office man looked over his shoulder.

"Why, son, it's as plain as the nose on your face," he said with a slow smile.

Dinner for four at the Metropole that night came to four dollars and sixty cents. J. Edward Brown, supporting Welbridge Welliver in classic repertoire, pushed forty cents' change back toward the amazed waitress and reached for his mother's little round fur cape. He was at that moment penniless.

"Father," he said casually and kindly to the mild-looking man across the table, "I had hoped to be able to hand you some money to-day." He paused and laid a hand on mother's as she sat beside him. This was the scene he had pictured for closing her fingers over the proceeds of his Cass Street lot. He went on:

"Our treasurer had bought a draft and deposited our funds in New York before I saw him. He was sorry not to be able to let me have it. When we open in New York, though, I'll see what I can do. I want you and mother to feel that you can count on me for some kind of assistance . . . in the future."

Mother was smiling happily. It was the right moment to take her over to the theatre. They filed out of the dining-room of the Hotel Metropole as personages should.

Presently the three were experiencing the pleasant bustle of finding and settling in their seats in the third row, conscious of so many of the town's eyes upon them. Father sat on the aisle, as a man should, and Emma sat next. Mother's seat was perfect; almost in the centre of things. She could see and hear without any effort, she told father, leaning across Emma in nervous delight.

Cold, with a cunning it seems to learn in rickety theatres, found every jagged break in the frayed imitation leather and cotton suit which, with wig and sword, had transformed J. Edward Brown to the Duke of Buckingham. But, standing in the darkness behind a wing, he was not conscious of it. Out there was light; and Welliver had never lurched more ponderously into the scene, had never been quite

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so hatefully dominant in the character of Gloster. And just beyond the glaring foots sat mother, transformed, following every syllable of the long recital.

At a word from the stage, the man in the shadows pulled his sword-belt higher and touched a gilt ornament at his throat. He inspected himself mentally, wishing briefly that his wardrobe was not quite so far gone.

A voice reached him from behind, pitched to the necessities of off-stage. It was Miss Pemberton, pausing on her way to her dressing-room.

"I want to thank you for our luncheon, Mr. Brown. It carried us through. But we close to-morrow in Franklin; we'll have just about enough to get us there."

The Duke of Buckingham turned to her with a smile barely discoverable in the gloom.

"I don't care where we close now, just so we're not closing here."

The signal word floated out from the stage, where the history of England was being made; and, stepping into the scene, the Duke strode gloriously down-stage, toward mother.

"I don't care where we close now, just so we're not closing here."

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Mr. Dana and His People

MORE ABOUT THE NEWSPAPER MAN'S NEWSPAPER

BY EDWARD P. MITCHELL

I

THREE things I learned speedily in that little corner room of the ancient Tammany Hall building which was afterward to become so familiar to me, indeed, my very abiding place for many years. First, the Dana of my previous imaginings was a composite of many persons. Secondly, his own part in the composite was its most important part, making absolutely just the general recognition of him as the most interesting personality in the profession. Thirdly, his leadership had attracted and held a very remarkable staff of associates, all devoted to him, all sharing his faith in the literary discernment of the general public, as something never to be underestimated or written down to. The will and the power were with him to make himself obeyed, but who in that office ever dreamed of disobeying? "Discipline" was a remote, abstract term; loyalty the determinant. "I never knew," said Julian Ralph, "a person in his employ who quarrelled with him or bore him a grudge or did not like him." He had, wrote Mayo Hazeltine, "a benignity, a generosity, and an acute sense of justice which only those nearest to him could thoroughly appreciate." "I once knew a man," said another, "who worked for Mr. Dana, and whenever he spoke of the veteran editor there were tears in his eyes." That is a practical, hydraulic comment on Eugene Field's verses.

So perhaps I may try to describe the personnel of the early *Sun*, apart from its principal figure.

In those early Dana days the musical department of *The Sun* was conducted by Francis C. Bowman, a practising lawyer and a stockholder in the association. Both he and Mrs. Bowman were practical as well as theoretical musicians of ability and knowledge. They earned the confidence of *The Sun's* readers and began that registry of the daily affairs of Orpheus in which have participated such critics as the brilliant James Gibbons Huneker, equally at home in all the seven arts, and, for many years now, William J. Henderson, a model of learning, just perception, and splendid courage in the expression of authoritative opinion. At a later period when Hazeltine was writing the literary, Huneker the dramatic, and Henderson the musical reviews of *The Sun*, the phrase "the three H's" was frequently used by connoisseurs in token of admiration; and, surely, few newspapers have ever profited by the simultaneous service of such a trio.

The theatrical critic and his assistant before 1875 were two young lawyers then in the forenoon of practice, with offices in Broadway near Cedar Street, under the firm name of Root & Bartlett. The senior in the legal concern was the junior in the censorship of the drama, and vice versa. They were both personal friends of Mr. Dana and members of the evening class then pursuing under his guidance the interesting, if professionally somewhat unfruitful, study of the Icelandic sagas. Willard Bartlett left the firm in 1883 to become a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. During a third of a century he mounted from bench to bench to the highest place in the State's judicial system, winning distinction at every step by his understanding both of the law and of human character in its relation to the principles of jurisprudence, and by his unbending intellectual integrity. Through this long career and even after his retire-

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ment for age in 1916 as chief judge of the Court of Appeals, his kinship with *The Sun* was most intimate as adviser and writer of legal and other editorial articles, always within the bounds of official propriety. Like his father, William O. Bartlett, he was a born journalist as well as a born jurist; and throughout my own newspaper experience the support and constant friendship of Willard Bartlett were precious.

When the future chief judge of the Court of Appeals was busy with the doings of the more serious stage, the future senator and secretary of state sometimes attended to the lighter performances; and in this division of labor, we may presume, such attractions of the time as the "Black Crook" with Pauline Markham and the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe may have had the benefit of Mr. Root's unsurpassed powers of observation and analysis. That, however, was not the statesman's only relation to *TheSun.* His ability was at Dana's service on critical occasions. When Boss Shepherd of the District of Columbia, exasperated by *The Sun's* attacks on his Tweed-like achievements, tried twice to drag the editor out of New York jurisdiction to sure conviction by a subservient police court in Washington on a charge of criminal libel, it was Elihu Root who blocked the second attempt and secured the decision of Judge Addison Brown of the Federal District Court, upholding the principle affirmed by Judge Samuel Blatchford in the earlier and similar case against Dana, thus establishing one of the bulwarks of the freedom of the American press.

II

THE successor of the Bartlett & Root firm in *The Sun's* department of dramatic criticism was a singular genius named J. C. Heywood. He might have been written into existence by Thackeray or Balzac. When I returned to New York in 1875 he was perhaps the most representative survivor of that earlier generation of Bohemians centring at Pfaff's. He seemed to take a fancy to me and used to pilot me around of evenings. Heywood's attire might be described charitably as not of the last cry in fashion or in texture not recently from the loom, but for stately dignity his port left nothing to be desired. It was magnificent to see him raise his eyebrows and calmly walk in when his privilege of dead-head entry with as many companions as he chose to bring was questioned at some theatre gate where the keeper was unfamiliar with his person. He knew as well as any man in town where the best brown beer was to be had, and likewise the shortest route thither.

Heywood had published in book form several long poems, ambitiously conceived, somewhat in the manner, as I recall them, of Bailey's "Festus." His "Antonius," his "Herodias," and his "Salome" are seldom encountered nowadays either in the private library or on the shelves of the second-hand mart. In addition to his theatrical responsibilities he wrote what were the most important book reviews and literary appreciations that appeared in *The Sun* before Hazeltine's time. I have a collection of them, printed in Philadelphia in 1877 with the somewhat fantastic title, "How They Strike Me, These Authors." The discernment and judgment and taste displayed in what was intended for ephemeral matter are quite remarkable. For example, Anthony Trollope gets his right appraisal, despite a merciless though humorous exhibition of passages showing indifference to the rules of English grammar and occasional swoonings of the artistic conscience. Henry James, Jr., was known then only by the two early books in his first manner, the "Passionate Pilgrim" and the "Transatlantic Sketches." Heywood gently ridicules James for his profuse obtrusion of foreign words and phrases, but renders full justice to the qualities underlying, and says of the young inventor of the international novel that his tales "are deserving of analysis as candid, fine and catholic as that which he himself affects. If this author goes on to build worthily on the foundation thus laid, his position in American literature should be a proud one."

As a dramatic critic Heywood's indolence was unique. He was capable of nigh anything and did as little as was humanly possible. His almost invariable formula in treating new productions was this: "Such-and-Such by So-and-So was staged

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last evening at the This-or-That Theatre, but owing to the lateness of the hour a more extended notice is deferred to another occasion." The other occasion rarely if ever arrived.

In the Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876 Heywood's sympathies were stirred violently in favor of the Sage of Greystone. He composed about one-half of a political drama, and had definitely arranged, I believe, with the management of the old Park Theatre in Broadway below Twenty-second Street, to bring it out in season to determine the result of the contest. The campaign drama was couched in a style generally resembling that of his "Herodias." He invited me to collaborate in order to inject, as he was good enough to explain, "a certain modernity of expression and pungency of satire, even of extravaganza" for effect on the less thoughtful voters; but owing to the lateness of the hour the completion of the decisive drama was deferred to another occasion and election day came and went without it.

Not long after this Heywood married a Philadelphia widow of very large means, a devout Roman Catholic. They went to Rome and took up their abode permanently in a Trasteverine palazzo almost in the shadow of the Vatican. I saw Heywood in Rome some years later. He had become a great swell in the social circle of the Blacks, wore a superb overcoat of Russian sable, enlisted his pen in the service of the clerical party, and figured, to his immense pride, as chamberlain in the establishment of His Holiness the Pope. But beneath his furs and behind his decorations he was the same whole-hearted fellow of the seedy days, though he had transferred his affection from Löwenbräu and Augustinerbräu to Orvieto and Montepulciano, and, I sincerely hoped, for the sake of the Vatican, had acquired meanwhile the habit of punctuality in the performance of his official functions.

In my college days there was published anonymously a novel which had a considerable vogue in institutions of learning and elsewhere entitled "Fair Harvard: A Story of American College Life." Whether it is still read, I don't know. It was an interesting story, with not a little of wit and philosophy and imagination redeeming its crudities; though we in the less sophisticated environs of Academie used to wonder if the freshmen and sophomores and juniors and seniors at Cambridge were really accustomed to converse in perfect classical Latin and tolerable colloquial Greek, to chaff each other across the supper-table in the spirit and language of Martial, and to give elaborate banquets in the triclinia of the dormitories where the guests reclined on purple couches, ate viands and side-dishes that might have renewed the appetite of Lucullus, partook of wild boar roasted whole, and had their glasses filled by garlanded Hibernian slaves from gypsum-sealed amphoræ of Falernian:

"'We will drink Scythian draughts tonight,' said the host, as the slaves passed glasses around the table. 'This is sweet Falernian; I warrant it pure. The grapes were pressed when the southwind blew through the vineyard, which you know makes wine mellow and wild boars tender. Boy!' he then commanded a slave, 'fill my cup with wine *cyathi* of Cæcuban.'"

This Sybarite of a Harvard junior was my favorite hero in the book. He was an aristocratic youth of Manhattan parentage, but equally at home in the best society of Boston; equally at home, also, in the eight-oar boat and in the kitchen of a voluptuary Cæsar; in boxing-gloves or in metaphysical argument; and with an already acquired erudition which the encyclopædia itself could scarcely measure. The character was one which Disraeli or Bulwer-Lytton might have sketched in an effort to portray extreme student elegance. I was far from dreaming then that I should accompany this splendid youth for a third of a century or more and certify to a thousand or so of his weekly space bills; but so it was to be.

The author of the anonymous "Fair Harvard" was William T. Washburn, and Mayo W. Hazeltine was the original of the super-student who commanded the slave boy to fill his cup with wine *cyathi* of Cæcuban; so I have been authoritatively informed. The two classmates were trying to break into law practice in New York.

Hazeltine, never on salary, always on space compensation, his marvellously in-

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dustrious pen pouring out its minutely lettered copy week after week, month after month, year after year, without holiday, vacation, or intermission except during illness, probably earned more money in thirty-three or thirty-four years than any other journalist, before or after him, working under the same conditions of employment. He was a De Quincey, raised to the *n*th power of productivity. At one time he was writing not only for *The Sun* but for George Harvey's *North American Review* and *Harper's Weekly*, for *Collier's*, and heaven knows what periodicals besides; book reviews, editorials, international politics, learned dissertations, pamphlets on social topics, articles on miscellaneous subjects foreign and domestic; all of uniform quality, never padded, fully charged with thought, matter no sensible editor would think of rejecting unless for reasons of policy. That was one side of him, the quantity.

Mayo W. Hazeltine's extraordinary career in journalism is worth for reminiscence not merely a few paragraphs but a good-sized volume. Whatever he saw or read he remembered. The retentive faculty of his mind was like that of Paschal or Grotius or Macaulay. It held with equal tenacity objective facts and subjective ideas, and at the same time unconsciously so systematized the arrangement of the vast store that the least thing in stock was ready for use on demand. When the Revised Version of the New Testament appeared Hazeltine was ill at Atlantic City, away from his own books and with no adequate library available for reference. Nevertheless, he produced at sudden call, from the resources of unaided memory, a seven-column review of such broad and accurate scholarship, so rich in correlative and illustrative details, so searching in philological criticism, that it commanded the admiration of the most meticulous theologians. I never knew how he did it; I only knew he could do it because he was Hazeltine.

This high function of journalism became the life-work of the elegant dilettante collegian of Washburn's novel. He was proud of the profession and practised it with prodigious industry. The law had little of his attention, even in the first years of his connection with *The Sun*. I remember but one litigation of his, and that had something to do with the title to the Richardson spite-house, so called, the mansion at Lexington Avenue and Eighty-third Street with a five-foot frontage on the avenue—a pent-up Utica, indeed, for a mind equipped with all legal lore from Justinian to Blackstone. But lawyers used to say of Hazeltine that he could draw a will and bring to the process every principle recognized by Roman jurisprudence, by the common law, by the Code Napoleon, even by the rules of inheritance in every State of the Union, if not in every civilized nation of the globe—and then omit to have the testament signed by witnesses in the presence of the testator and of each other.

That friendly remark of sincere admiration indicated one of the limitations which prevented Mayo Hazeltine from becoming a distinguished figure in public life. He had, in even a greater degree than John Hay of *The Tribune*, for example, the learning and acumen and earnestness that make part of the equipment of statesmanship. He had dignity and tact and a charm in conversation possessed by few; Maurice Francis Egan, unquestionably a good judge of that talent, wrote me from Washington in 1906: "I met that wonderful man, Hazeltine, for the first time last week. He is the best talker I have ever heard."

Yet Hazeltine's great gifts did not include the talent of applying them effectively to his own political fortunes. Perhaps, also, he lacked the restraining sense of humor that counted for so much in John Hay's personality. He, Hazeltine, desired ardently to get into Congress, where assuredly he would have made his mark. I fear he spent many thousands of dollars from his ample income in unsuccessful attempts to win a nomination in a certain coast district of New Jersey and again in Staten Island.

For the elegancies of wit and the graces of imagination, Hazeltine had full vision. It is hard to illustrate what has been said about that certain lack of humorous perception in his abounding mentality. Maybe this will point to the little blind spot in the retina. When Du Maurier's "Trilby" was published *The Sun*, like many other journals, received a shower of addi-

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tional stanzas with more or less satisfactory English renderings of "Au Clair de la Lune," of which a single verse was introduced in that book, as the only one known to Du Maurier. It was characteristic of Hazeltine, an accomplished French scholar, that he, too, should enlarge the pretty poem and attempt a complete English version. One stanza described the signs of awakening and the nocturnal movements in the next room, ending with the statement that its occupants were striking a light—"*On bat le briquet*," as I recall the line.

It was also characteristic of Hazeltine that he should remember that the word *briquet* was sometimes applied to a certain variety of the canine animal. Starting from that point of special knowledge, he translated the stanza about like this—I am not sure of the third line, but as to the first, second, and fourth recollection is quite positive:

> "My neighbors are stirring,
> I know they are up,
> Tum tumpty te tumpty,
> They are pounding the pup."

At the first opportunity after perusing this amazing rendition I urged upon him the obvious significance of *briquet* and the natural translation of *On bat le briquet*. He gravely set forth the preponderating probabilities of the poet's intention, that is, to suggest the approach of daylight by the barkings of the family dog and his consequent chastisement for premature utterance; adding a wealth of erudition concerning the various words that have been used to denote different kinds of dogs in different parts of France at different eras, an exposition that extended as far back as Rabelais and as far afield as the Basques. If this had been travesty it would have been delicious, but Hazeltine's earnest sincerity, then as always, was beyond suspicion.

M. W. H.'s general manner of reviewing was to bring out the best there was in the book under consideration, bestowing upon it his own resources of knowledge and judgment in a friendly rather than a hostile spirit. If the thing did not seem worth while, or was bad enough to excite his contempt, he did not say so, but let it alone. No lack of the critical faculty was implied in this generosity of attitude, for the estimates recorded by Hazeltine, particularly in his earlier reviews—some of which were collected and published by the Scribners in 1883 under the title "Chats about Books"—have the subtlety and searching quality of Sainte-Beuve. But Hazeltine's tolerance increased as his reputation became more magisterial. Unexcelled in the art of paraphrase, his longer reviews, occupying a whole page in *The Sun* every Sunday, became more and more an exposition of the meritorious contents of the volume, without direct citation and interpreted at every point by the reviewer's fruitful, illuminating scholarship. The method, indeed, was such that some of the publishers were inclined to regard it as anticipatory, and therefore commercially disadvantageous; but I think this feeling soon disappeared. Certainly, few literary critics with his perception and power—and few of the class there were or are—have been readier to merge the accomplishments of the reviewer in the work of the reviewed, less prone to yield to the temptation to make the book an excuse for the exhibition of the reviewer's own brilliance.

Hazeltine's conviction was firm that the reader's interest was primarily in the book and its author rather than in the personality of another writer, the reviewer. His loyalty to the assigned task, his marvellous gift of fertility and adaptability, gave him an exceptional position in *The Sun* establishment not only during Charles A. Dana's lifetime but also through the years of Paul Dana's editorship and thereafter. The conscientiousness of his service and his horror at the thought that there might be a Sunday edition without him are somewhat naïvely shown in the two communications subjoined, with the interval of an hour and a half between them:

NEW YORK, Friday, 9 A. M. [1904.]

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: For the first time in nearly thirty years my book notice is not forthcoming. I finished it, a notice of Zola's biography, at Atlantic City and brought it with me, intending to send it to you this morning. I placed it in my pocket BUT I CANNOT FIND IT! What to do I know not, unless you can give me

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till tomorrow forenoon. If you can, I can manage, by sitting up tonight, to write another one. Sincerely yours,

M. W. HAZELTINE.

NEW YORK, 10:30 A. M.

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL: Thank God, the copy is found—and here it is!

Sincerely yours,

M. W. HAZELTINE.

The job he proposed to undertake, rather than be counted absent from his accustomed place a single Sunday, was to produce that night between eleven and twelve thousand words of his slowly, carefully written manuscript.

Ten, twelve, sometimes fourteen columns of editorial and book-review matter were the measure of his regular production, even when weakened by a serious disorder of the throat and terribly shaken by an accident while crossing Broadway. His industry was indefatigable, his courage indomitable. When it was insisted that he should rest in spite of himself he wrote me, on April 5, 1909:

"Will the length of my vacation seem to *The Sun* excessive if it extends from March 1 to May 1? To me a vacation of that length will seem ample and I am sure that before the end of it I shall feel able and glad to go to work. My throat is decidedly better."

Brave old hero of "Fair Harvard" and lord of the triclinium! It was his first real vacation in a third of a century. I was in Avignon a few months later when the cable came telling that the work was never more to be resumed.

III

IN Dana's early staff of editorial writers were the elder and the younger Bartletts, Frank Church, and General Fitz Henry Warren. From the purchase of *The Sun* in 1868 to the day of William O. Bartlett's death in 1881 the power in the elbow of that astute gentleman was the newspaper's driving force, next to the editor himself. Bartlett's rugged, forcible style put forth ideas and policies that made *The Sun* admired and feared and hated in almost equal degree. Many of the phrases that have retained places in journalistic tradition were his—the campaign eulogy of General Hancock as "a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds"; the advice to the same candidate to "return to the original goose" the quill that had penned the opinion that the tariff was but a local issue; the potent couplet "No king, no clown, to rule this town!" directed at Tammany, its Boss, and his Jester; and the long-famous essay on the charms of the study of astronomy, printed as a leading editorial on the unhappy morning after an election day disastrous to the paper and its political supporters.

James S. Pike was another strong man—Pike, the politician and publicist from Maine, for the ten years preceding Sumter the Washington correspondent and associate editor of Greeley's *Tribune*; during the war years United States minister to the Netherlands, author of "First Blows of the Civil War," a matchless repository of personal reminiscence and epistolary intimacies among *The Tribune* crowd; author also of "The Prostrate State," the book that struck the first blow for the overthrow of the corrupt carpet-bag governments in South Carolina and elsewhere in reconstruction days. With his rough fur cap and woollen mittens in winter and marked coast of Maine physique and countenance, Pike might have been a Calais bank president or a Castine or Newcastle shipbuilder, but no diplomat was ever more adroit in fence and no journalist carried heavier guns.

One of the finest of the elder boys, remembered yet with respectful affection, was Henry B. Stanton, old soldier of the abolition cause and husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, pioneer woman suffragist. Mr. Stanton used to write of Empire State politics, a subject upon which his information was uncommon. It seemed to me that he must have known personally every politician, national, State, or local, not only of New York but also of New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, from the time of De Witt Clinton and Silas Wright down to that of Horatio Seymour and Roscoe Conkling. I was proud to be working alongside a confrère who at my own age had been apprentice with Thurlow Weed on the dingy little *Monroe County Telegraph*, fifty years before then. The association linked me

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comfortably with the patriarchs of my new profession. Stanton had known New York City when its population was a hundred and fifty thousand. He had seen Sam Patch make his fatal jump at Genesee Falls in 1829. He had made speeches in sixteen presidential campaigns. He had been Democrat, Free Soiler, Republican, Democrat again in sympathy with Tilden's ideas. For years he was one of the foremost antislavery speakers, here and in Great Britain, and sometimes he spoke at the risk of his life; in the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," Henry Wilson credits Stanton with having been mobbed two hundred times. I don't remember ever hearing the veteran agitator dwell with particular enthusiasm on that other great cause in which his wife so prominently figured, but have no special reason for assuming that his heart beat less warmly for the enfranchisement of woman than for the emancipation of the slave.

One day the slowly, dryly speaking old gentleman, then well on to eighty but looking sixty, came to my desk and asked:

"Do you happen to indulge in the luxury of a bank account?"

I had just established a modest imitation of a bank account, and hastened to tell him so. I supposed he was about to advise me, in a fatherly way, that such was a judicious proceeding for a young man beginning life.

"Well," said Mr. Stanton; "I'm glad to hear it. I haven't any. I want to send $16.32"—or some such sum—"to Poughkeepsie and don't like to trust the cash to the mails. I didn't know just what to do about it."

And if the check I then wrote was not Check No. 1, it could not have been far distant from No. 1. Mr. Stanton produced a leather wallet that must have dated from before Sam Patch's jump and gravely counted out the cash, with a "Thank you kindly."

We became excellent friends after this little banking transaction. He presented me with a copy of his pamphlet "Random Recollections," bearing an inscription of personal regard scrawled all over the cover. I find therein this conclusion from his sixty years' observation of newspaper editors, rural and metropolitan: "More thoroughly than any editor I have met, he [Dana] has what I call the true newspaper instinct; . . . if this country has produced an abler and more versatile occupant of an editorial chair, I have not known or heard of him."

Mr. Stanton loved to talk about his visit to Europe in the summer of 1840, when he delivered three dozen or more antislavery addresses in Great Britain and Ireland, and attended two conferences in France. He met Lady Byron, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Brougham, and many other distinguished personages, including Thomas Carlyle, who explained to him that Victor Hugo was "a glittering humbug." Stanton also had occasion to administer a severe platform rebuke to Thomas Campbell, author of "Gertrude of Wyoming." The British poet came to one of the antislavery meetings and made a half-drunken speech, in which he referred contemptuously to Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier.

Mr. Stanton told me of a little travel incident that I don't think has been printed. When he was crossing from Dover to Calais there sat opposite him at the lunch-table in the cabin of the Channel packet the most intellectual-looking Englishman he had ever beheld. The clean-cut, slightly ascetic countenance radiated superior mentality. He was meditating deeply. Mr. Stanton fell to wondering whether his vis-à-vis was the lord chancellor himself, or the British ambassador returning to Paris, or merely the Oxford or Cambridge professor of international law. Presently the steward put a platter of dumplings directly in front of Stanton. The mysterious neighbor's Olympian eyes fell upon the dish, and immediately his face began to glow with contemporaneous human interest. He reached away across the table with his fork, speared the biggest dumpling and transferred it to his own plate, at the same time winking at Stanton and affably remarking, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

Oliver Dyer, of Robert Bonner's staff on the weekly *Ledger*, was an occasional contributor of important editorials. So far as I know, this cynical, scholarly gentleman was the earliest general practitioner of "Answers to Correspondents," covering counsel to lovelorn maidens,

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heart-to-heart talks with despondent swains, advice on etiquette, teething babies, correct apparel, business investments, profitable courses of reading, and the thousand and one things entering into the system that was to develop such highly specialized bureaus of information in the periodicals of the years to come. Anyway, *The Ledger's* correspondents' column on the last page was one of its most interesting features when Oliver Dyer sat in the confessional. His *Sun* editorials were of a different sort; four columns, I remember for instance, of dignified history and technical description of Henry Meiggs's skyscraper railway over the Andes. Sam Wilkeson was another picturesque inheritance from the old *Tribune* stock—Samuel the irrepressible, the irreverent, the utterer of the once-celebrated prediction that the Tilton-Beecher case would "knock the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite."

"My dear Mr. Mitchell," he wrote me in the blizzard year, 1888; "if I were in the article of death, I would straighten up in bed and write on the call of *The Sun*."

Next to Mr. Dana in rank of ownership was Thomas Hitchcock, a prominent figure for many years in metropolitan society and finance. As "Matthew Marshall" his writings on financial subjects won a place of authority by their sanity, conservatism, and extensive knowledge. The column on the editorial page every Sunday, "What is Going on in Society," which for a long time could almost make or mar, was under his direct supervision. Mr. Hitchcock was a philosopher and an amateur of good literature with a wide range of interest. He published a "Child's Catechism" of Swedenborgianism, a translation of Eduard von Hartmann's "Die Religion des Geistes" with learned notes, and a singular collection of sketches entitled "Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius," including cases like those of Gibbon and Madame Necker, Mozart and Aloysia, Irving and Mrs. Carlyle. His friends helped him with nominations for the honor of a place in this book, but it was no easy thing to get past the custodian of unhappy genius, as he usually blackballed the proposed candidate either on the ground that he was not really an unhappy lover, or, if manifestly unhappy, not truly a man of genius. It was to Mr. Hitchcock, in the temporary absence of Dana, that Sheriff Jimmy O'Brien submitted the Tweed Ring accounts and incriminating documents in the summer of 1871, when O'Brien decided to strike his blow of vengeance. Mr. Hitchcock was naturally unwilling to assume the responsibility; and the sheriff, unable to reach Dana, carried the Ring figures to George Jones of *The Times*, dumped the bundle and left without sitting down.

There was a middle-aged editorial writer in the office when I first arrived there, who used to divide his time between useful service to the paper and intermittent periods of self-imposed exile spent in the whimsies of dissipation. Though he has been dead for nearly fifty years and has left no family, I shall speak of him here only by an initial. Mr. A—— was an old circus advance agent, knowing the lore and lure of the big white top and all that concerned it; also familiar, curiously enough, with the internal politics of every State of the Union south of Mason and Dixon's line. Beyond these specialties he was a writer capable of dealing with almost any subject.

At fairly regular intervals A—— would disappear from his desk for a fortnight or three weeks; he would then be heard of from different parts of the city and suburbs, always the principal figure in some extravagant performance wherein his own part was sustained with dignity and every appearance of sobriety. He would return perhaps a dozen times a day to his accustomed chair in the barber's shop in French's Hotel and insist upon full tonsorial treatment, notwithstanding the fact that half an hour had not elapsed since the last repetition. Or he would engage all the unemployed he encountered casually through the day to meet him at the ferry at four o'clock to go to New Jersey for a remunerative job, and then at that hour push his way through the angry crowd, himself perfectly oblivious of the occasion of its assemblage. When A—— came back to work, well-groomed and fresh as a daisy, it was characteristic of Mr. Dana that he should ignore the hiatus and treat the absentee precisely as if they had parted the evening before.

One night when Mr. A—— had been

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invisible for two or three weeks, I was alone in the room we inhabited together when he walked in unexpectedly somewhat after eleven o'clock. He said not a word to me, looked neither to right nor to left, but proceeded to his own desk, flung open its roll top, seated himself and began to write on yellow copy paper. The result did not seem to satisfy him at once. He tore up page after page, and resumed again and again the attempt to give adequate expression to his thoughts. Finally he nodded gravely, took off his spectacles, put on his overcoat and hat, deposited the manuscript in the dumb-waiter and pulled it up to the composing-room.

When the proof came down I captured it. The slip was long kept as a curiosity. With slight modification here it is:

TRUTH ABOUT THE POPE

The death-rate from diphtheria and kindred diseases is alarmingly on the increase. Who is responsible for this outrage? It is the Pope of Rome.

Corruption in our governments, national, State, and municipal, has never been so shamelessly defiant. Why? Because of the Pope of Rome.

Who is mercilessly plundering the honest taxpayers of North and South Carolina, Alabama, and the other Gulf States? It is the Pope of Rome.

The misfortunes, the crimes, the evils, the unhappinesses, the woes, the miseries that afflict suffering humanity, to whom shall they be charged? *All*, ALL, ALL to the Pope of Rome!

And the remarkable thing is not merely that when A—— returned to duty he had forgotten this incident altogether, but that in his normal condition no person living was less capable of word or thought disrespectful to the good man at the head of the Catholic hierarchy.

It has not been the purpose to say much in this place of those editorial writers for the early *Sun* who have managed until now to dodge the swinging scythe of Time. Few of them, indeed, survive. One such, still active in another establishment, deserves place along with the worthiest of the worthies then engaged in the creation and formulation of the so-called *Sun* style. Edward M. Kingsbury, not long out of Harvard and employed at the time in dry-as-dust labors upon some cyclopædia or dictionary, came hesitatingly to the office in 1881, bringing from Elbridge Gerry a personal letter which introduced him as "a young man of high character, great learning and, as I conceive, a brilliant writer." For a third of a century Kingsbury was a prime factor in making the paper's editorial page what it was said by the kind-hearted to be. He had most of the talents except that of self-promotion. He caught speedily the inherited characteristics, and added to these the rich qualities of a personality almost unique for exquisite humor, fine wit, broad literary appreciation, and originality of idea and phrase. From 1881 to 1915 many of the notable articles and casual essays on subjects a little apart from the more obvious actualities were due to that very accomplished and exceedingly modest artist of the pen.

For about six years John Swinton, distinguished Communist, labor agitator, and amateur of all sorts of upsetting political notions, held a rather responsible post in *The Sun* office. His presence, however, made little impression upon the features of the newspaper in detail, and none at all upon its policies and general course. This was not because of any lack of ability on Swinton's part, for he was a capable and experienced craftsman, but simply on account of his professional sense of fidelity to an employer which thought on all subjects in a manner quite different from his own. He was a journalistic trusty, with access on honor to dynamite which he never dreamed of attempting to use, no matter how his fingers itched to get hold of the sticks and set them off. He would make at East Side meetings speeches violent enough to wake the snakes, and then come down to Printing House Square and indite perfectly dispassionate editorial paragraphs on the internal affairs of Honduras, San Salvador, or Costa Rica, for the politics and economics of the Central American republics were, for reasons of safety first, the especially assigned province for such writing as he did.

I think this peculiar relation with a tame firebrand in the domestic establishment always appealed more or less to Mr. Dana's sense of the humorous. He was fond of Swinton and liked to talk with him. Swinton himself was not wanting in humor and played his part in the strange relationship with artistry and gusto. To

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all who would listen he delighted in denouncing Dana as an apostate, and in prophesying fierce retribution to the establishment that paid him his own cosey salary when the day of revolution should come. He was always a canny Scotchman, with the main chance generally in full sight notwithstanding the inflamed vision that contemplated the pay-roll.

Sometimes the wild light did really come into his countenance, though he never let it get into ink for *The Sun*. Swinton was a soft-spoken, softly stepping combination of truculence and amiability. He had a bristling mustache, a likable though rather impudent facial expression, and eyes that protruded so much when he was excited that he could almost see behind him like a giraffe. He affected a black skull-cap and a white muslin tie. One morning at a time when the cigar-makers were on strike—a branch of industry that had his especial patronage as a leader and adviser—he came into the office and in dead earnest announced to Mr. Dana and myself:

"The children are starving by hundreds in the families of the unemployed on the East Side."

"What," said Mr. Dana, "is it as bad as that, John?"

"Yes," continued Swinton; "I counted seven dead babies myself just now in the gutters as I came through Rivington Street and East Broadway."

This honorable gentleman and sincere friend of labor had what may be described as a symbolic imagination. He did not really mean to misrepresent the statistics of infant mortality occasioned by the cigar-makers' strike.

That such was the working of his mind I became convinced soon after by a conversation at a dinner-table where he and Henry George were of the company. Mr. George, a most prepossessing thinker and talker, had recently published his "Progress and Poverty," and had come from California to New York to live. He was speaking of exaggeration in what is nowadays termed propaganda: the elevation of aim well above the mark in order that the arrow or bullet might not strike below it. John Swinton manifested great interest in this discussion of the legitimacy of artistic emphasis.

I told a story I had read—it may have been in Samuel Rogers's "Table Talk," and it may have been elsewhere—about a British poet who took a visiting friend to ride around the neighboring country and paused on a hillside overlooking a lovely vale, in the centre of which was the spire of a little church standing in its tree-embowered churchyard.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the visitor. "The scene would be nothing without that ideal church and graveyard."

"Yes," said the poet, the tears coming into his eyes, "and how much more beautiful to me because I know that in that churchyard are buried my grandfather, my mother, and two dear sisters."

The stranger afterward told of the incident and the impression it made on him to somebody well acquainted with the region and the poet who wept on the hillside. "Nonsense," said the other. "He was lying to you. Not one of his family is there. They are all buried over in Sussex."

"The poet was not lying," said Swinton with great animation. "It was necessary for the sentiment of the occasion that his grandfather and his mother and sisters should be buried there. He was right to put them there."

Henry George smiled but made no comment.

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The Curve of Adventure

BY RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT
Author of "Tent Poles," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

SINCE his mother's death, Ambrose Adams's customary bright neckties had turned to black or gray; he no longer whistled; and, as he ploughed his way up Beacon Hill this Saturday afternoon, the swirling snowflakes of a northeast gale did not meet the usual challenge in him.

All his life, whenever he had stood before the Colonial doorway of his home, he had experienced a queer, almost treacherous, sensation—as if the semicircular window above the door, showing the light from the hall, were a false beacon—as if he dreaded to cross the threshold, fearing the security he would find within.

But to-day he rubbed his shoes across the old iron scraper and turned the glass door-knob with distinct relief at having reached the warmth of the hall.

Mary, the parlor-maid, stepped noiselessly up behind him.

"I'll take those wet things into the kitchen, Mr. Ambrose. You're apt to hang them next the landscape paper. Melting snow makes bad spots."

"Between you and Lucy, Mary, I may learn sometime not to ravage the family heirlooms. Is she at home?"

"Miss Lucy said to say she'd be soon back. She took some broth over to Miss Potts. There's a fire in the back parlor."

Ambrose was a simple sort of fellow, lumbering in his powers of expression, as in his movements, but, as he stretched his long legs toward the logs, this change in him found vent. "Oh, gee, I'm getting soft!"

The steamy smell of drying wool and the beloved fragrance of his pipe filled the warm air. He slouched down in his chair and puffed, contemplating the moulding.

All the morning, at the office, he had been plotting a curve—up, down, up, down, across a blue-checkered sheet—to show the net earnings of a corporation whose bonds their house was handling—a company whose very name smelled of adventure—while he sat at a desk in Boston and plotted a curve of its success. . . .

Supposing he should plot a curve of his own life! Dreams and desires for far-off places, the peaks—their unfulfilment, the valleys. At the critical moment of decision, Lucy, reminding him of his father's uncertain health . . . looking so pitiful over the details of settling the estate . . . speaking of his mother, broken by the grief of their father's death . . . Each time he had postponed adventure.

But it came with the war. He enlisted with the Third Engineers, his mother smiling bravely, Lucy finding no other alibi for duty. Hell! Of course! But men, shoulder to shoulder—no conventions, no security—equal before each other, the devil, and God. Women, too, in the peace of the hospital—with cool hands and quiet, deep, throaty voices. . . . (He was always such a gawk with women here at home.)

Then came a chance to go to Russia! Instead, a cable brought him home. Lucy could not face their mother's last illness alone.

The illness had spread itself over four long, self-forgetting years, when desires, like the swingings of a tired pendulum, came slowly to a stop. That was why he had taken a job in an old established bond house, downtown.

But now his mother was gone, and he was only thirty-four. . . .

Still, there was Lucy. . . .

"I think Miss Potts is dying, Ambrose!" The "dying" fell on his consciousness with a thud. He got up stiffly.

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"Hello, Lu!"

His sister crossed to the fire, shivering, stretching out her hands, merging into the atmosphere of the dignified room with a peculiar fitness. *She* always crossed the threshold of their home as if approaching an altar at which she worshipped. He sank back in his chair again, thinking how extraordinarily like a nun she looked now in her negative black dress with its ascetic muslin collar. One who gets a certain joy from the burial of desires. Renunciation!

"The old ones who have maintained the traditions of the Hill—they seem to be passing on, don't they, Ambrose?" Her words had the soft, but incisive minor note of the storm on the window-panes.

"It's hard to think of the Hill without Miss Potts, I admit."

"She *is* Beacon Hill to lots of us."

He half wanted to dispute her. Why was Miss Potts necessarily Beacon Hill . . . any more than the other sort . . . those reaching out . . . ?

But Lucy went on. "We shall miss her." She knelt and poked the log. It sprang into a new blaze. "The mantle of the older generation will have to fall on our shoulders."

He stirred uncomfortably, shifted a hand to his pocket, muttered: "I suppose it will!"

Something about Lucy always made him incoherent, even when he objected to her words. "Maintain traditions" now!

But indifferent to argument, he was thinking only how naturally Lucy could reach back her immaculately cuffed hand across the generations, and clasp that of their great-grandmother in the portrait there.

"Is—she—suffering much?"

"I don't think so. She still sits up in her chair, clutching her cane laid across the arms——"

"Like a parrot clinging to its perch."

"She's always looked like a parrot, hasn't she—with that sharp, acid little face. The grayness of death hangs over it now. I've learned to recognize it." She drew a hand across her smooth, graying hair.

She always crossed the threshold of their home as if approaching an altar at which she worshipped.

He took out his pipe, leaned forward. "I always think of her that way, Lu—clever, but prattly like a parrot—repeating old Puritan maxims—holding on to that rundown Myrtle Street house, long after they could afford to run it—holding on to her New England railroad stocks, too, in spite of all I could say to make her sell, before the break came."

"It's her loyalty to—standards. There's something fine in it. Her feeling that she owed it to the Hill to keep out the newly rich element. And the same about the railroads! They *were* New England to her—her pride in its economic leadership."

Lucy had pulled up a small rocker and sat down. "No one exactly loves Miss Potts, but they have all listened to her. She fought for solid things. There are so many of the other sort to-day, wanting to smash——"

"Isn't that sort of loyalty sometimes plain dogma—hand-me-downs? Didn't you say you thought her influence had

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been slipping lately on some of those committees?"

"Oh, that's on account of her poor health. She's been failing for some time. It's a year now since she resigned from everything. She said she wanted to see you, Ambrose. Perhaps it's about the railroads. She has always liked you."

"She's made me her executor, you know. Poor soul, there'll be darn little to execute!"

"She asked me about what we were going to do, now that mother is gone. Were you—willing to settle down?"

This was the first reference to plans—a shadow that had been following him these last six months. Coward-like, he had persisted in not turning his eyes to see it. But now it had come around in front, where he must tread upon it.

He got up and started pacing up and down. An unexpected thumping in his breast beat a syncopated rat-tat to his loose, swinging stride.

Lucy had taken out her darning. "I told her," her voice was rigid—forced out of a tense throat, "that I thought you seemed happy in the office work here, and were doing awfully well. She didn't say anything, but I think she was pleased—as mother would be, too, to see us here together, now."

He stopped. Something in these references to his mother clutched that stupid baby heart of his. Womanly weakness, but there it was, his heritage! His mother had been like that. Eyes, like his, too, that unexpectedly got all cloudy!

"It's six months to-day, Amby!" He saw her brush something shiny from her cheek with the sock.

"So it is! I'd forgotten."

"She'd be so glad, Amby, that we're keeping the home."

He went over and stood behind her chair, laying his hands on her shoulders. "Say, Lu, I don't think you ought to dwell too much on anniversaries. There's something sort of morbid about them. Go out and see the girls more. Don't stick around here too much. There's only you and me to keep all this going for!"

She reached up and patted his big hand. "That's it!" Her chin, so much firmer, squarer than his, quivered slightly. "You *are* all I have now. You know I love to do it for you."

Something which always went down conquered before her, plunged to the bottom—mooring him fast.

He detached his hand, shambled away. "You'll spoil me, Lu! One dead-sure thing, I'll never need to marry for a home!" With a rather ironic laugh, he flung a leg clumsily over the arm of the davenport.

"Of course you'll marry, silly. Of course I hope you will. There's no one else to carry on the family name. Meanwhile, please remember not to sit on that arm. It spoils the shape."

And so he returned to the fire and resumed his steady, silent puffing. The family name! He hadn't thought much about that. . . . But he had sometimes looked at his mother with remorse. . . . He had cheated her of something—a grandchild, preferably a little girl with curls. . . .

Lucy went on with her darning.

There was an inelasticity about the very set of her neck on her shoulders, her waist on her hips, the angle of her crossed knee—congruous though with the severity of her dress, the quaintness of the high-ceilinged, austerely white-panelled room with its long windows.

Content rested on her face. "Days like these are awfully cosey, aren't they, when we can just cuddle up to a fire and listen to a storm!" The voice was not crisp like the snow. It was like the lapping of the flames about the log.

"You don't care about trying to get out to the Symphony to-night?"

She frowned. "They're playing the Beethoven Seventh. But don't let's think about that now. I hate going out in storms. And it's so nice here."

Lucy, aloof, cloistered. . . . He, too, was warm and comfortable.

A spasmodic barrage of flakes beat against the panes. Once, as a boy, it would have called at him to rush out—make a fort—help the men with the snow-plough. . . .

To-day it left him inert.

The fire was sending up flames, soft, devouring . . . leaving an empty charcoal shell. . . .

"Don't you think it would be nice to do

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something to the house for Christmas—instead of giving things to each other? The davenport—mother's chair—they ought to be re-covered."

She apparently took his silence for consent. "I think Aiken can get some lovely old tapestry for us."

Their destinies, by the very gesture of this act, were being knit irrevocably together.

And then the telephone rang.

Mary said it was for him.

When he returned he started again his caged-animal pacing. He saw by the pucker of Lucy's mouth that she had heard the eagerness in his voice at the telephone.

"Well, that's the greatest ever, Lu! Who do you think that was—Kathleen Wilder! You know—the nurse's aid at the field hospital—the one who taught me to make baskets at Boulogne."

"Not Denny Hagan's daughter?"

"Yes—I forgot—I told you that." Lucy's hand was flying back and forth feverishly across her sewing.

Denny Hagan had been an Irish politician in the South Boston ward some twelve years ago. An agitator, with a wild poetic charm, who flung himself spiritually and bodily against the established order. Notorious among the upholders of republicanism!

But Kathleen, so strong in her own personality, meant none of this to Ambrose. "Kathleen has all her father's poetry, but none of his vindictiveness. You remember—I told you she's a widow. Lost her husband the first year of the war. They were over there—artists in Paris—and he joined up with the French. She joined up, too—worked all through—a perfect wonder." Words suddenly deserted him. Lucy had not lifted her head from the sock.

"To us fellers who were knocked out, she was like—a breath of—" Again he stopped, stood still.

"Lu, you don't mind if——"

"You're going to see her to-night? I couldn't help hearing. I'll ask Jane to use your ticket."

"You're a brick, Lu! She asked me to 'supper' she called it, at her studio."

Another shadow crossed his sister's face. But he went on. "It's right down under the Hill here. Isn't it the greatest luck bringing her back here to Boston! All her people are dead. She said over there she never wanted to come back." His hands rammed in his pockets, he was tilting back and forth happily on his heels and toes. "Gee, we'll fight the war all over again!" he mused.

"You're going to dine alone with her at a studio?"

"Glory be to Pete, Lu! Don't you know anything about artists? Kathleen, anyway! She'd never fit inside things like conventions. She's too—too—" Again words failed him.

Lucy's head was still bent, as if in resignation, over her work. He wanted to drive it away—leave her happy—the way he felt inside.

"Say, Lu, you're sure you don't mind about to-night?"

"Oh, no, of course not, Ambrose!"

But she did mind. And the tenderness that had always made him yield was again pulling at him.

A new gust of wind rattled a fresh onslaught of ice across the small panes.

"You'd better call Jane up!" he said, and left the room.

When he came back, he had changed the black tie for a gray, almost a mauve.

"If Jane and I go to the concert, Ambrose, we'd had better go by the subway."

"Well, I'll look for you at the newsstand in the Park Street station at half-past ten. So long!"

An ache of regret, as of closing something behind, came with the shutting of the front door. And then he hurled himself against the storm and whistled, as he climbed to the knob of the Hill, with the exultation of rediscovering some old forgotten thing.

The Hill—stately homes—aloof from confusion and vulgarity! He could see, through half-drawn shades, warm, bright glimpses of security.

Now he was dropping down the other side—the wrong side—where stateliness mixed itself with shabbiness and decay. People of foreign birth had been climbing up gradually from the slums below, trying to gain a foothold. Others, newcomers, were forcing them back by the power of money, also trying to reach the security of the Hill by the back side.

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He was struck with the confusion of the idea. Even more confusing was the thought of Miss Potts, who lived here on Myrtle Street. She was the old order, clinging tenaciously to its perch!

"Miss Potts is dying!" Miss Potts belonged to Beacon Hill. Lucy belonged, too. Was Lucy dying? Was Beacon Hill dying?

He stopped whistling.

There was a light in the upper window of Miss Potts's house. He could see the nurse's shadow as it crossed the curtain.

All his life he had been accustomed to Miss Potts, moving with brisk little steps through the aisles of their church, through the streets of the Hill. Always dressed in her antiquated clothes; always on the way to or from some worthy meeting; resolute in her devotion to maintaining traditions.

Suddenly he remembered the brother, Elihu Potts, a spare, bent-shouldered man, small like his sister, submerged by her. No one had known him, except for his eccentricities—his collections, his tendencies to keep a very full daily journal, and his own silence. A year ago he had gone, ossified among the specimens of his collection.

If Lucy belonged, as Miss Potts did, would he grow to be like Elihu? . . .

The storm had sloughed off its vigor, becoming a lazy, fine snow. The wind had dropped, as suddenly as his spirits, and the outward excuse for combat was gone.

On the petticoat of Beacon Hill, the streets became more crowded. Confused, undigested foreigners! Lucy, Miss Potts, sitting on their committees, wrestled with such problems. He wondered. . . .

For his own part he could not explain the joy he always experienced in crowds of these people. Their color, their aliveness! Queer enough, they made him think of mountain trails. Trails—he was glad to follow them, because they *would* come back. Not that he could ever express it!

Once his mother had said Ambrose had "the heart of a child and the soul of a poet." But they called him "Silent Amby" at college. Silent also on Beacon Hill, where he sat, ill at ease, among Lucy's friends.

But down here on Chambers Street—over there, where he had talked with Kathleen. . . .

He hurried his stride.

He whistled little melody fragments, broke off, and mounted the steps of a crumbling old home with a Bulfinch front. The lock released from above, he pushed his way in, took the long flights two steps at once, wondering for the first time what she would be like.

"I hope there's nothing the matter with your heart, sergeant!"

He saw a shadowy, graceful holding out of hands—grasped them, smooth and soft, felt immediately an old calmness.

"If you've really got your breath, come in, and see if you don't like me—my attic, I mean." The rich, throaty voice. . . .

The spell of the place put him at ease, made him feel free of walls. There were walls, but away off in dim corners, under eaves.

"Gee, this is great! One can breathe here, see the stars, I suppose, when that isn't covered with snow." He motioned to the big skylight.

"Sometimes I do lie here without a lamp, and look at them. It reminds me of those nights in the hospital, when we had no lights——"

"And we'd search the sky for Heinie planes."

"I like to do it now, just for the relief. I used to be so afraid——"

"Nonsense, Kathleen! Your hand never even trembled when you held mine that night when—" He stopped and did not say "a doctor and a nurse were killed close by."

"I've waited to let you broil the steak," she interrupted. "I couldn't tell from army beef how you liked it."

She was tying an apron about him. He was thinking—"a pine-tree by a mountain trail, that's what she's like—sensitive in the wind, but strong, although other trees are blown to the ground."

"Who was the feller that thanked the Lord for the room there was inside him? That's me!" He hung over the sizzling steak.

The grace of her quick motions, back and forth, blended with the cadence of her soft laugh, the rich voice. Women of the hospital? It had been Kathleen her-

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self who had given tranquillity to the place.

She lighted a candle, placed a dish of holly on the too-small table. Their dinner, served on stray bits of china, wandered over on to some near-by chairs.

"I wonder why we need two servants at home, for just Lu and me?"

"She's your sister? The one who wrote so often about your mother? I've never heard a word, Ambrose. Your mother—is she——"

"She died six months ago. It's lucky I came back. She was so glad—just like a little child."

The quick, half-shy touch of her hand started an electrical response. "I can remember that day when you were leaving us, to join the outfit for Russia, and the cable came!

"But now that you're free, to what far-away place will you go?" She had arisen, and was pushing the table back of a screen. "No, we aren't going to bother with dishes. I'd rather talk!"

He was used to her in aprons, standing for an impersonal spirit of service. But now, her apron thrown off, it was different! Was it the gown—one of indescribable charm, loose, leaving the body motion free, so unlike Lucy's sedate, tailored style? Or was it this new intimacy—just the two of them together—she half sitting, half leaning back on the divan before the firelight, a dull yellow lamp-shade enhancing her Irish beauty—he sprawling comfortably in an armchair behind the smoke of his pipe? New currents electrified him, made him tingle with the desire for untried adventure.

"You didn't answer. Tell me what adventure you are planning."

"You remember all my wild dreams? I guess I must have talked in my sleep." How he wanted to tell her something big he was about to embark on that would make her admire him! But the only words ready to come were "There's Lu!" And he said nothing.

He changed to her. "You have done all the things *you* planned?"

"These four years have been full, almost to bursting." She looked up from under long outward-curving lashes. Her hands crushed a flamboyant orange pillow drawn into her lap. With flaming lightheartedness she had laid hands on life that way. And Lucy. . . .

"It doesn't seem possible that it's four years, Sergeant Amby. We've never written. And yet, I've always known exactly what you would be like in civies," she ended quickly.

"Letters are for those who aren't sure they would know exactly," he said. "But about you?"

"Four years of studying, sketching, copying, exhibiting—and now home! I never knew how much I loved this town until I got back."

"It's funny," she went on, lighting a cigarette, "how people away from here think of Boston as so frigid and aloof. My father tried to teach me to hate the people on Beacon Street. But I met their girls at art school. Art let us talk the same language. You live over there somewhere, don't you, Ambrose?"

"Right up here on the Hill."

"Worse still—where the *Mayflower* was moored in every front yard!" She spoke with laughing mockery. "You successfully concealed the disgrace when I knew you before."

Ambrose's mother had always said his grin was like a hammock swung between his projecting ears. "But why a disgrace—being born on Beacon Hill?"

"Well, you're like the New England lady's pies, you know—some 'Tis Mince' and some 'Tain't Mince.'" She looked at him intently, and threw her cigarette, half-smoked, into the grate. "But you're all marked T M, which means the New England conscience." Her saucy smile only partly concealed the tenderness in her eyes. "You've always had things pulling you this way and that, haven't you, Ambrose?"

He did not answer—only fumbled with his hands.

She flung aside the pillow and got up. "Come and see my pictures!"

He found her daring use of color started that same desire surging, coming up into his throat, running down into his fingertips. Youth not yet dead. . . .

He said little beyond an occasional grunt of approval: "Good stuff! Great color!"

At last he dropped down on the bench before the piano, and ran off crude scraps of old favorites.

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She picked up a brush and made some strokes across the background of a canvas on the easel.

He threw back his head, flopping a lock of light, wavy hair back from his forehead, and struck some vague chords, introductory to another burst of reminiscence.

"Stand up a minute, Ambrose—against that wall where the light's shining. I'll put you in my picture. You'll have to put on your hat and coat. You're in the subway, at the rush hour."

He acted at once. "You—see something to paint in all that rabble?"

"Don't you? Those flashes of color against the artificial light on the concrete walls—like Slavic embroideries. My parents, when they came to this country, I suppose, were in the subway rabble, so to speak. Now that I've got out of it, I can go back and not feel dazed." She worked all the time she talked. "That's why I'm putting you in the foreground—head and shoulders above the crowd. Not because of Beacon Hill! But something else—top sergeant, I guess! Maybe it *is* the real Beacon Hill, after all! I might call it 'The Mayflower Puritan,'" she added, meditatively—"who has to go out into the wilderness to find room enough to think!"

He shifted his weight uneasily.

"There; you're tired. I forget models have feelings, except to wonder, sometimes, what they think about."

The smell of the trail was in his nostrils, the taste of the wind in the back of his throat, the long, soft needles of a pine-tree brushed his cheek. . . .

But he said: "Prejudices! How they can cramp one's style! How they haven't cramped yours!"

"I had to fight them once. Don't think, though, that I am not proud of my background and my father's beloved Ireland and do not wish to maintain the beautiful traditions he gave me. But not his prejudices! They are different. They stifle."

"Maintain traditions"—Lucy's words! But with Kathleen they were jewels of adornment, not a burden to weigh her down.

"But you, Ambrose, a man like you!" She flung him a smile of faith. "Surely things like prejudices never trip you up!"

And he leaned his doubts against her spirit—strong, reaching up from a mountainside to touch the sky.

She threw down her brush. "There! That's enough for one time. You'll have to come again—for me to finish."

"It's what I want—another chance to come. But now I'll have to run."

And he had dropped her hand, was hurrying away, through the streets, through the subway. . . . The rose-lavender subway of Kathleen's picture—its motley crowd with orange faces, carrying sea-green newspapers . . . Slavic embroideries. . . .

"Kathleen! Ageless, creedless, free!" mumbled the wheels. Lucy! Why should she not taste freedom, too? What if some cataclysm should uproot her? Roots! Was it right that they grow bigger, stronger than the plant?

Lucy and Jane Seaver were waiting for him at the news-stand.

"Thank goodness, Ambrose, you've come! Now we can get out of this mob!"

Courteous, but silent, he conducted them out across the Common to the Hill.

The shovelled path was narrow. He walked behind. Snatches of their talk—hair-splitting, emotionless criticisms of the Symphony—fell as unheeded on his ears as the slogging of their overshoes though the slush of the path.

He was forced to look at Jane Seaver's back. Little wisps of straw-colored hair had come loose, and hung in an ugly way over her coat collar. She was a good girl—taught music. Ambrose knew that whenever Lucy said: "Of course, you'll marry," she was thinking of Jane or of one of the others. . . .

"What kind of a party did you have, Ambrose? Has she changed?" They were now walking abreast on Beacon Street.

He made a casual rejoinder. A resentment stirred in him that Kathleen should be dragged into the conversation. Jane would be sure to have something more to say.

She did. "A widow, Lucy says. Sounds awfully interesting, Ambrose! Dear me, old maids don't have a show when widow ladies get in the running." Flippancy did not suit her.

He saw Lucy's grip tighten on her um-

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

"I'm putting you in the foreground—head and shoulders above the crowd. Not because of Beacon Hill! But something else—top sergeant, I guess."—Page 306.

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brella at the insinuation and at his silence before it.

"Nonsense, Jane!" She spoke in an offhand, crisp way. "She's not the sort Ambrose would ever ask to bear his mother's name."

She spoke just as they crossed the threshold of their home. Jane was staying with Lucy for the night.

He stumbled on the rug. He hated Lucy. What right had she to play the game that way? It was not fair.

She had slipped off her wraps—looked tired, old. By force of habit she was moving toward their mother's chair, as they both had for so long, whenever they entered the house. She laid her hand on the back of it.

"We've decided to have the furniture re-covered with some old tapestry, Jane."

And this time rage choked him, that Lucy should drag him along in the wake of her own desires—when he—he— It came with a rush— He desired Kathleen!

Mary's voice was speaking at the head of the stairs. "Mr. Ambrose, Miss Potts's nurse has just rung for the third time to know if you've come in. Will you go over, no matter if it's late? Miss Potts wants to see you."

Miss Potts, too! Her mantle falling! Everything conniving to smother his joy!

But he found himself saying: "I'm off again, Lu. Miss Potts must be worrying over that railroad stock."

Plunging through the mist outside, he wanted to fight some one. How could he fight Lucy, stricken, her arms empty! How could he fight Miss Potts, dying!

"We're all marked T M," he muttered, with a sardonic laugh he hardly recognized as his own.

An unwashed, unshaved Irishman brushed past him at the corner of Myrtle Street. Probably Lucy thought Kathleen's father was like that. What of it if he was? Why did it matter? And with the thought of Kathleen, his love for her made him strong. "No matter what that old woman says, I'll fight—I'll fight—inside. They shall never stop me!"

The pale light of a shaded night lamp was cast across the unmistakable end of a dreary invalidism. And the presence of death on the sharp features above the high-necked nightgown made him forget himself.

He had never liked Miss Potts—had always been afraid of her. But now tenaciousness, like her property, had slid away, leaving her a lonely old woman, dying unloved.

The bead eyes caught sight of him. She tightened her mouth, and motioned weakly to a chair. "Ambrose? That's good!"

He sat down and examined his big hands. Boyhood timidity had returned.

"It's hard to kill us Pottses. We die sitting up." She was propped up by scores of pillows, to relieve her heavy breathing.

He mumbled something about the railroads. Did she want him to sell——

"It's nothing to do with that. What do I care for *things* now?" The words came in spurts between painful breaths. "But I can leave ideas behind. That's why I sent for you."

Her mantle descending! It fell with her next words: "You're settling down, Lucy says."

And then, his only thought was to appease her—to agree automatically, even if it were not the truth. . . .

She had given a half snarl, half grunt. "Are you? Or is Lucy making you?" Her voice trailed away into a whisper.

He jumped, as if cold water had been thrown in his face. She couldn't mean . . . he must be mistaken. . . . "Don't try to talk, Miss Potts. It's all right. Lucy and I——"

She waved a hand feebly. "Don't stop me! I'm going to say it." And she clutched the sheet and tried to lean forward. But strength failed her. "A year to think before you die is a good thing. I've sat here idle, most of the time, since Elihu went. But my mind has not been idle. Whatever you do, Ambrose, don't settle down!" she muttered.

He could scarcely believe his ears.

"Why don't you get married?" she asked with the old-time asperity.

"What kind of a woman would my mother want me to marry?" He was parrying. His big smile broke from ear to ear.

"Fiddlesticks! A man marries to

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"Whatever you do, Ambrose, don't settle down," she muttered.—Page 308.

please himself. That's the sort she'd want." She had fixed her sharp little eyes on his face.

He frowned and looked away.

She closed her eyes then, as if to gather strength, but soon opened them again. "Lucy's been saying things to you. I knew it from what she didn't say to-day. That's why I sent for you. Lucy's dying, Ambrose, of dry-rot. Inherited politics, inherited religion, no nourishment—just misplaced loyalty—I see it at last. I wish I'd seen it sooner. And now she's living on empty chair stuff, too! It saps the blood. Get out and do what you want. It'll help her to see—before it is too late. Brother and sister! That isn't any combination. Each side dries up and cracks."

He felt the blood mounting his face.

"Oh, so there is a girl!"

His inability to meet her keen eyes was

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her answer. "Well, think for yourself, Ambrose. Don't compromise the way your mother, all our generation, did. You're so soft-hearted, I was afraid you might. There! That's all. Don't settle down. Marry her, if you love her. Some day Lucy'll thank you."

A wave of affection for this fragile, crumpled bit of humanity had surged over him. He reached out his hand and grasped hers—dry, lifeless bones. "It's wonderful — your understanding — like this. I'm going to—marry her—if she will have me. But it will hurt Lucy!"

"Growing pains!" she whispered. Her tired eyelids closed. "Good-by, Ambrose. I always liked you."

He waited a moment, unable to speak because of the thickness in his throat. Then he stole quietly from the room, carrying with him the picture of her face —a gray, almost empty shell. It mixed itself with his mother's face, when she was beyond the power of speech. Lucy's words about keeping the home—and then —something he had hardly admitted to himself before—was it fear, was it a protest—an expression that had come into his mother's eyes before they slowly glazed.

The Hill stood in ghostly calmness against a star-filled sky. The homes withdrew in shadowy outlines behind the crystal, heavy-laden trees. Only the lights on the State House dome shone out. He almost felt as if he were one of those shepherds, atune to hear a message of peace.

Miss Potts was the old Beacon Hill—the real Beacon Hill. About which there were no barriers!

Then he thought of the pies. 'Tis Mince! 'Tain't Mince! You never could tell which was which. . . . Life! Death! You never could tell which was which. . . . Lucy must not wait to die to live. . . .

The light was still on in the lower hall.

Lucy called from above. "There's a thermos of cocoa and some cookies in the back parlor, Ambrose."

"Thanks! Come on down!" He must say it at once—quickly.

She was wrapped in a warm, toneless bathrobe, her long braid wound in a neat, not unbecoming knot.

"Is Miss Potts much worse?"

"The nurse says there's no immediate change. She was worrying about some things."

Lucy curled up on the davenport, and pulled the bathrobe down over her bare ankles. During those nights when they had spelled each other by their mother's side, he had seen her like this—when, in sudden flashes, he had felt some of the comradeship of war. For a single moment the faithful-dog submission, the inclination to lap her hand and follow, weakened his will. It was going to be much harder even than he had thought.

His hand shook as he poured the cocoa.

"You love all this, Lu!" His eye travelled with quick appraisal over the treasures of generations. And then he realized that only in this new freedom had he begun to love it, too. And yet Lucy alone could never afford to maintain it as it stood. . . .

"Yes! Don't you? For mother's sake—" By the fear in her eyes, he read her unspoken argument. This home was indissoluble—eternal!

He gulped, and spoke. "That's just it, sister. I do love it, for her sake. But for her sake, I don't think it should dominate us. She would never want just *things*, even this home, to hold us back from pressing on." It seemed to be the first time he had ever articulated his real feelings to her.

Her face had gone quite white. She sat rigid, still.

He got up, paced the rooms, tried not to see the crystal chandelier, the panelled wall, the portrait. . . .

But Lucy's eyes were riveted there—her lips half open.

In desperation, he plunged into raillery. "For the love of J. Arthur Christmas, Lu, it's just plain idol-worship, bowing down before our great-grandmother the way you do! She ought to have worn out her coffin by now, tossing in it with remorse. I always thought she was a coward not to have married that British officer she flirted with!"

But Lucy continued white and still. "Is it—that woman, Ambrose?"

He nodded. And with the admission, the curve of his adventure soared to heights beyond any checkered sheet.

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"But you haven't seen her or heard from her for years!"

"Time doesn't matter. I love her." He sat down beside his sister, placed his hand awkwardly on hers. "I'm a queer sort of duck, Lu. Once I really know a thing, I don't change. And I know that this—this is the Great Adventure. This time I've got to go. Don't ask me to stay, Lu. It's queer my telling you like this, but I want you to know now that sometime soon I'm going to ask her to be my wife."

She drew her hand away, clasped it with the other, bowed her head.

Was it renunciation? No, no! She must not think that this wonderful thing that had happened to him was a cross which she must bear!

"Lu, dear! There's something else queer, too. I know, somehow, that that thing you said to-night is true. Mother *would* be proud to have me ask Kathleen to bear her name. You, too, will feel that way some day."

Lucy lifted frightened eyes for one quick look, then buried her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook with stifled sobs. The breakwater to her safe harbor had given way. She was finding herself on the open sea—and was afraid.

Some day would she not be glad? . . .

Sky Meadows

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THE great still meadows of the sky
  Seem full of peace, when love's distress
    Strikes at our hearts like music heard
  From distances as limitless
As dream; and all entranced we lie
    Gazing at cloud and bird.

From this minutely measured field
  Our drowsy sight may lift and reach
    Into the higher range of air,
  And our vain thoughts, bent each to each,
May find it very sweet to yield
    Their gradual yearnings there.

Our small cupped valley holds the sun
  Brimmed to the edges, meadow-deep
    In goldenrod and fading clover. . . .
  Nothing abroad shall break our sleep,
Though leagues above, and one by one,
    The southward geese fly over.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

PART II

VIII

SOAMES TAKES THE MATTER UP

SOAMES had concentrated, sitting before the fire in his bedroom till Big Ben struck twelve. His reflections sum-totalled in a decision to talk it over with "Old Mont" after all. Though light-brained, the fellow was a gentleman, and the matter delicate. He got into bed and slept, but awoke at half past two. There it was! "*I won't* think of it," he thought; and instantly began to. In a long life of dealings with money, he had never had such an experience. Perfectly straightforward conformity with the law—itself so often far from perfectly straightforward—had been the *sine qua non* of his career. Honesty—they said—was the best policy. But was it anything else? A perfectly "honest" man couldn't keep out of a perfect penitentiary for a week. But then a perfect penitentiary had no relation to prison, or the bankruptcy court. The business of working honesty was to keep out of these two institutions. And so far he had never had any difficulty. What, besides the drawing of fees and the drinking of tea, were the duties of a director? That was the point. And how far, if he failed in them, was he liable? It was a director's duty to be perfectly straightforward. But if a director were perfectly straightforward, he couldn't be a director. That was clear. In the first place, he would have to tell his shareholders that he didn't anything like earn his fees. For what did he do on his boards? Well, sat and signed his name and talked a little, and passed that which the general trend of business decided must be passed. Did he initiate? Once in a blue moon. Did he calculate? No, he read calculations. Did he check payments out and in? No, the auditors did that. There was policy! A comforting word, but—to be perfectly straightforward—a director's chief business was to let the existing policy alone. Take his own case! If he had done his duty, he would have stopped this foreign insurance business which he had instinctively distrusted the moment he heard of it—within a month of sitting on the Board, or have failed in doing so and resigned his seat. But he had not. Things had been looking better! It was not the moment, and so forth! If he had done his duty as a perfectly straightforward director, indeed, he would never have become a director of the P. P. R. S., because he would have looked into the policy of the society much more closely than he had before accepting a position on the Board. But what with the names, and the prestige, and not looking a gift-horse too closely in the mouth—There it had been! To be perfectly straightforward he ought now to be circularizing the shareholders, saying: "My *laissez-faire* has cost you two hundred odd thousand pounds. I have lodged this amount in the hands of trustees for your benefit, and am suing the rest of the directors for their quotas of the amount." But he was not proposing to do so, because—well—because it wasn't done, and the other directors wouldn't like it. In sum: you waited till the shareholders found out the mess, and you hoped they wouldn't. In fact, just like a Government, you confused the issues, and made the best case you could for yourselves. With a sense of comfort Soames thought of Ireland: The late Government had let the country in for all that mess in Ireland, and at the end taken credit for putting an end to what need never have been! The Peace, too, and the Air Force, and Agri-

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found on page 9 of the advertising section.

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culture, and Egypt—the five most important issues they'd had to deal with—they had put the chestnuts into the fire in every case! But had they confessed to it? Not they. One didn't confess. One said: "The question of policy made it imperative at the time." Or, better still, one said nothing; and trusted to the British character. With his chin resting on the sheet, Soames felt a momentary relief. The late Government weren't sweating into *their* sheets—not they—he was convinced of it! Fixing his eyes on the dying embers in the grate, he reflected on the inequalities and injustices of existence. Look at the chaps in politics and business, whose whole lives were passed in skating on thin ice, and getting knighted for it. They never turned a hair. And look at himself, for the first time in forty years on thin ice, and suffering confoundedly. There was a perfect cult of hoodwinking the public, a perfect cult of avoiding the consequences of administrative acts; and here was he, a man of the world, a man of the law, ignorant of those cults, and—and glad of it. From ingrained caution, and a certain pride, which had in it a touch of the fine, Soames shrank from that coarse-grained standard of honesty which conducted the affairs of the British public. In anything that touched money he was, he always had been, stiff-necked, stiff-kneed. Money was money, a pound a pound, and there was no way of pretending it wasn't and keeping your self-respect. He got up, drank some water, took a number of deep breaths, and stamped his feet. Who was it said the other day that nothing had ever lost him five minutes' sleep? The fellow must have the circulation of an ox, or the gift of Baron Munchausen. He took up a book. But his mind would only turn over and over the realizable value of his resources. Apart from his pictures, he decided that he could not be worth less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and there was only Fleur—and she already provided for more or less. His wife had her settlement, could live on it perfectly well in France. As for himself—what did he care? A room at his club near Fleur—he would be just as happy, perhaps happier! And suddenly he found that he had reached a way out of his disturbance and anxiety. By imagining the far-fetched, by facing the loss of his wealth, he had exorcised the demon. The book, "The Sobbing Turtle," of which he had not read one word, dropped from his hand; he slept. . . .

His meeting with "Old Mont" took place at Snooks' directly after lunch. The tape in the hall, at which he glanced on going in, recorded a further heavy drop in the mark. Just as he thought: The thing was getting valueless!

Sitting there, sipping coffee, the baronet looked to Soames almost offensively spry. Two to one he had realized nothing! "Well!" thought Soames, "as old Uncle Jolyon used to say, I shall astonish his weak nerves!"

And without preamble he began.

"How are you, Mont? This mark's valueless. You realize we've lost the P. P. R. S. about a quarter of a million by that precious foreign policy of Elderson's. I'm not sure an action won't lie against us for taking unjustifiable risk. But what I've come to see you about is this." He retailed the interview with the clerk, Butterfield, watching the eyebrows of his listener, and finished with the words: "What do you say?"

Sir Lawrence, whose foot was jerking his whole body, fixed his monocle in his eye.

"Hallucination, my dear Forsyte! I've known Elderson all my life. We were at Winchester together."

Again! Again! Oh! Lord! Soames said slowly:

"You can't tell from that. A man who was at Marlborough with me ran away with his mess fund and his colonel's wife, and made a fortune in Chili out of canned tomatoes. The point is this: If the young man's story's true, we're in the hands of a bad hat. It won't do, Mont. Will you tackle him, and see what he says to it? You wouldn't like a story of that sort about yourself. Shall we both go?"

"Yes," said Sir Lawrence, suddenly. "You're right. We'll both go, Forsyte. I don't like it, but we'll both go. He ought to hear it."

"Now?"

"Now."

With solemnity they assumed top-hats, and issued.

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"I think, Forsyte, we'll take a taxi."

"Yes," said Soames.

The cab ground its way slowly past the lions, then dashed on down to the Embankment. Side by side its occupants held their noses steadily before them.

"He was shooting with me a month ago," said Sir Lawrence. "Do you know the hymn 'O God, our help in ages past'? It's very fine, Forsyte."

Soames did not answer. The fellow was beginning to tittup!

"We had it that Sunday," went on Sir Lawrence. "Elderson used to have a fine voice—sang solos. It's a fog-horn now, but a good delivery still." He gave his little whinnying laugh.

"Is it possible," thought Soames, "for this chap to be serious?" and he said:

"If we find this is true of Elderson, and conceal it, we could all be put in the dock."

Sir Lawrence refixed his monocle. "The deuce!" he said.

"Will you do the talking," said Soames, "or shall I?"

"I think you had better, Forsyte; ought we to have the young man in?"

"Wait and see," said Soames.

They ascended to the offices of the P. P. R. S. and entered the board room. There was no fire, the long table was ungarnished; an old clerk, creeping about like a fly on a pane, was filling inkstands out of a magnum.

Soames addressed him:

"Ask the manager to be so kind as to come and see Sir Lawrence Mont and Mr. Forsyte."

The old clerk blinked, put down the magnum, and went out.

"Now," said Soames in a low voice, "we must keep our heads. He'll deny it, of course."

"I should hope so, Forsyte; I should hope so. Elderson's a gentleman."

"No liar like a gentleman," muttered Soames, below his breath.

After that they stood in their overcoats before the empty grate, staring at their top-hats placed side by side on the table.

"One minute!" said Soames, suddenly. Crossing the room, he opened a door opposite. There, as the young clerk had said, was a sort of lobby between board room and manager's room, with a door at the end into the main corridor. He stepped back, closed the door, and, rejoining Sir Lawrence, resumed his contemplation of the hats.

"Geography correct," he said with gloom.

The entrance of the manager was marked by Sir Lawrence's monocle dropping on to his coat button with a tinkle. In cutaway black coat, gray-eyed, with slight bags underneath, clean-shaven with a pink color, every hair in place on a rather bald egg-shaped head, and lips alternately pouting, compressed, or smiling, the manager reminded Soames ridiculously of old Uncle Nicholas in his middle period. Uncle Nick was a clever fellow—"cleverest man in London," some one had called him—but none had ever impugned his honesty. A pang of doubt and disinclination went through Soames. This seemed a monstrous thing to have to put to a man of his own age and breeding. But young Butterfield's eyes—so honest, and dog-like! Invent a thing like that—was it possible? He said abruptly:

"Is that door shut?"

"Yes, do you feel a draft?" said the manager. "Would you like a fire?"

"No, thank you," said Soames. "The fact is, Mr. Elderson, a young man in this office came to me yesterday with a very queer story. Mont and I think you should hear it."

Accustomed to watching people's eyes, Soames had the impression of a film (such as passes over the eyes of parrots) passing over the eyes of the manager. It was gone at once, if indeed it had ever been.

"By all means."

Steadily, with that power he had over his nerves when it came to a point, and almost word for word Soames repeated a story which he had committed to heart in the watches of the night. He concluded with:

"You'd like him in, no doubt. His name is Butterfield."

During the recital Sir Lawrence had done nothing but scrutinize his finger-nails; he now said:

"You had to be told, Elderson."

"Naturally."

The manager was crossing to the bell. The pink in his cheeks looked harder; his teeth showed, they had a pointed look.

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"Ask Mr. Butterfield to come here."

There followed a minute of elaborate inattention to each other. Then the young man came in, neat, commonplace, with his eyes on the manager's face. Soames had a moment of compunction. This young fellow held his life in his hands as it were—one of the great army who made their living out of self-suppression and respectability, with a hundred ready to step into his shoes at his first slip. What was that old tag of the provincial actor's declamation—at which old Uncle Jolyon used to cackle so? "Like a pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

"So, Mr. Butterfield, you have been good enough to exercise your imagination in my regard."

"No, sir."

"You stick to this fantastic story of eavesdropping?"

"Yes, sir."

"We have no further use for your services then. Good morning!"

The young man's eyes, dog-like, sought the face of Soames; a string twitched in his throat, his lips moved without sound. He turned and went out.

"So much for that," said the manager's voice; "*he'll* never get another job."

The venom in those words affected Soames like the smell of Russian fat. At the same moment he had the feeling: This wants thinking out. Only if innocent, or guilty and utterly resolved, would Elderson have been so drastic. Which was he?

The manager went on:

"I thank you for drawing my attention to the matter, gentlemen. I have had my eye on that young man for some time. A bad egg all round."

Soames said glumly:

"What do you make out he had to gain?"

"Foresaw dismissal, and thought he would get in first."

"I see," said Soames. But he did not. His mind was back in his own office with Gradman rubbing his nose, shaking his gray head, and Butterfield's: "No, sir, I've nothing against Mr. Elderson, and he's nothing against me."

"I shall require to know more about that young man," he thought.

The manager's voice again cut through.

"I've been thinking over what you said yesterday, Mr. Forsyte, about an action lying against the Board for negligence. There's nothing in that; our policy has been fully disclosed to the shareholders at two general meetings, and has passed without comment. The shareholders are just as responsible as the Board."

"H'm!" said Soames, and took up his hat. "Are you coming, Mont?"

As if summoned from a long distance, Sir Lawrence galvanitically refixed his monocle.

"It's been very distasteful," he said; "you must forgive us, Elderson. You had to be told. I don't think that young man can be quite all there—he had a peculiar look; but we can't have this sort of thing, of course. Good-by, Elderson."

Placing their hats on their heads simultaneously, the two walked out. They walked some way without speaking. Then Sir Lawrence said:

"Butterfield. My brother-in-law has a head gardener called Butterfield—quite a good fellow. Ought we to look into that young man, Forsyte?"

"Yes," said Soames, "leave him to me."

"I shall be very glad to. The fact is, when one has been at school with a man, one has a feeling, don't you know."

Soames gave vent to a sudden outburst.

"You can't trust any one nowadays, it seems to me," he said. "It comes of—well, I don't know what it comes of. I've not done with this matter yet."

IX

SLEUTH

THE Hotch-potch Club went back to the eighteen-sixties. Founded by a posse of young sparks, social and political, as a convenient place in which to smoulder, while qualifying for the hearths of Snooks', The Remove, The Wayfarers, Burton's, Ostrich Feather, and other more permanent resorts, the club had, chiefly owing to a remarkable *chef*, in its early days, acquired a stability and distinction of its own. It still, however, retained a certain resemblance to its name, and this was its attraction to Michael—all sorts of people belonged. From Walter Nazing, and young semi-writers and patrons

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of the stage, who went to Venice, and talked of being amorous in gondolas, or of how So-and-so ought to be made love to; from such to bottle-brushed demi-generals, who had sat on courts martial and shot men out of hand for the momentary weaknesses of human nature; from Wilfrid Desert (who never came there now) to Maurice Elderson, in the card-room, he could meet them all, and take the temperature of modernity. He was doing this in the Hotch-potch smoking-room, the late afternoon but one after Fleur had come into his bed, when he was informed:

"A Mr. Forsyte, sir, in the hall for you. Not the member we had here many years; his cousin, I think."

Conscious that his associates at the moment would not be his father-in-law's dream, nor he theirs, Michael went out, and found Soames on the weighing-machine.

"I don't vary," he said, looking up: "How's Fleur?"

"Very well, thank you, sir."

"I'm at Green Street. I stayed up about a young man. Have you any vacancy in your office for a clerk—used to figures. I want a job for him."

"Come in here, sir," said Michael, entering a small room.

Soames followed and looked round him.

"What do you call this?" he said.

"Well, we call it 'the grave'; it's nice and quiet. Will you have a sherry?"

"Sherry!" repeated Soames. "You young people think you've invented sherry; when I was a boy no one dreamed of dining without a glass of dry sherry with his soup, and a glass of fine old sherry with his sweet. Sherry!"

"I quite believe you, sir. There really is nothing new. Venice, for instance—Wasn't it the fashion too; and knitting, and royalties? It's all cyclic. Has your young man had the bird?"

Soames stared. "I know nothing about the bird. His name is Butterfield; he wants a job."

"That's frightfully rife; we get applications every day. I don't want to be swanky, but ours is a rather specialized business. It has to do with books."

"He strikes me as capable, orderly, and civil; I don't see what more you want in a clerk. He writes a good hand, and so far as I can see, he tells the truth."

"That's important, of course," said Michael; "but is he a good liar as well? I mean, there's more likely to be something in the travelling line; selling special editions, and that kind of thing. Could you open up about him a bit? Anything human is to the good. I don't say old Danby would appreciate it, but he needn't know."

"H'm! Well—he—er—did his duty—quite against his interest—in fact, it's ruination for him. He seems to be married and to have two children."

"Ho, ho! Jolly! If I got him a place, would he—would he be doing his duty again, do you think?"

"I am serious," said Soames; "the young man is on my mind."

"Yes," said Michael, ruminative, "the first thing in such a case is to get him on to the mind of some one else. Could I see him?"

"I told him to step round and see you to-night after dinner. I thought you'd prefer to look him over in private before considering him for your office."

"Very thoughtful of you, sir! There's just one thing. Don't you think I ought to know the duty he did—in confidence? I don't see how I can avoid putting my foot into my mouth without, do you?"

Soames stared at his son-in-law's face—the mouth was wide—but for the *n*th time it inspired in him a certain liking, and confidence; it looked honest.

"Well," he said, going to the door and ascertaining that it was opaque, "this is matter for a criminal slander action, so for your own sake as well as mine you will keep it strictly to yourself"; and in a low voice he retailed the facts.

"As I expected," he said, "the young man came to me again this morning. He is naturally upset. I want to keep my hand on him. Without knowing more, I can't make up my mind whether to go further or not. Besides—" Soames hesitated; to claim a good motive was repulsive to him: "I—it seems hard on him. He's been getting three hundred and fifty."

"Dashed hard!" said Michael. "I say, Elderson's a member here."

Soames looked with renewed suspicion at the door—it still seemed opaque, and he said: "The deuce he is! Do you know him?"

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"I've played bridge with him," said Michael; "he's taken some of the best off me— Snorting good player."

"Ah!" said Soames—he never played cards himself. "I can't take this young man into my own firm for obvious reasons; but I can trust you."

Michael touched his forelock.

"Frightfully bucked, sir. Protection of the poor—some sleuth, too. I'll see him to-night, and let you know what I can wangle."

Soames nodded. "Good God!" he thought: "What jargon!" . . .

The interview served Michael the good turn of taking his thoughts off himself. Temperamentally he sided already with the young man Butterfield; and, lighting a cigarette, he went into the card-room. Sitting on the high fender, he was impressed—the room was square, and within it were three square card-tables, set askew to the walls, with three triangles of card-players.

"If only," thought Michael, "the fourth player sat under the table, the pattern would be complete. It's having the odd player loose that spoils the cubes." And with something of a thrill he saw that Elderson was a fourth player! Sharp and impassive, he was engaged in applying a knife to the end of a cigar. Gosh! what sealed books faces were! Each with pages and pages of private thoughts, interests, schemes, fancies, passions, hopes, and fears; and down came death—splosh!—and a book wiped out, like a fly on a wall, and nobody any more could see its little close mechanism working away for its own ends, in its own privacy and its own importance; nobody any more could speculate on whether it was a clean or a dirty little bit of work. Hard to tell! They ran in all shapes! Elderson, for instance—was he a nasty mess, or just a lamb of God who didn't look it? "Somehow," thought Michael, "I feel he's a womanizer. Now why?" He spread his hands out behind him to the fire, rubbing them together, like a fly that has been in treacle. If one couldn't tell what was passing in one's own wife in one's own bed, how on earth could one tell anything from the face of a stranger, and he one of the closest bits of mechanism in the world—an English gentleman of business! If only life were like "The Idiot" or "The Brothers Karamazov," and everybody went about turning out their inmost hearts at the tops of their voices! If only club card-rooms had a dash of epilepsy in their composition! But—nothing! Nothing! The world was full of wonderful secrets which everybody kept to themselves without captions or "close-ups" to give them away!

A footman came in, looked at the fire, stood a moment expressionless as a stork, waiting for an order to ping out, staccato, through the hum, turned and went away.

Mechanism! Everywhere—mechanism! Devices for getting away from life, so complete that there seemed no life to get away from.

"It's all," he thought, "awfully like a man sending a registered letter to himself. And perhaps it's just as well. Is 'life' a good thing—is it? Do I want to see life raw again?"

Elderson was seated now, and Michael had a perfect view of the back of his head. It disclosed nothing.

"I'm no sleuth," he thought; "there ought to be something in the way he doesn't part his hair behind." And, geting off the fender, he went home.

At dinner he caught one of his own looks at Fleur and didn't like it. Sleuth! And yet how not try to know what were the real thoughts and feelings of one who held his heart, like an accordion to make it squeak and groan at pleasure!

"I saw the model you sent Aubrey yesterday," she said. "She didn't say anything about the clothes, but she looked! What a face, Michael! Where did you come across her?"

Through Michael sped the thought: "Could I make her jealous?" And he was shocked at it. A low-down thought, mean and ornery! "She blew in," he said. "Wife of a little packer we had who took to snooping—er—books. He sells balloons now; they want money badly."

"I see. Did you know that Aubrey's going to paint her in the nude?"

"Phew! No! I thought she'd look good on a wrapper. I say! Ought I to stop that?"

Fleur smiled. "It's more money and her lookout. It doesn't matter to you, does it?"

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Again that thought; again the recoil from it!

"Only," he said, "that her husband is a decent little snipe for a snooper, and I don't want to be more sorry for him."

"She won't tell him, of course."

She said it so naturally, so simply, that the words disclosed a whole attitude of mind. One didn't tell one's mate what would tease the poor brute! He saw by the flutter of her white eyelids that she also realized the give-away. Should he follow it up, tell her what June Forsyte had told him—have it all out—all out? But with what purpose—to what end? Would it change things, make her love him? Would it do anything but harass her a little more; and give him the sense that he had lost his wicket trying to drive her to the pavilion? No! Better adopt the principle of secrecy she had unwittingly declared her own, bite on it, and grin. He muttered:

"I'm afraid he'll find her rather thin."

Her eyes were bright and steady; and again he was worried by that low-down thought: Could he make her——?

"I've only seen her once," he said.

"I'm not jealous, Michael."

"No," he thought, "I wish to God you were!"

The words: "A young man called Butterfill to see you, sir," were like the turning of a key in a cell door.

In the hall the young man "called Butterfill" was engaged in staring at the Peke.

"Judging by his eyes," thought Michael, "he's more of a dog than that little jinn!"

"Come up to my study," he said, "it's cold down here. My father-in-law tells me you want a job."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, following up the stairs.

"Take a pew," said Michael; "and a cigarette. Now then! I know all about the turmoil. From your moustache, you were in the war, I suppose, like me? As between fellow sufferers: Is your story O. K.?"

"God's truth, sir, I only wish it wasn't. I'd nothing to gain and everything to lose. I'd have done better to hold my tongue. It's his word against mine, and here I am in the street. That was my first job since the war, so I can whistle for a reference."

"Wife and two children, I think?"

"Yes, and I've put them in the cart for the sake of my conscience! It's the last time I'll do that, I know. What did it matter to me, whether the society was cheated? My wife's quite right, I was a fool, sir."

"Probably," said Michael. "Do you know anything about books?"

"Yes, sir; I'm a good bookkeeper."

"Holy Moses! *Our* job is getting rid of them. My firm are publishers. We were thinking of putting on an extra traveller. Is your tongue persuasive?"

The young man smiled wanly.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, look here," said Michael, carried away by the look in his eyes, "it's all a question of a certain patter. But of course that's got to be learned. I gather that you're not a reader."

"Well, sir, not a great reader."

"That, perhaps, is fortunate. What you would have to do is to impress on the poor brutes who sell books that every one of the books on your list—say about thirty-five—is necessary in large numbers to his business. It's lucky you've just chucked your conscience, because, as a matter of fact, most of them won't be. I'm afraid there's nowhere you could go to get lessons in persuasion, but you can imagine the sort of thing, and if you like to come here for an hour or two this week, I'll put you wise about our authors, before you go before Peter."

"Before Peter, sir?"

"The Johnny with the keys; luckily it's Mr. Winter, not Mr. Danby; I believe I could get him to give you a month's trial."

"Sir, I'll try my very best. My wife knows about books, she could help me a lot. I can't tell you what I think of your kindness. The fact is, being out of a job has put the wind up me properly. I've not been able to save with two children; it's like the end of the world."

"Right-o, then! Come here to-morrow evening at nine, and I'll stuff you. I believe you've got the face for the job, if you can get the patter. Only one book in twenty is a necessity really, the rest are luxuries. Your stunt will be to make

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them believe the nineteen are necessaries, and the twentieth a luxury that they need. It's like food or clothes, or anything else in civilization."

"Yes, sir, I quite understand."

"All right, then. Good night, and good luck!"

Michael stood up and held out his hand. The young man took it with a queer reverential little bow. A minute later he was out in the street; and Michael in the hall was thinking: "Pity is tripe! Forgot I was a sleuth! Good Lord!"

X

FACE

WHEN Michael rose from the refectory table, Fleur had risen too. Two days and more since she left Wilfrid's rooms, and she had not recovered zest. The rifling of the oyster life, the garlanding of London's rarer flowers which kept color in her cheeks, seemed stale, unprofitable. Those three hours, when from shock off Cork Street she came straight to shocks in her own drawing-room, had dislocated her so that she had settled to nothing since. The wound reopened by Holly had nearly healed again. Dead lion beside live donkey cuts but faint figure. But she could not get hold again of—what? That was the trouble: What? For two whole days she had been trying. Michael was still strange, Wilfrid still lost, Jon still buried alive, and nothing seemed novel under the sun. The only object that gave her satisfaction during those two dreary, disillusioned days was the new white monkey. The more she looked at it, the more Chinese it seemed. It summed up the satirical truth of which she was perhaps subconscious, that all her little modern veerings and flutterings and rushings after the future showed that she believed in nothing but the past. The age had overdone it and must go back to ancestry for faith. Like a little bright fish out of a warm bay, making a splash in chill strange waters, Fleur felt a subtle nostalgia for the past.

In her Spanish room, alone with her own feelings, she stared at the porcelain fruits. They glowed, cold, uneatable! She took one up. Meant for a passion fruit? Alas! Poor passion! She dropped it with a dull clink on to the pyramid, and gave a little shudder. Had she blinded Michael with her kisses? Blinded him to —what? To her incapacity for passion?

"But I'm not incapable," she thought, "I'm not. Some day I'll show him, I'll show them all." She looked up at "the Goya" hanging opposite. What gripping determination in the painting—what intensity of life in the black eyes of a rather raddled dame! *She* would know what she wanted, and get it too! No compromise and uncertainty there—no capering round life, wondering what it meant, and whether it was worth while, nothing but hard living for the sake of living!

Fleur put her hands where her flesh ended, and her dress began. Wasn't she as warm, and firm—yes, and ten times as pretty, as that fine and evil-looking Spanish dame, with the black eyes and the wonderful lace? And turning her back on the picture, she went into the hall. Michael's voice, and another's! They were coming down! She slipped across into the drawing-room, and took up the manuscript of a book of poems, on which she was to give Michael her opinion. She sat, not reading, wondering if he were coming in. She heard the front door close. No! He had gone up-stairs again! A relief, yet chilling! Michael not warm and cheerful in the house—if it were to go on, it would be wearing. She curled herself up and tried to read. Dreary poems —free verse, blank, introspective, all about the author's inside! No lift, no lilt! Duds! She seemed to have read them a dozen times before. She lay quite still—listening to the click and flutter of the burning logs! If the light were out she might go to sleep. She turned it off, and came back to the settee. She could see herself sitting there—a picture in the firelight; see how lonely she looked—pretty—pathetic, with everything she wished for, and—nothing! Her lip curled. She could even see her own spoiled-child ingratitude. And what was worse, she could see herself seeing it—a triple-distilled modern, so subtly arranged in life-tight compartments that she could not be submerged. If only something would blow in out of the unkempt cold, out of the waste and wilderness of a London whose flowers she plucked. The firelight —soft, uncertain—searched out spots and

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corners of her Chinese room, as on a stage in one of those scenes, seductive and mysterious, where one waited, to the sound of tambourines, for the next moment of the plot. She reached out and took a cigarette. She could see herself lighting it, blowing out the smoke—her own half-curled fingers, her parted lips, her white rounded arm. She was decorative! Well, and wasn't that all that mattered? To be decorative, and make little decorations; to be pretty in a world that wasn't pretty! "Copper Coin"! There was a poem there—of a flicker-lit room, and a spoiled Columbine before the fire, and a Harlequin hovering without, like "the spectre of the rose." And suddenly, without warning, Fleur's heart ached. It ached definitely, rather horribly, and slipping down on to the floor before the fire, she snuggled her face against the Peke. The Chinese dog raised his head—his black eyes were lurid in the glow.

He licked her cheek, and turned his nose away. Huf! Powder! But Fleur lay like the dead. And she saw herself lying—the curve of her hip, the chestnut glow in her short hair; she heard the steady beat of her heart. Get up! Go out! Do something! But what—what was worth doing? What had any meaning in it? She saw herself doing—extravagant things; nursing sick women; tending pale babies; making a speech in Parliament; riding a steeplechase; hoeing turnips in knickerbockers—decorative. And she lay perfectly still; bound by the filaments of her self-vision. So long as she saw herself she would do nothing—she knew it—for nothing would be worth doing! And it seemed to her, lying there so still, that not to see herself would be worse than anything. And she felt that to feel this was to acknowledge herself caged forever.

The Peke growled, turning his nose toward the windows. "In here," he seemed to say, "we are cosey; we think of the past. We have no use for anything outside. Kindly go away—whoever it is out there!" And again he growled—a low continuous sound.

"What is it, ducky?"

The Peke rose on his fore legs, with muzzle pointed at the window.

"Do you want your walk?"

"No," said the growl.

Fleur picked him up. "Don't be so silly!" And she went to the window. The curtains were closely drawn; rich, Chinese, lined, they excluded the night. Fleur made a chink with one hand, and started back. Against the pane was a face, the forehead pressed against the glass, the eyes closed, as if it had been there a long time. In the dark it seemed featureless, vaguely pale. She felt the dog's body stiffen under her arm—she felt his silence. Her heart pumped. It was ghastly—face without body.

Suddenly the forehead was withdrawn, the eyes opened. She saw—the face of Wilfrid. Could he see in—see her peering out from the darkened room? Quivering all over, she let the curtains fall to. Beckon? Let him in? Go out to him? Wave him away? Her heart beat furiously. How long had he been out there—like a ghost? What did he want of her? She dropped the Peke with a flump, and pressed her hands to her forehead, trying to clear confusion from her brain. And suddenly she stepped forward and flung the curtains apart. No face! Nothing! He was gone! The dark, drafty Square—not a soul in it! Had he ever been—or was the face her fancy? But the Peke! Dogs had no fancies. He had gone back to the fire and settled down again.

"It's not my fault," she thought passionately: "It's not! I didn't want him to love me. I only wanted his—his—!" Again she sank down before the fire: "Oh! ducky, have a feeling heart!" But the Chinese dog, mindful of the flump, made no reply. . . .

XI

COCKED HAT

After missing his vocation with the young man Butterfield, Michael had hesitated in the hall. At last he had not gone up-stairs again, but quietly out. He walked past the Houses of Parliament and up Whitehall. In Trafalgar Square, it occurred to him that he had a father. Bart might be at Snooks', The Coffee House, The Aeroplane; and, with the thought: "He'd be restful," he sought the most modern of the three.

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"Yes, Sir Lawrence Mont is in the lounge, sir."

He was sitting with knees crossed, and a cigar between his finger-tips, waiting for some one to talk to. "Ah! Michael! Can you tell me why I come here?"

"To wait for the end of the world, sir?"

Sir Lawrence sniggered. "An idea," he said: "When the skies are wrecking civilization, this will be the best-informed tape in London. The wish to be in at the death is perhaps the strongest of our passions, Michael. I should very much dislike being blown up, especially after dinner; but I should still more dislike missing the next show, if it's to be a really good one. The air raids were great fun, after all."

Michael sighed.

"Yes," he said, "the war got us used to thinking of the millennium, and then it went and stopped, and left the millennium hanging over us. Now we shall never be happy until we get it. Can I take one of your cigars, sir?"

"My dear fellow! I've been reading Fraser again. Extraordinary how remote all superstition seems, now that we've reached the ultimate truth: That enlightenment never can prevail."

Michael stopped the lighting of his cigar.

"Do you really think that, sir?"

"What else can one think? Who can have any reasonable doubt now that with the aid of mechanics the headstrong part of us must do us in? It's an unavoidable conclusion from all recent facts. 'Per ardua ad astra,' 'Through hard knocks we shall see stars.'"

"Cripes! But it's always been like that, sir, and here we are alive."

"They say so, but I doubt it. I fancy we're really dead, Michael. I fancy we're only living in the past. I don't think—no, I don't think we can be said to expect a future. We talk of it, but I hardly think we hope for one. Underneath our protestations we subconsciously deduce. From the mess we've made of it these last ten years, we can feel the far greater mess we shall make of it in the next thirty. Human nature can argue the hind leg off a donkey, but the donkey will be four-legged at the end of the discussion."

Michael sat down suddenly and said: "You're a bad, bold Bart."

Sir Lawrence smiled.

"I should be glad to think that men really believed in humanity, and all that, but you know they don't—they believe in novelty and getting their own way. With rare exceptions they're still monkeys, especially the politicos; and when you put gunpowder and lighted match into the paws of monkeys, they blow themselves up to see the fun. Monkeys are only safe when deprived of means to be otherwise."

"Lively, that," said Michael.

"Not livelier than the occasion warrants, my dear boy. I've been thinking. We've got a member here who knows a trick worth twenty of any played in the war—an extraordinarily valuable fellow. The Government have got their eye on him. He'll help the other valuable fellows in France and Germany and America and Russia to make history. Between them they'll do something really proud, something that'll knock all the other achievements of man into a cocked hat. By the way, Michael, new device of 'homo sapiens'—the cocked hat."

"Well," said Michael, "what are you going to do about it?"

Sir Lawrence's eyebrow sought his hair.

"Do, my dear fellow? What should I do? Can I go out and grab him and the Government by the slack of their breeches; yes and all the valuable fellows and Governments of the other countries? No! All I can do is to smoke my cigar and say: 'God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!' By hook or crook, they will come into their own, Michael; but in the normal course of things I shall be dead before they do."

"I shan't," said Michael.

"No, my dear; but think of the explosions, the sights, the smells. By Jove, you've got something to live for, yet. Sometimes I wish I were your age. And sometimes," Sir Lawrence relighted his cigar, "I don't. Sometimes I think I've had enough of our pretenses, and that there's nothing left but to die like gentlemen."

"Some Jeremiad, Dad!"

"Well," said Sir Lawrence, with a twirl of his little grizzled mustache, "I hope I'm wrong. But we're driving fast to a condition of things when millions can be

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killed by the pressing of a few buttons. What reason is there to suppose that our bumps of benevolence will increase in time to stop our using these great new toys of destruction, Michael?"

"'Where you know little, place terrors.'"

"Very nice; where did you get that?"

"Out of a life of Christopher Columbus."

"Old C. C.! I could bring myself to wish sometimes that he hadn't been so deucedly inquisitive. We were snugger in the dark ages. There was something to be said for not discovering the Yanks."

"Well," said Michael, "*I* think we shall pedal through. By the way, about this Elderson stunt: I've just seen the clerk—he doesn't look to me the sort that would have made that up."

"Ah! That! If Elderson could do such a thing, well—really, anything might happen. It's a complete stumper. He was such a pretty bat, always went in first wicket down. He and I put on fifty-four against Eton. I suppose 'Old Forsyte' told you?"

"Yes, he wanted me to find the chap a job."

"Butterfield. Ask him if he's related to old Butterfield the gardener? It would be something to go on. D'you find 'Old Forsyte' rather trying?"

Loyal to Fleur, Michael concealed his lips. "No, I get on very well with him."

"He's straight, I admit that."

"Yes," said Michael, "very straight."

"But very reticent."

"Yes," said Michael.

On this conclusion they were silent, as though terrors had been placed beyond it. And soon Michael rose.

"Past ten, I'd better go home."

Returning the way he came, he could think of nothing but Wilfrid. What wouldn't he give to hear him say: "It's all right, old man; I've got over it!" to wring him by the hand again. Why should one catch this fatal disease called love? Why should one be driven half crazy by it? They said love was nature's provision against Bart's terrors, against the valuable fellows. An insistent urge—lest the race die out. Prosaic, if true! Not that he cared whether Fleur had children. Queer how nature camouflaged her schemes—leery old bird! But overreaching herself a bit, wasn't she? Children might yet go clean out of fashion, if Bart were right. A very little more would do it; who would have children for the mere pleasure of seeing them blown up, poisoned, starved to death? A few fanatics would hold on, the rest of the world go barren. The cocked hat! Instinctively Michael straightened his own, ready for crossing under Big Ben. He had reached the centre of Parliament Square, when a figure coming toward him swerved suddenly to its left and made in the direction of Victoria. Tall, with a swing in its walk. Wilfrid! Michael stood still. Coming from—South Square! And suddenly he gave chase. He did not run, but he walked his hardest. The blood beat in his temples, and he felt confused to a pitch past bearing. Wilfrid must have seen him, or he wouldn't have swerved, wouldn't be legging it away like a demon. Black—black! He was not gaining, Wilfrid had the legs of him—to overtake him, he must run! But there rose in Michael a sort of exaltation. His best friend—his wife! There was a limit. One might be too proud to fight that. Let him go his ways! He stood still, watched the swift figure disappear, and slowly, head down under the now cocked hat, turned toward home. He walked quite quietly, and with a sense of finality. No fuss, but no retreat! In the few hundred yards before he reached his Square, he was chiefly conscious of the tallness of houses, the shortness of men. Such midgets to have made this monstrous pile, lighted it so that it shone in an enormous glittering heap whose glow blurred the color of the sky! What a vast business this midget activity! Absurd to think that his love for another midget mattered! He turned his key in the lock, took off his cocked hat and went into the drawing-room. Unlighted—empty? No. She and the Peke on the floor before the fire! He sat down on the settee, and was abruptly conscious that he was trembling and sweating as if he had smoked a too-strong cigar. Fleur had raised herself, cross-legged, and was staring up at him. He waited to get the better of his trembling. Why didn't she speak? Why was she sitting there, in the dark? "She

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knows"; he thought: "we both know this is the end. O God, let me behave like a sport!" He took a cushion, put it behind him, crossed his legs, and leaned back. His voice surprised him suddenly:

"May I ask you something, Fleur? And will you please answer me quite truly?"

"Yes."

"It's this: I know you didn't love me when you married me. I don't think you love me now. Do you want me to clear out?"

A long time seemed to pass.

"No."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I don't."

Michael got up.

"Will you answer one thing more?"

"Yes."

"Was Wilfrid here to-night?"

"Yes—no. That is——"

His hands clutched each other; he saw her eyes fix on them, and kept them still.

"Fleur, don't!"

"I'm not. He came to the window there. I saw his face—that's all. His face—it— Oh! Michael, don't be unkind to-night!"

Unkind! Unkind! Michael's heart swelled at that strange word.

"It's all right," he stammered: "So long as you tell me what it is you want."

Fleur said, without moving:

"I want to be comforted."

Ah! She knew exactly what to say, how to say it! And going on his knees, he began to comfort her.

XII

GOING EAST

He had not been on his knees many minutes before they suffered from reaction. To kneel there comforting Fleur brought him a growing discomfort. He believed her to-night, as he had not believed her for months past. But what was Wilfrid doing? Where wandering? The face at the window—face without voice, without attempt to reach her! Michael ached in that illegitimate organ the heart. Withdrawing his arms, he stood up.

"Would you like me to have a look for him? If it's all over—he might—I might——"

Fleur, too, stood up. She was calm enough now.

"Yes, I'll go to bed." With the Peke in her arms, she went to the door, her face, between the dog's chestnut fur and her own, very pale, very still.

"By the way," she said, "no go, again, Michael, I suppose it means——"

Michael gasped. Currents of emotion, welling, ebbing, swirling, rendered him incapable of speech.

"The night of the balloon," she said: "Do you mind?"

"Mind? Good God! Mind!"

"That's all right, then. I don't. Good night!"

She was gone. Without reason, Michael thought: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." And he stood, as if congealed, overcome by an uncontrollable sense of solidity. A child! Coming! It was as though the barque of his being, tossed and drifted, suddenly rode tethered—anchor down. He turned and tore at the curtains. Night of stars! Wonderful world! Jolly—jolly! And—Wilfrid! He flattened his face against the glass. Outside there Wilfrid's had been flattened. He could see it if he shut his eyes. Not fair! Dog lost—man lost! S O S. He went into the hall, and from the mothless marble coffer rived his thickest coat. He took the first taxi that came by.

"Cork Street! Get along!" Needle in bundle of hay! Quarter past eleven by Big Ben! The intense relief of his whole being in that jolting cab seemed to him brutal. Salvation! It *was*—he had a strange certainty of that as though he saw Fleur suddenly "close-up" in a very strong light, concrete beneath her graceful veerings. Family! Continuation! He had been unable to anchor her, for he was not of her! But her child could and would! And, perhaps, he would yet come in with the milk. Why did he love her so—it was not done! Wilfrid and he were blurbs—out of touch, out of tune with the times!

"Here you are, sir, what number?"

"All right! Cool your heels and wait for me! Have a cigarette!"

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With one between his own lips which felt so dry, he went down the backwater.

A light in Wilfrid's rooms! He rang the bell. The door was opened, the face of Wilfrid's man looked forth.

"Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Desert in?"

"No, sir. Mr. Desert has just started for the East. His ship sails to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Michael, blankly: "Where from?"

"Plymouth, sir. His train leaves Paddington at midnight. You might catch him yet."

"It's very sudden," said Michael, "he never——"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Desert is a sudden gentleman."

"Well, thanks; I'll try and catch him."

Back in the cab with the words: "Paddington—flick her along!" he thought: "A sudden gentleman!" It was perfect! He remembered the utter suddenness of that little interview beside the bust of Lionel Charwell. Sudden their friendship, sudden its end—sudden even Wilfrid's poems—offspring of a sudden soul! Staring from window to window in that jolting rattling cab Michael suffered from St. Vitus's dance. Was he a fool? Could he not let well alone? Pity was posh! And yet! With Wilfrid would go a bit of his heart, and in spite of all he would like him to know that. Upper Brook Street, Park Lane! Emptying streets, cold night, stark plane-trees painted up by the lamps against a bluish dark. And Michael thought: "We wander! What's the end—the goal? To do one's bit, and not worry! But what is my bit? What's Wilfrid's? Where will he end up, now?"

The cab rattled down the station slope and drew up under cover. Ten minutes to twelve, and a long heavy train on platform one!

"What shall I do?" thought Michael: "It's so darned crude! Must I go down—carriage by carriage? 'Couldn't let you go, old man, without'—blurb!"

Bluejackets! If not drunk—as near as made no matter. Eight minutes still! He began slowly walking along the train. He had not passed four windows before he saw his quarry. Desert was sitting back to the engine in the near corner of an empty first. An unlighted cigarette was in his mouth, his fur collar turned up to his eyes, and his eyes staring at an unopened paper on his lap. He sat without movement. Michael stood looking at him. His heart beat fast. He struck a match, took two steps, and said:

"Light, old boy?"

Desert stared up at him.

"Thanks," he said, and took the match. In its light his face was dark, thin, drawn; his eyes, dark, deep, tired. Michael leaned in the window. Neither spoke.

"Take your seat, if you're going, sir."

"No," said Michael. His whole inside seemed turning over.

"Anything I can do for you, old man?" he said suddenly.

Desert shook his head.

"The East!" said Michael. "God, Wilfrid, I'm sorry!"

Desert smiled.

"Cut it out!"

"Yes, I know! Shake hands?"

Desert held out his hand.

Michael squeezed it hard.

A whistle sounded.

Desert rose suddenly and turned to the rack above him. He took a parcel from a bag. "Here," he said, "these damned things! Publish them if you like."

Something clicked in Michael's throat.

"Thanks, old man! That's great! Good-bye!"

A sort of beauty came into Desert's face.

"So long!" he said.

The train moved. Michael withdrew his elbows; quite still, he stared at the motionless figure slowly borne along, away. Carriage after carriage went by him, full of bluejackets leaning out, clamoring, singing, waving handkerchiefs and bottles. Guard's van now—the tail light—all spread—a crimson blur—setting East—going—going—gone!

And that was all—was it? He thrust the parcel into his coat pocket. Back to Fleur, now! Way of the world—one man's meat, another's poison! He passed his hand over his eyes. The damned things were full of—blurb!

(To be continued.)

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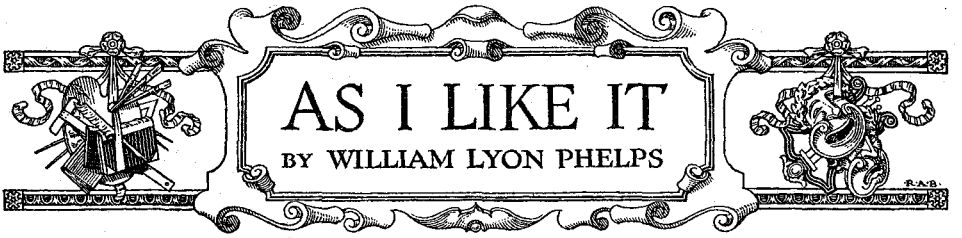

IN an interesting article called "High Tide in the Theatre," contributed to *Theatre and Drama* by Roland Holt, who is a high-grade publisher and a discerning dramatic critic, I find the following optimistic paragraph:

> Though I have watched the New York theatre closely for these many years, I can remember no season in which there were so many notable plays, so much fine acting and beautiful or interesting scenery. Good things came so fast that though I've been to over fifty productions I've had to miss a few important ones. The English-speaking dramatists have contributed most, but impoverished Europe has sent us so much that New York, with as many theatres as London and Paris combined, and the best plays of both America and Europe, has honestly won its place as The World's Theatrical Capital.

It is true that many important new plays can be seen in New York; it is true that the stage production and company acting have risen to a high plane; but New York cannot truly be called the world's theatrical capital until it has several repertory theatres with the bill changing so frequently that playgoers will have the opportunity to see both standard and contemporary pieces at the same playhouse. In Paris and Berlin—to mention only two Continental cities—during any week in the theatrical season one may choose from a vast variety of classical and contemporary plays; it is possible to attend only one theatre during six months and one would receive a liberal education in the drama. Twenty years ago, during seven days I remember in Paris, I had the opportunity to hear plays by Racine, Molière, Victor Hugo, Regnard, Goldoni, Dumas, Augier, Brieux, and many of Brieux's contemporaries. I went to a "classic matinée" at the Odéon, where the best seats sold for fifty cents and where the theatre was packed with high-school children, many of whom had copies of the text in their hands. A distinguished man of letters made a short preliminary address, and then the boys and girls listened eagerly to Molière. It is unnecessary to comment on the educational value of such an institution; if we could have fifteen or twenty of Shakespeare's plays produced in New York every winter, attended by the pupils in our high schools, instruction and pleasure would, as they should, be happily combined. Louis Calvert and John Corbin actually did that, in their production of "The Tempest," and the delight of the children added to my own enjoyment.

Years ago, arriving in Berlin, I glanced at the theatre announcements and discovered that during the first week of my stay I might choose from a list containing Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," Gorki's "Nachtasyl," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," and a whole string of contemporary pieces.

Let us rejoice that there has been so much improvement in the New York theatrical programme. But there is still no room for American optimism or complacency when we remember three facts: first, no great play has ever been written in the western hemisphere; second, New York is the only place in America where one can see new plays; third, we have even in New York no real repertory theatre.

In looking over the Catalogue of the Library of Yale College for the year 1791, a copy of which was presented to me by my former pupil Charles Coit, I find that the number of books was about 2,700 (to-day 1,600,000), of which a large majority dealt with divinity. Here are some of the subdivisions: Attributes and Perfections of God, Fall and Recovery of Man, Controversies Between Protestants and Papists, Presbyterians and Independents, etc. Under the heading Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres twenty-five titles

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are given, nearly every one in the ancient languages: under the title, Poetry and Plays, thirty-three titles, conspicuous among which are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and three volumes by Isaac Watts. Did the undergraduates of those days haunt the library?

And yet there was one custom at Yale over a hundred years ago, inaugurated by President Timothy Dwight, that might well be re-established to-day. Once a week the president met the senior class, and any student had the right to ask him a question on any subject whatever, which the president answered frankly. Here the eager minds of youth came into direct contact with one who was not only a great scholar but an experienced man of the world. I know how busy the modern college president is, but an hour a week of this kind of thing should be a relief to him and an inspiration to students. One year President Dwight published the questions with his answers. He spoke with extraordinary candor on amusements, politics, war, the freedom of the press, religious faith and intellectual doubt, and in reading this little book of wisdom I recall the remark made to me by a French Catholic priest: "*Nos ancêtres n'étaient pas bêtes.*"

I am pleased by the large number of letters I receive from very old individuals, who, because their minds are both open and alert, continue to enjoy life with exceeding gusto. Referring to my remark on the folly of making plans for death at the age of sixty, Mrs. J. H. Tayler, of Holley, New York, writes: "I am almost alone in my generation. You will not find out what that means till you get into the late eighties. I am already there. I am said to 'retain my faculties.' I have wit enough to know I am no judge of that, but I do know that I have wonderful health. I live alone in a big house . . . and I stoke my own furnace and like to be alive and look at my flower garden. I *hate* to weed it, but I wish you had some of the narcissus and tulips now in bloom. They are belated as I am. . . . Old age has dimmed my eyes but not my love of reading good literature." The late Frank Tarbell, one of the most distinguished classical scholars at the University of Chicago, received his first lessons in Latin from this vivacious lady. Tarbell was then eight years old.

Her saying she is no judge of whether or not she retains her faculties is infallible proof that she does. Perhaps the final test of wisdom is the belief that no individual can be the judge of his own mental ability. Many tortures arising from injured pride could be avoided or palliated by the simple process of allowing others to estimate our intellectual power rather than insisting on doing that job ourselves.

Mr. T. A. Carpenter, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, writes: "It is rather singular so many will spoil the best part of their lives worrying about how long or how short their lives may be. I know a man in active business life who said the thought of having reached his fiftieth birthday almost made him sick. I am living in my ninety-second year without one tremor of anxiety as to when or where the end shall be. My health is excellent, with sufficient exercise on lawn and garden to keep in condition. I can read without glasses, but my hearing is quite thick, still I can hear myself talk, and that is a great satisfaction. . . . This is rather flippant talk at this stage in life and this age of the world, but it was started by you, and you'll have to stand it."

Edward D. Kendall, ninety-four years old, and living happily at Elizabeth, New Jersey, wrote me a charming piece of original verse, which was too flattering to quote here, so I sent it last month to the editor of this magazine. He printed it in "What You Think About It" for August. By the way, these same pages for July continue to nominate me for President of the United States. I had rather be wrong than be President. A letter is printed from a publisher asking me how I reconcile Christianity with immigration. The answer is easy: There ought to be more of both.

Two books have just arrived, which I shall review with some detail later, but which my readers are so certain to enjoy that I shall mention them now. One is the third novel by Compton Mackenzie in his Catholic trilogy, called "The Heavenly Ladder." As soon as I finish this article, I shall begin reading it. The

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other is "Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to her Family, 1839–1863," edited by Leonard Huxley. As Gail Hamilton—does any one remember her?—remarked, Jane was neither genius nor martyr; but she had wit, and her particular domesticity acted as a whetstone.

An extremely important, valuable, and interesting book, also small enough to be carried in the pocket, is "The World's Living Religions," by Professor Robert Ernest Hume. Here are information and inspiration.

Whether you are interested in the sea, in sailing ships, in navies, or not, you are going to be profoundly and vitally interested in a new book by Arthur MacCartney Shepard, called "Sea Power in Ancient History." It is the "story of the navies of classic Greece and Rome," and how clearly it demonstrates the French saying that the more things change, the more they don't! This is a brilliant account of two seafaring nations and of their methods of naval warfare. The fatal Athenian expedition to Syracuse is dramatically set forth. When I was a boy, I wept copiously over that disaster—how I loved Athens, how I hated Sparta! And how insane seems that expedition in the light of history—with so little to gain and with everything to lose. Since I first read the story in childhood, I have not been able to hear Alcibiades praised. I suppose the world has never recovered from Sparta's triumph over Athens—civilization surely is minus something. And yet, how fine it is to remember that during the last years of the long war, when it was clear that Athens was lost, her poets and playwrights (and audiences) were in full activity.

Did any poem, play, or work of art come out of Sparta? She helped largely in establishing traditions of military courage, but all nations have that. All men in masses will fight with about equal bravery and desperation, whether the cause be good or bad, or whether indeed they have no cause but are merely hired professional soldiers doing the job for pay. Do not forget the poem on the Mercenaries, by Alfred Housman, in which he compares them quite favorably with God. Even the Persians in ancient times, though they were no match for the Greeks in tactics, seem to have understood the art of dying almost as well as the soldiers of the twentieth century.

I take pleasure in recommending a slender volume of poems called "The Middle Twenties," by John Farrar, the accomplished editor of *The Bookman*. John Farrar is a poet, both in imagination and in expression; what is even more remarkable is that he went to New York at the age of twenty-two and, after a brief service on *The World*, became editor of *The Bookman*, made it an influential journal of literary opinion, and actually made it pay! And what is still more remarkable is, that despite his extreme youth, he keeps his head clear and his feet steady in these wild and whirling days. He has no fads; and, although he cannot help belonging to the younger generation, he is so well grounded in good literature and has quite unpretentiously so much "principle," that we may call him in Shakespearian words, "young in limbs, in judgment old."

One of the finest novels of the year is "Sandoval," by Thomas Beer, the author of the brilliant biography of Stephen Crane. "Sandoval" is unlike any other book I know. The style is original, perhaps fantastic, but it is never tinsel; it is always the authentic apple in the silver frame. There are so many things to say in praise of this extraordinary book that I will simply advise my readers to secure a copy without delay.

Anne Sedgwick, one of the foremost living novelists, has added to her solid and enduring fame by her novel "The Little French Girl." To use an old phrase, everything she touches she adorns. This story is so well told that it makes me happy to remember that Anne Sedgwick is an American. How eagerly I hope that this book will outsell her previous best seller, "Tante"! Not that the other was poor, but that this is so much better. Anne Sedgwick, Edith Wharton, and Joseph Conrad display the inspiration they obtained from an American of genius, Henry James.

My remark on that best of all Sunday-school books, "Drifting and Steering," by

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the late Mrs. Peebles, has drawn letters from many who remember it. Charles C. Torrey, the distinguished scholar in the Semitic languages, wrote me that he had not seen the book for fifty years, and had heard no one mention it, but it has remained so vividly in his memory that he can recall all the incidents and characters. He thought he was the only living person who remembered it. Now comes a letter from Miss Frances Bell, of Bryn Mawr, who says: "In spite of my seventy years I will fight valiantly in the front rank for the Sunday-school book. It is or perhaps I should say *was* often the beginning of literature for many a child." She is right. Mrs. J. M. Mareau, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, writes that "Drifting and Steering" was for her an awakening of moral responsibility.

Most of those who write me about "Drifting and Steering" also make mention of another book by the same author, "Archie's Shadow." I well remember this exciting tale, though it must be about half a century since I saw a copy. Archie's shadow was his hot temper, and one of the chapters was called "The Shadow is Master." He smashed a delicate piece of machinery with a hammer. Eventually he conquered himself.

Charles P. Tuttle wrote that if I regarded Louis Tracy's "The Wings of the Morning" as the most exciting novel ever written (as I certainly do), I ought to read a new novel called "The Owls' House," by Crosbie Garstin. I followed his advice, and immediately secured and read the tale. I agree with him that it is in many pages thrilling and that it is exceedingly well done both in characterization and in style. Mr. Tuttle adds that being fond of cats in his childhood, he brought home from Sunday-school a book, the title of which, to use modern slang, "intrigued" him prodigiously. The title, as he proudly announced it to his family, was "Lost Kitties brought to Light." Imagine his dismay when he discovered that one of the cats was called Pompeii, and the other Herculaneum. Mr. Tuttle nominates for the Ignoble Prize the "Confessions of Rousseau," also a religious text-book which is even more widely known than read.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hogan, of Madison, Wisconsin, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "Plane and Solid Geometry" by any professor of mathematics. I agree with her, especially in her use of the word "any." There being no personality in this study, all specialists are equally black in crime. She also says that Granny Dugan, an old Irish woman, always said "An' *ament* I dry!" and suggests that "ament" is even better than "am't." It is more fluent, certainly.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the accursed shortening of the beautiful name San Francisco to "Frisco." I do not know of any abbreviation quite so irritating. To say "Ti" for Ticonderoga is a pretty diminutive, and shows affection for the town; but *Frisco* is an insult.

T. B. Dawson, of Providence, makes a complaint and a suggestion worth regarding: "It has been said that the American public submit to more impositions than any other civilized people. One of the most unjustified, on the travelling public, is the high price of a passport. The former small charge should be reinstated. It is especially hard on college professors and teachers, who must go abroad to study; also on professional and business people who go abroad for professional or business purposes. If our passport fees and visas were reduced in price, no doubt foreign governments would do the same, as our charges are used as an excuse for the high charges to us."

When I first went abroad in 1890, I was poor. I lived in Europe, travelling expenses included, on two dollars a day, and my passport, no visas being required, cost me two dollars. This summer I am going to Europe, and have already paid eighty dollars for passport and visas; had these prices been required in 1890, I could not have gone at all. There must be many teachers to whom the passport and visas to-day make an intolerable burden; and I hope "something can be done about it." It constitutes an unnecessary and particularly annoying tax on education. The answer will be "See America first." Well, we have all done that; and we can see it more intelligently if we have some basis of comparison.

The death of Emanuel Reicher, May 15, 1924, removed one of the leading ac-

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tors and producers of our time. During the whole of his long career, he was actuated by only the highest ideals; and his services to America were notable.

The dramatic associations in American universities are accomplishing much by their revivals of unseen masterpieces. On June 14, the Yale University Dramatic Association, under the direction of Edgar Montillion Woolley, produced "The Frogs" of Aristophanes. It was a brilliant and beautiful performance, arousing immense enthusiasm. Those who came from a sense of duty quickly forgot their austere nobility and gave themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the entire proceeds of the two hundredth performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which has been the greatest event in a remarkable dramatic season in New York, were contributed toward the erection of a monument in Marseilles to Edmond Rostand, the ever-living poet who wrote the finest play since 1616.

Alex Herd, perhaps better known as Sandy Herd, the famous professional and golf teacher, playing this very moment in the Open Tournament, whose admirable book, "My Golfing Life," I praised in a previous issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and which I once more heartily recommend to all who take interest in golf, writes me a letter so full of enthusiasm for the game that it must be quoted:

I can assure you when I was a boy at school in my dear old home in St. Andrews, I used to follow all the old champions around the links, watching every shot they played, and admired their skill, and also as men I admired them. It used to give me pleasure once when I was old enough to carry their clubs; what an honour I thought it was! Then they used to gather outside old Tom Morris's shop at night and talk of the great matches that they had played and how they had lost and won championships. I used to stand with my ears and mouth wide open, drinking every word in.

I used to dream of golf. I would get up at four o'clock every morning and play a round of golf before work, and after my hard day's work was over, I would play another round at night. And every putt I played, I would say to myself, "Got this to win the championship," little thinking that one day I would achieve that honour.

Golf is a game one must have at heart. One must love it and think it all out as to how to become a champion. One must practise for everlasting, and we can never quite master its wonderful illusive ways.

I love America. I like the kind way I was received. I was treated with kindness itself and given all hospitality beyond my dreams.

Such enthusiasm for the game is magnificent, and teaches us that it is not impossible to love the work by which we live.

I think it would be a good thing if publishers, when they happen to be fortunate enough to send a book to a second or third printing, instead of putting on the verso of the title-page, "Second Edition," or "Reprinted in July," or "Third Large Printing," they would plainly state "Second Thousand," or whatever it may be. Who knows how big is an edition or a printing? Whereas the amount stated in thousands, as is the French custom, would let every one know what was going on. Let them do the same in their advertisements.

There are three extremely common myths. Every writer except the most popular believes that his publishers do not sufficiently advertise his works; every owner of a rising house believes that his architect does not give the case sufficient personal attention; every golf-player believes that his friend plays his worst game when he is a partner and his best when he is an opponent.

I have talked a good deal about cats and dogs in these pages, and little about horses. Let me say then that I have never seen a satisfactory horse. Every one I have seen is either tedious or dangerous. Either I have had to shout at him and beat him to induce him to advance from a slow walk into a trot, or he has done his best to murder me. Now there must be horses between these extremes; there must be horses who are both spirited and safe; I never saw one. I confess I am abysmally ignorant of horses, and every horse knows immediately my inferiority complex. I used to ride horseback a little, and although every moment on a horse's back was one of extreme discomfort, I never could explain exactly how I felt until I saw a certain cartoon. (I wish I could remember the name of the artist.)

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It represented an awkward man on a horse, and in response to a pedestrian's question, "Where are you going?" the rider replied testily: "How should I know? Ask the horse."

I have never had anything but bad luck with horses. Twice I have been pitched headlong from a buggy while driving. I did not particularly mind. What humiliated me was the following experience, which, I assure my readers, was invariable. I would be sitting in a carriage with a man who was driving. We would draw up in front of some shop, and he would remark casually: "Will you hold the reins while I go inside a moment?" Up to this crisis the horse had shown nothing but extreme tractability; he had behaved with perfect decorum. The instant I was left alone with him, the horse began to do the most diabolical things—back rapidly, suddenly advance, endeavor to put his leg over the shaft, so that I became the laughing-stock of a steadily growing group of spectators. The very last time I drove a horse myself was in a North Carolina town; I had just delivered a Commencement address, and the president, wishing to get the taste of the graduation exercises out of his mouth, asked me if I cared to go to the ball game, the field being some three miles distant. Accordingly, he secured a hired horse and buggy, and requested me to drive. The horse was so huge that it was with difficulty I could see over his spine. When we reached the most crowded street in the city, the horse stood up on his hind legs (he looked like a dinosaur) and began to gesticulate emotionally with his fore legs in the air, exactly like an impassioned political orator. What does one do when a horse chooses such an attitude? I had not then, nor have I now, the slightest idea. By a lucky chance the horse finally fell forward instead of backward. The president and I descended from the vehicle with shameful eagerness; we gave horse and carriage to a colored boy, and walked to the game. Some weeks afterward, I received a letter from the president. "I am in good health, and so, I regret to say, is the horse. I have been hoping every day to hear of his death. As soon as he dies, I will wire you."

I have often admired the placidity and repose of the American cow. She has a philosophical calm never attained by man. Recently I was impressed by a specific illustration of this mental attitude. In the midst of a forty-acre lot I saw one cow sitting in quiet dignity, and in an unruffled manner contemplating not only the sole item on her eternal bill-of-fare, but *all the meals* she would eat during the next four months. Suppose you or I between breakfast and luncheon were compelled to gaze at the entire accumulation of food we were to eat during the next hundred days! and not only gaze at it, but be surrounded by it, sit in the midst thereof! Yet the cow did not seem to mind. She looked off and beyond her food, apparently absorbed in agreeable meditations. Victor Cherbuliez, in his charming novel, "L'Idée de Jean Têtérol," said: "All cows are alike; there is in their eyes something fixed and eternal, a silent dream of fresh grass." Men and women can dream of food only in its absence; but the fortunate cow has both her beautiful dreams and their realization.

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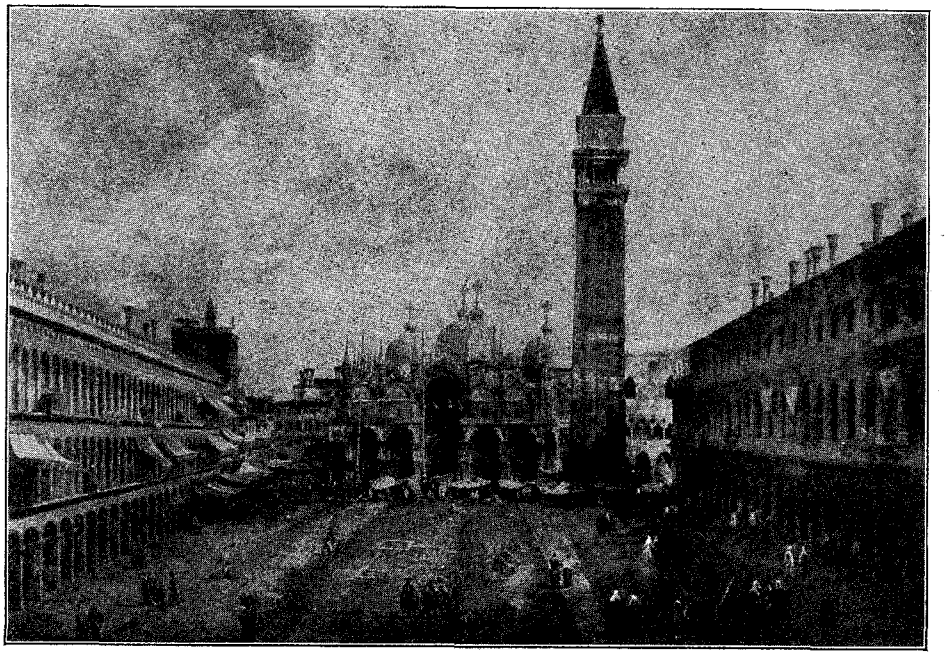
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE most paintable city on earth rests, as a matter of fact, upon the sea. I refer of course to Venice. There are other places in the world that rival it in what is commonly called picturesqueness, but they haven't won the painter as Venice has won him. Some pedantic statistician might here arise and point out that Holland had been having its portrait painted for centuries. I would grant him his figures but I would still go on stubbornly to assert that for the artist the Venetian glamour has been incomparable. And now the artist must look to the defense of his favorite painting-ground, for it is grievously threatened by so-called modern progress. Pompeo Molmenti, the Carpaccio man, who has all his life been a champion of Venetian integrity, has recently assembled in a book, "I Nemici di Venezia," the papers in which he has repeatedly returned to the castigation of the city's foes. The latter are as varied in the nature of their attacks as they are numerically strong. One insidious enemy is the man with the purse who, against the law, secretly contrives to detach from Venice some of its most characteristic art treasures. Then there are the more candid souls who would erect tasteless new buildings cheek by jowl with the historic monuments. But, indeed, the schemes of the promoters are endless.

Once she did hold the gorgeous East in fee—and now she is the sport of the speculator! In *The Living Age* the other day I found some passages quoted from an indignant Italian journal on some of the "senseless projects conceived by Venetians and non-Venetians." I used to wince when I floated about the lagoons



The Piazza of St. Mark's.
From the painting by Canaletto at Vienna.

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in a gondola or a sandola in the early days of the steamboats and had to take the wash of those impertinent little craft. But they were as nothing compared to the sort of thing proposed by the vandals mentioned in the *Revista d'Italia:*

A few of them would like to improve part of the lagoon shore so as to enable people to raise cabbages and potatoes upon it. Others have more varied and also more persistent ideas. They want to join Venice to the mainland by means of a grand bridge for pedestrians and vehicles. In a near future it might be possible thus to leave a villa in Venice and go directly by motor-car or tramway to the gardens of Bottenighi. As it is plain enough that the tramways, automobiles, and carriages could not stop short and accumulate at the town limit, a way will be naturally found to give them easy access to the streets of the interior, and that is all that will be needed to change the aspect of the city and the general run of its life. . . .

An invention *à la* Jules Verne! A street which will reach over and across canals, marshes, and islands is going to unite Venetia with the station of Mestre. It will be an iron construction, a huge road of steel beginning at the station of Mestre, crossing the lagoon, flanking Venice along the new Fondamenta; then at the farther extremity of the latter it will divide into two branches, of which the left one, passing close to the celebrated island of San Francesco *del deserto* (*a beata solitudo*) and over more bridges and embankments, will reach Burano; the right branch will fly over the port of Lido, run along the shore, cross the canal of the port of Malamocco, go all the way along the shore of Pellestino and end at Chioggia.

The worst thing about this campaign to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs —for surely the tide of money-laden tourists will slacken as the city loses its charm—is that it has been gathering momentum for such a long time, it has been so deadly in its persistence. I have seen something of the gradual deterioration myself. When I first used to go down to the Lido for my daily dip the whole place was simplicity itself, and after coming out of the sea it was only a few steps away from the pavilions to stretches of what seemed like isolated serenity. My friend Eugene Benson would be painting a picture only a few hundred yards off. I would lie in the sand at his side among the primroses scattered about, and I would be aware of nothing save sea and sky. In successive summers after that I saw the Lido grow more and more like Coney Island, and the last time I was

Consilium in Arena.
From the painting by Tiepolo at Udine.

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there it had become so raucous and shoddy a resort that I fled in disgust and never went back. Imagine how a host of Venice lovers will feel if the city itself suffers a kindred transformation! In two ways the disaster may be thwarted. In the first place, propaganda may drive it into the heads of the Venetians that their so-called "improvements" can only divert from the lagoons that army of travellers which now means so much to their prosperity. Generations still to come will be repelled from visiting the city which their forefathers frequented as a shrine. Secondly, if "local pride" is non-existent in Venice the Italian Government might conceivably do some thinking for the city fathers, and protect them from their own stupid obduracy by declaring Venice a national monument, to be tampered with only under heavy penalties. Signor Mussolini is, they say, a very busy man, occasionally in trouble even with his own Fascisti, but those all over the world who care for Venice will hope that in some happy moment he may come to the rescue of their dream city.

I CALL it a dream city advisedly, for I firmly believe that there is no other city in the world which to the sensitive traveller is more an affair of poetized visions, of romantic moods. The unimaginative can find no welcome on the lagoons. Have we not all met the man who remembered nothing in particular about Venice save that there were bad smells on some of its canals and that its mosquitoes had a lethal bite? I know all about the smells and I have fought the mosquitoes, but I know, nevertheless, that Venice is Beauty Incarnate. So she has been to a glorious company of painters, the immortal spirits for whose feelings I have suffered whenever I have encountered signs of the encroachment of ugliness and vulgarity upon her domain. One could weep with Veronese, enthroning Venice upon the world itself in the ducal palace. He gave her attributes of imperial grace and strength. He placed the Lion of St. Mark's at her feet between figures of Justice and Peace. He saw her, in a word, reigning in fadeless splendor. Poor Paolo! How could he anticipate the era of the tin Lizzie?

A Masquerade at the Ridotto in Venice.
From the painting by Guardi.

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The old painters knew well the unique beauty of their town and paid jealous tribute to its genius and its monuments. When Gentile Bellini delineated a great religious procession in the piazza he gave the upper half of his canvas to a magnificent portrait of the Cathedral. The city gave him backgrounds for more than one picture, and repeatedly you find masters like Carpaccio and Mansueti drawing for their compositions upon the scenes they saw about them. There is, however, an interesting distinction to be observed where the attitude of the older Venetian masters toward their beloved city is concerned. They did not regard her precisely in the way of the Impressionists. Their pride in her was rooted in a strong sense of her material pomp and power, of her political ascendancy, and it was strongly tinctured by religious emotion. Hence the personification of Venice as a queenly figure, hence the portrayal of even St. Mark's itself as a background rather than for its own sake. Somehow the old Venetian master could not think of Venice as a mere spectacle. He was forever glutting his eyes upon pageants, but behind the color and the movement he saw the might of state or church, and he commemorated ideas as much as appearances. It is a curious circumstance that Venice in its more mundane and social aspect, as an arrangement of form and color appealing sensuously to the eye, practically shorn of all symbolism, did not really come into its own until the eighteenth century.

It is then that one recognizes the stirring of a new impulse, the impulse to paint the Venetian scene out of sheer delight in its corporeal loveliness. In Tiepolo the earlier conception of the city as a mine of backgrounds still lingers, and the pillared schemes in his mural decorations revive the sumptuous note of Veronese with a new and flashing accent. But Tiepolo kindled now and then to the pure elegance of the Venetian social picture; and amongst all the paintings of this period I know of none more humanly engaging than his fascinating "Consilium in Arena" in the museum at Udine, a spacious interior with figures recalling the very essence of eighteenth-century Venetian life. Life, customs, and manners, the Venetian as well as his background, may be said to fill the Venetian art of that time. Longhi painted the fashionable types that he knew, the lady of Venice and her cavaliere, and he did not disdain either to study the apothecary or the fortune-teller. Step from his scenes into those of Guardi. Go with the latter to a concert in the house of some noble, to a ball in the theatre of San Benedetto, to a masquerade at the Ridotto, to a festival on the Grand Canal, or to an ordinary gathering in the Piazza of St. Mark's. Wherever you follow him you behold indoor or outdoor Venice, clothed in brocade or in marble and animated by figures which, whether in gleaming satins or dark velvet cloaks, are the very images of Venetian piquancy and pictorial charm. There are times when Canaletto will strike you as the more solid painter of the two, as, especially, the stronger draftsman. But Guardi is the great triumphant exemplar in his age of that Impressionism which I have mentioned as neglected by his ancestors. His lagoon pictures sparkle with a living light. There are drawings of his which show that he went about sketch-book in hand, and swiftly jotted down fugitive effects. His paintings clearly profited by this habit. They have extraordinary freshness and spontaneity.

♣ ♣ ♣

CHRONOLOGICALLY the next arresting figure amongst the painters of Venice is Turner. Sir Walter Armstrong, his definitive biographer, was unable to ferret out the exact date of the artist's first contact with the Venetian scene, but he has traced sketches of the city which seem earlier than 1832, and that is regarded as roughly the significant year. A point beyond cavil is that the English master had a peculiar flair for the subject. What Armstrong says about it is so concisely illuminating that I may cite him here:

> His almost unbroken stream of "Venices" began to flow on to the Academy walls in 1833. Between that year and 1846, he only twice—in 1838 and 1839—missed having at least one in the exhibition. . . . According to my view of his personality, Turner had been waiting all his life for Venice. It gave him exactly what he wanted. It afforded an opportunity to combine

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the particular view of the world's envelope which appealed to himself, with a skeleton, a supporting structure, which was at once strange, picturesque, and entirely human. It was therefore not surprising that he fastened upon it as he did, and that between 1833 and his death he sent no fewer than twenty-five pictures of Venice to the annual exhibition.

There is a useful clew in this fragment to the whole drift of what I may call Turner's Venetian hypothesis: "The particular view of the world's envelope which appealed to him." It is the artist with such a view who has always made the most of Venice. After all, a "dream city" is hardly the place for a crass realist. More than of any other city in Europe it may be said of Venice that everything that an artist finds there depends upon what he brings there. Turner brought a fine constructive vision, the power to build up upon the Venetian "skeleton" a prodigiously romantic fabric of atmosphere and color. It is not exactly a ghostly city that he paints, but one in which richly decorated façades and the towers and domes lifted above them take on an intangible beauty. They are bathed in a golden luminosity, in a light that never was on sea or land. In the foreground gondolas, sailboats, or ceremonial craft float in a strange immobility. You look on not at life but at a kind of tableau, and though the place is unmistakably Venice the key might be that of some legendary Babylon. It is all magnificently unreal, of dubious value as a record but inestimable as an interpretation.

Venice.
From the painting by Turner.

Turner's worthiest successors have been Americans, two of whom have linked their names with the city with something of his creative magic, equalling him in the originality of their work. When Armstrong said that Turner had been waiting all his life for Venice he expressed an idea that may be applied to Whistler. Our American painter never found himself in

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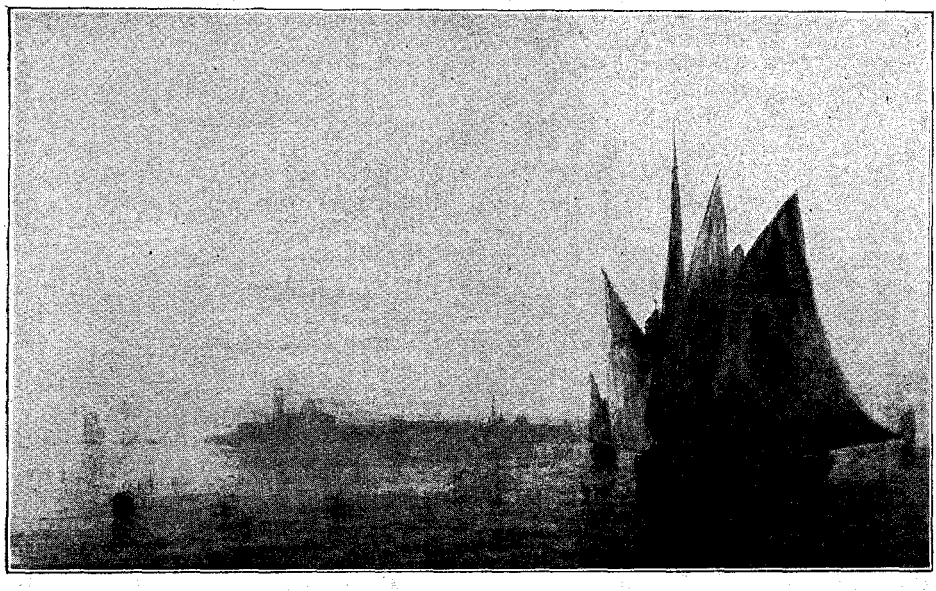

Venice.
From the painting by William Gedney Bunce.

Nocturne: Venice.
From the painting by Whistler.

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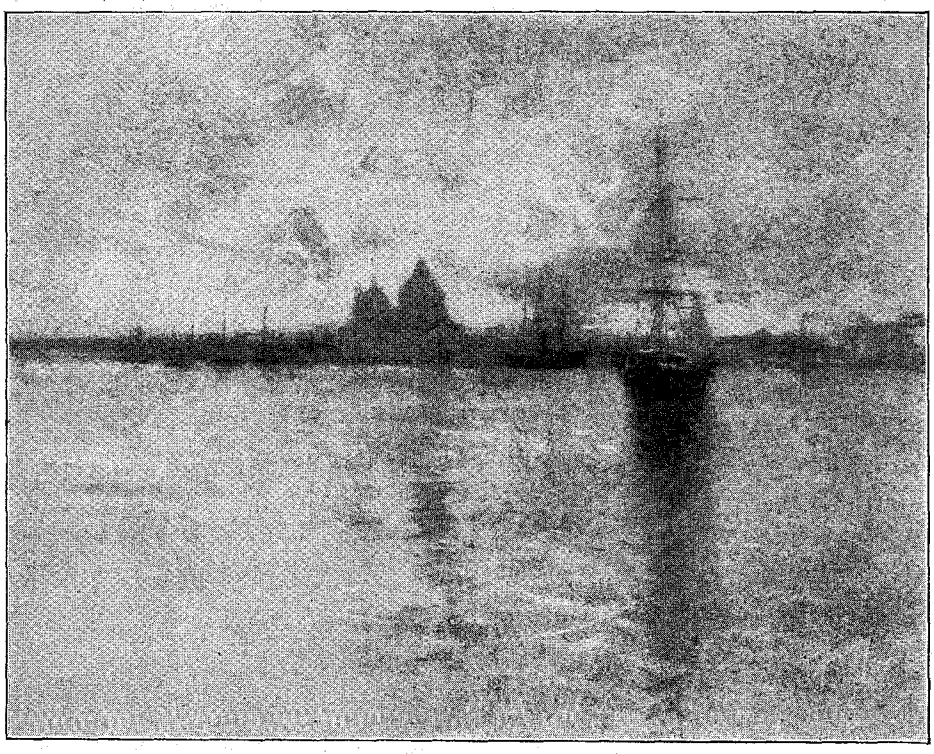
any environment more favorable to the exercise of his genius than was the Venetian. There he made many of the most brilliant of his etchings. There were produced some of the most exquisite of his Nocturnes. Otto Bacher, in his delightful book, "With Whistler in Venice," tells how his friend once joined him in his gondola where Bacher was at work on a plate of the Ponte del Pistor. Said the older man: "This is a good subject. When you find one like this you should not do it, but come and tell Whistler." There was nothing of Whistlerian arrogance in that. He was simply expressing what every one who knows his work will admit, that Venice was his, that he was born to interpret her secret with a special inspiration, etching her beauty by day and painting it by night with a touch so personal and so new that his portraits of Venice stand forever apart. The Nocturnes are extraordinarily tender and beautiful. No one ever saw Venice looking just as she looks in these paintings, but that is only another way of saying that no one was ever inspired by a Grecian urn as Keats was inspired by one. If Whistler was sent into the world for any purpose that no one else could fulfil it was to make a Venetian Nocturne.

The only contemporary of his approaching him in this singularity and exquisiteness of achievement was William Gedney Bunce, whose characteristic design was composed of a long, low horizon line separating a tremulous lagoon from a vibrating sky, with a campanile or two lifted into the air and a group of sailboats shrewdly placed to right or left in the foreground. Out of these few materials he fashioned the most amazing opalescent effects. Like Whistler's, they are very new and personal, but Bunce differs from Whistler and from Turner in being a little more realistic than either of them. You can't quite see Bunces for yourself in Venice, unless you have been



Venice.

From the pastel by Robert Blum in the collection of Mrs. J. J. Phelps.

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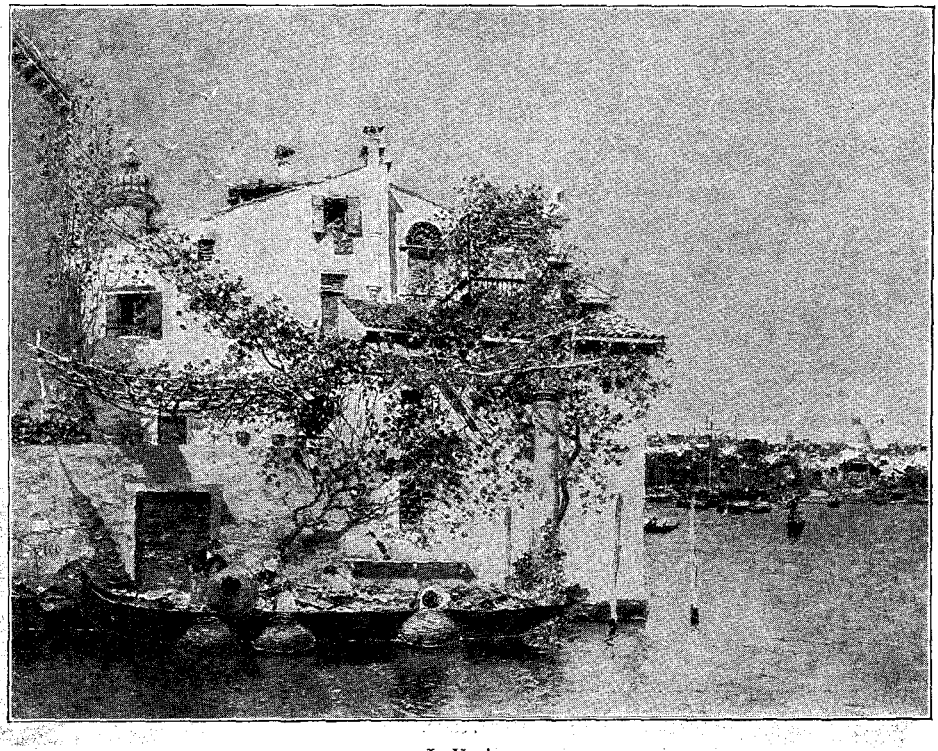
born with something of his genius, but he is not so mysterious as the other men are. John Sargent, of course, is never mysterious, and you enter a totally different world when you enter his Venice. But don't imagine for a moment that it is a negligible world. On the contrary, Sargent's Venice is one of the most interesting that I know. I remember a Venetian street scene of his, another picture of an interior with bead-stringers at their work, and a strong study of San Giovanni Evangelista. Then there are the numberless water-colors in which architecture, gondolas, and all manner of motives are drawn with uncanny precision. Sargent has done an immense mass of work in Venice and all of it is superbly brilliant, the vivid record of a Venice that every one can see and touch. Every one can see it, but only Sargent can paint it with that supreme virtuosity of his. So he, too, though in so different a way, affirms like Whistler certain inalienable rights in Venetian territory. He has known the city all his life as an intimate of the Curtises, and when, on his election to the Royal Academy, he brought forward, as is customary, a picture for the Diploma Gallery there, he made it one of his masterpieces, a study of the Curtis family grouped in one of the great rooms of the Palazzo Barbaro, their Venetian home.



In Venice.
From the painting by Martin Rico.

F. Hopkinson Smith did good work in Venice. He did it with a marked economy of means, so that for some time his work looked a little thin. A. B. Frost once caricatured it uproariously, appending to his funny drawing lines at which no one laughed more heartily than Smith himself:

> "You can bet your bottom dollar
> We're onto the Venice caper,
> A little paint, a little work,
> And lots of empty paper."

But "Hop" got over that and as the years went on brought back from his

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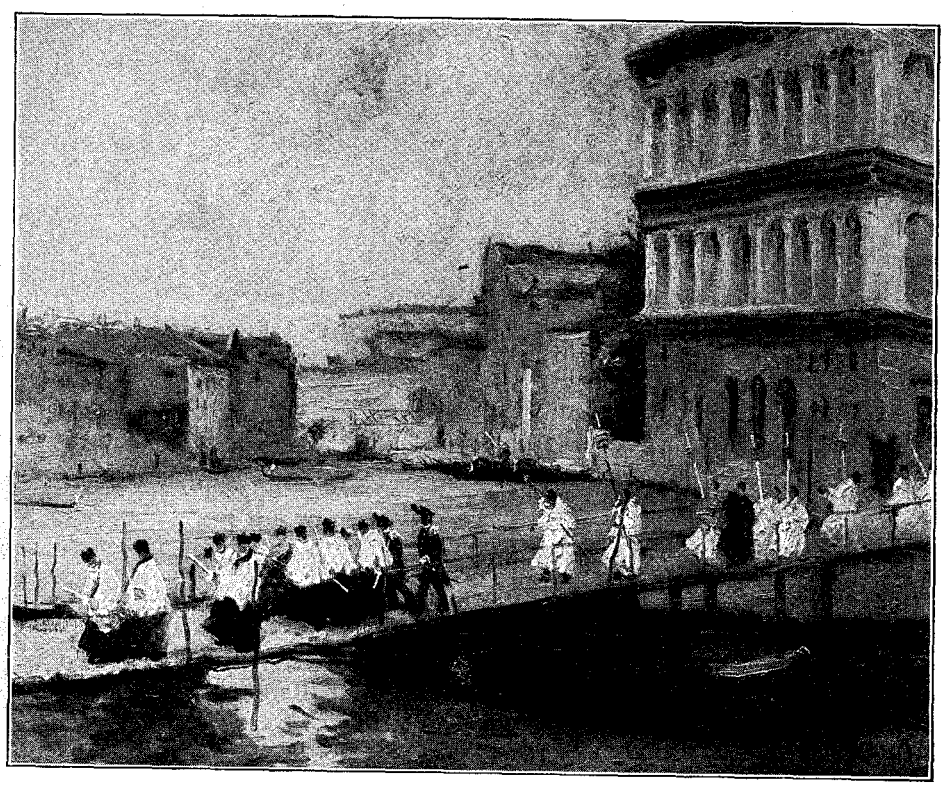
summers in Venice more and more substantial and delightful impressions. They were realistic. All the American artists who have painted Venice this side of Whistler and Bunce have been realists, mixing next to no poetic emotion with their colors. The only exception I can think of is the late Robert Blum, who painted Venice with a subtle delicacy.



The Wooden Bridge: Venice.
From the painting by Italico Brass.

He was always a sterling artist and on the lagoons he, too, dreamed dreams.

What of the men on the spot? When I saw the earlier international exhibitions at Venice, many years ago, it was, paradoxically, the Spaniards rather than the Italians who seemed to be most active on the scene. I used to foregather with them for dinner at a dingy old *trattoria*, tucked away somewhere not far from the piazza. It was a jolly crew. Martin Rico would be there in a pirate's mustachio, the inky blackness of which I surmised came out of a dye bottle. He was a portentous being, clothed in shepherd's plaid, altogether one of the most noticeable figures I ever encountered. It surprised me when I ran across him, painting away in some corner of Venice, that nobody paid any attention to him. Probably they had got used to him as he had been at it for a long lifetime. And Villegas dined with us every night, bearded, a little bald, dapper, and with an indescribable air about him of solvency and authority. I remember him also in his handsome villa just outside one of the gates of Rome, the place crowded with paintings and antiquities. He was enormously successful. American millionaires visiting Rome bought his pictures. Prosperity got him, perhaps, a little expectant of consideration. One summer he sent to the international a huge "Marriage of a Dogaressa." It contained an abundance of a peculiarly flagrant red, and I noticed at dinner that one of the subjects nobody

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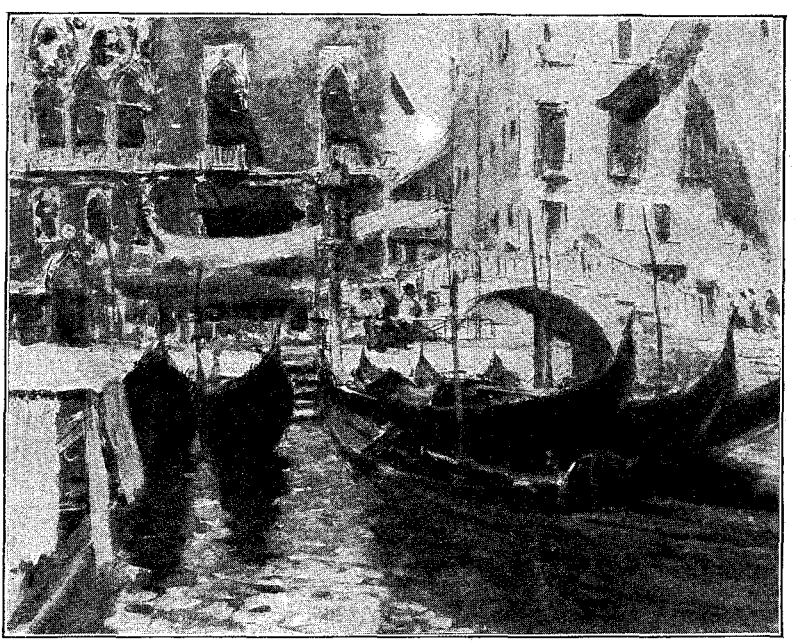
talked about was the "Marriage of a Dogaressa." Then came some inspections by the *cognoscenti* of the European press and all that red paint was freely damned. Villegas forthwith shook the dust of Venice from his feet—if there is any dust in those watery thoroughfares—and went off to Spain. All Italy came under his displeasure. He abandoned his Roman villa and stuck to his native land. For some years before he died he was Director of the Prado at Madrid.

Rico, Villegas, Gallegos, and others of their company whose names I have forgotten painted the Venetian glitter and not much else. There used to be a time when an American collection was incomplete without a "Venice" by Martin Rico. His pictures still figure in the auction-room occasionally, but I wonder where they go. Those clever Spaniards were not quite clever enough to carry on the torch lit by Fortuny. He, by the way, would have painted a marvellous Venice if he had ever given his mind to it. But amongst the old sketch-books I have pored over in old days at Madame Fortuny's Venetian palazzo I recollect no souvenirs of the lagoons. Very recently two or three young Italians have arisen who, without doing anything really memorable, are still doing something to restore the tradition of Venice as a place productive of art. Perhaps the most talented of them is Favai, one of whose distinctly charming Venetian scenes I reproduced in these pages two or three months ago. Italico Brass is another fairly auspicious type. Emma Ciardi is a Venetian artist of really distinguished capacity, but she paints chiefly the villas on the mainland, peopling them with figures in eighteenth-century costume. It would be interesting to see her at work on the lagoons.

If she did good things there, as I believe she would, it would be because she possessed that quality to which I have alluded as inseparable from the true artist in this field, the personal quality, the singular quality, the something original and, if ever so faintly, creative. That is indispensable to the painter anywhere, but it is necessary nowhere more conclusively than in Venice. If the city is, as I said at the beginning, the most paintable on earth, it is also the most exacting.



The Fish Market, Venice.
From the painting by F. Hopkinson Smith.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 21.

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A Group of Poems

Deserted

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

In the warm woods a whippoorwill
Is mourning deeply, far away;
Beyond the woods the House is still,
Folded in evening mists of gray.

I cannot look, for love's own fear,
Knowing it all, how it must be:
Dear voices I should no more hear;
Loved faces I could no more see.

Beyond the lonely woods it stands,
Beautiful even in decay;
Around it lie the summer lands
As fair as when we went away.

In the dim vista of old years
I see the day when parting fell;
I feel again the parting tears;
I hear the voices of farewell.

. . . . . .

They are asleep and shall not wake
For love, for memory, for tears;
Nor shall remembrance ever break
The stillness of the buried years.

They are asleep and shall not wake;
Yet of their dream I am a part;
And thoughts of them forever make
A shrine of love within my heart.

Seeking a face it shall not find,
In fields or on the river-shores,
The melancholy river-wind
Grieves through the rustling sycamores

Of loveliness that cannot last.
The roses bloom; the river flows—
Ah, but the hearts we loved are passed
Beyond the River and the Rose.

Mirth

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

He cheers us when our spirits flag—
Half mountebank and half a wag,—
Sometimes he works with subtler spells
Than jingling of his cap and bells.

Man-of-All-Work

BY DOROTHY DOW

He made the fires, he cut the grass,
  He polished windows till they caught
All roses of reflected light.
  He beat the rugs; ah, there was naught
Of little dreary things but he
Accomplished them—and cheerfully.

He was not Man—but just a one
  Who came and went, till seven; then,
Arrayed in fine attire, he walked
  The narrow streets of town again,
And held aloof—a Stroller who
Would say: I'm just as good as you.

A little later, every night,
  The First-and-Last's unholy bar
Would find him seeking at its ledge
  His solace from the things that are;
As if to vanquish from his mind
Thoughts of to-morrow and its kind.

He made the fires, he cut the grass
  From six to seven, faithfully.
And then, in haughty raiment, was
  As drunk and happy as could be.
In whiskey lay this virtue; it
Enhanced his glory for a bit.

Contrasts

BY EDITH IVES WOODWORTH

The people whom I love the best
Are never here, but East or West.
And those from whom I'd run away,
I always see them, every day.

The things I love to talk about,
My heart will seldom let them out;
For folk I see prefer to hear
About the weathers of the year.

But oh the places I would find!
The people that I'd leave behind,
While just the few that went with me
Related to my heart should be.

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The Whirligig

BY MILTON OFFUTT

Some day, perhaps, I shall have leave to think
Long thoughts, and coolly let them wander in
Old lanes that lead to all there might have been,
Patching the chain that parted, link by link.
Then I shall sip a sad, uncertain drink
That, swallowed once in sorrow, made me reel;
And snap the glass, and sit awhile to think
Of you. Now I must be content to feel.

Time turns upon a wheel and dulls the pain
That throbs to-day. But I shall not forget.
Forever after laughter runs regret.
The wheel must come full circle once again.
But yet—time turns, and there must still remain
The hours between the fever and the fret.

On Hearing the Clavichord

BY JOHN ALDEN

At last! And do I really hear thy tone,
Great Bach's familiar, eloquent of eld—
To whom the childish Handel secrets spelled,
And thrilled the moonlit garret, all alone?
So this small chest of quivering wire and bone,
Thin, fragile, dreamy, inspiration held
For the fugue's masters, till the world, impelled
By lust of noise, out-drowned thine antick drone!
Yet hark! The lightest touch thy soul sets free;
And straight the old adventure lives again!
As from a distant chamber come the glee
And sadness gone, half-heard of present men:
Faint sounds that shimmer into ecstasy,
Whisp'ring to Now and Here of There and Then!

The Dreamer

BY ANNA M. BRANSON

ἤδη μυρί' ἐσείδον ὀνείρατα, κουδέπω αὼς.

Already I have dreamed ten thousand dreams;
Not yet the dawn. Would I its coming haste?
I do not know. To-day with life so calm,
No heights of joy nor depths of sorrow, now
I am content to follow on my way.
But when I hang in unthought peril there
Upon the topmost wave of bliss, while far below
The evil tides rage with the tortured sands—
Then help me, O dear Christ, to guard enough
Of hope and love and strength to cheer the days
When life grows wan and haggard to my eyes,
And I entreat the dawn.

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Marchers in the Night

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

"THE hours must die. The hours must die," he said;
And dreaming delicately of Death he passed
Down shadowed aisles of cypresses where day
Hung like a purple bloom upon the first
Fruitage of night. "There is an end of all
In these forgotten avenues," he said.
"Bodies of things too beautiful to last;
Old songs and bits of alabaster; webs
Torn from the looms of Life, and words unheard
Save by the moon, the very ancient moon;
Colors of sleep; the locked books of the stars—
They fade here on the edge of nothingness."
And then upon the ultimate rim of sky
He heard the marchers going to the sea.
And he who made a sacrament of tears,
Weeping the exquisite transiency of all
Most lovely and most fragile, turned his eyes
Worldward, and heard the marching hosts go by.
"The hours must die," he said. But there were those
Who laughed at Death more crimson than the stain
Of sunsets! Like a silver horn far-blown
He heard this laughter mounting gloriously
Above the sound of marching in the night.
And he who said "The hours must die" went forth
Beyond the shadows and the cypresses,
And saw the dawn like swords upon the sea!

The Chalice

BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON SNELL

A CRYSTAL chalice, filled with ruby wine
And stricken through with sunlight, could not be
So wonderfully radiant as she,
Nor with such luminous enchantment shine.
Her veins must tremble with her heart's design,
So vibrant is the sense of hidden fire,
The subtleties of tremulous desire
That 'round her maiden shynesses entwine.

Nay,—I, who fain would draw aside the veil
Which half conceals her spirit's eager stress,
Reluctant am, for fear her soul, set free,
Might rise to heights which I could never scale,
And leave me tortured by the bitterness
Of vain pursuit of her divinity.

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Asylum Artis

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

When I was young, and earth was mine,
I built a little wayside shrine,
And in my simple heart I said,
"It is for Beauty, whom I wed—
Unseen—and serve, though all unseen."
To her (who was my heaven's queen),
To her, and to this shrine, I brought
All fairest things my labor wrought,
And said: "Though far beneath her state,
Be these to Beauty consecrate."
And while I built and decked her shrine,
If any praised this work of mine,
I did but think: "They must the more
My unseen sovereign bride adore,
And all their praise to her shall go."

I did not know—I could not know—
What else that shrine would prove to be;
But surely, it hath sheltered me
When other shelter had not been;
And glad was I to lodge therein
When coldly shone Septentrion stars
Down through the naked tree-top bars!
And, surely, there have I been fed
By miracles of wine and bread
From out my sovereign lady's store.
And though her shrine they praise no more,
She will to me impute no blame,
Since all was wrought in her sweet name;
For which, unseen, she sends those joys
Nor wintry cold nor scorn destroys;
And in her shrine I built of old,
She will me safe and guiltless hold!

Fleets o' Dreams

BY GEORGE T. MARSH

Out across the seas of sleep
Drift pale argosies of night.
Some a tryst with horror keep;
Some, with mad delight.

One fades o'er unfathomed tides
Weighted low with ancient fears.
Silently another glides
Freighted deep with tears.

Floats the laughter of a child
That has fled its house of pain.
Spectres troop from closes aisled
Where fresh earth has lain.

Visions pass that ravished eyes
Strain to see through conscious hours.
Melodies from others rise
Like the scent of flowers.

From their swift shapes nod and peer
Eager faces through the gloom,
Bearing tidings none may hear,
From the deeps of doom.

No veiled hint of meaning gleams
From the phantoms fugitive.
These dim caravels of dreams
Cryptic answers give.

Each one for a moment's space
Touches at the ports of night,
Then on courses none may trace
Sets its sails in flight.

On what embassies they fare,
To what anchorage they press,
Secrets are. They venture where
None that live may guess.

The Blind Quest

BY ALICE WINDSOR KIMBALL

Long years ago we wandered, you and I,
Impatient of the present's irksomeness,
From out a gate whose name we could not guess,
Scanning the future with unseeing eye.
And as we walked, there suddenly drew nigh
A radiant one, and brushed us with her dress;
We could not know that she was Happiness,
And all unrecognized she passed us by.

Ah! now I sit within my lonely room,
Stealing requital from a stern to-day;
For in the enchanted past I still can see
The Gate of Dreams, and smell the strange perfume
Of magic flowers we gathered on our way
Along a vanished path to Arcady.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The American Outlook, and the Rest of the World

BASIS FOR CONTINUING HOPEFULNESS IN OUR OWN COUNTRY—INFLUENCES ON THE FINANCIAL FUTURE—THE LONGER ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

CASUAL survey of the midsummer markets might easily have seemed to discover, this season, something like financial paradox. Trade was hesitant; iron production, the usual measure of industrial activity, continued less than half as large as in the springtime; yet the stock market, advancing under heavy buying orders, had risen more than 10 per cent from the April prices, passing the highest point reached even in the enthusiastic "trade boom" of the spring of 1923. Money rates steadily declined; the country's stock of gold as steadily increased, marking the most abundant credit fund since war-time and the largest money supply on record; yet, with one or two notable exceptions (not at all connected with the money market) prices of commodities remained around the low level of the year. A presidential campaign, of which it had been quite universally believed beforehand that widespread political unrest and radical sentiment would govern the fortunes of the conflict, was formally opened with nomination, by each of the two great parties, of a notably conservative candidate.

A Season of Financial Paradox

When the observer of this curiously mixed situation turned from his survey of events to study the attitude of the financial community itself, he found it singularly cheerful. This mood, which seemed to be unmistakable—though it was more apparent in banking centres than in the every-day walks of trade—had some curious aspects. It came into evidence suddenly, at a moment when it was possible to say not only that misgiving over our own immediate financial future was widely prevalent, but that all the familiar economic weather-signs appeared to confirm such judgment. If the spirit of pessimism never gained absolute sway over the financial mind, at least it had brought something like confusion and bewilderment.

YET this was precisely the occasion for the change to an attitude of hopeful expectancy. The rising stock market of June and July merely reflected an altered feeling in the business community at large. Such prediction of a turn for the better as now began to come from financiers and business men in positions of responsibility was based specifically on the soundness of the money situation; on the extremely easy money market; on an underlying conviction that the buying power of the American people, not impaired by war exhaustion or by reckless currency experiments, was so great as to prevent continuous shrinkage of consumption; on belief that the curtailment of manufacturing output which had already occurred was certain to leave producing markets without an overhanging unsold surplus, and might leave them with a shortage. It was occasionally pointed out, not only that the circumstances of 1920 in the way of over-speculation, over-extension of credit and large-scale over-production were not visible in 1924, but that the mere fact of this country's rapid increase of population during the past four years had created a new scale of necessary consumption, which would it-

The Basis for Hopefulness

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self absorb a much larger normal output than would have been possible four years ago.

Possibly even these considerations might have made less impression on watchers of the financial horizon but for the course of political events. The presidential nominating conventions had been awaited with much perturbation in the business world; now, however, with candidates named and platforms enunciated, it was at once made evident that a great part of the earlier misgivings had been groundless. The unanimity with which Mr. Coolidge, on the basis of an absolutely conservative public record, was named for the presidency by the Republicans was a more remarkable incident than it seemed to people whose expectations and predictions had been originally shaped, two or three months before, by the series of events at Washington. Even more significant was the selection by the Democrats, after a deadlock which seemed to mean inability to agree on any candidate, of perhaps the most enlightened conservative on the convention's list of nominees. As for Mr. La Follette's "independent movement," which was not to mean either a new party or extremist principles, the general public appeared by midsummer largely to have lost interest in the demonstration. In journalistic vernacular, its plans and announcements became "inside-page matter."

The Presidential Campaign

THIS reflected not merely underlying belief that "third tickets" in an American presidential campaign have heretofore cut a formidable figure only when led by a candidate of nation-wide personal popularity, or when stimulated by the grievance of nation-wide hard times. Neither of these conditions precedent existed when the La Follette demonstration started; on the contrary, the candidate was a statesman of uningratiating personality, and his appeal was made to a working class which, in most of the United States, was well employed and at high wages. In two or three industries, notably at the textile mills and the motor-car plants, operating activity had been greatly reduced, but elsewhere the decrease of employment had been relatively slight; it came after a period of accumulated savings, and with a rather general feeling that the reduction was only temporary. A much more important ground for the prevalent indifference to the La Follette canvass was the sudden disappearance of the particular grievance on which its promoters had reckoned to attract the farming States. The midsummer rise in wheat, to prices never reached at this season since the downward readjustment of 1920, was a consequence, not of a reduced American crop (except in so far as planted acreage had been voluntarily cut down) but of prospective shortage in the European harvest and of the yield in Canada, our chief competitor in the grain-export trade. The political implications of such a change in the agricultural situation have been familiar in our history.

Such was the seeming outlook when the political campaign began. It emphasized the cheerful sentiment arising from the purely financial aspects of the situation. This attitude of the financial community might perhaps be described as based on a narrow view of the financial future; on circumstances which could be reckoned on for 1924, but not with absolute confidence for a much longer period. Even if business recovery in the autumn and absence of political disturbance were accepted as insured, merchants or financiers who had concluded that business revival may be anticipated for the autumn might not have gone very far in solving even their own business problems unless they could also have some assurance that the temporary influences making for such improvement will not presently be overcome by the larger economic forces set loose by the war and the world's struggle for financial reconstruction after war.

A New Chapter in Post-War Finance

IN this respect the United States, and with it the rest of the financial world, have entered, or are about to enter, what is, in many respects, a new chapter of post-war economic history. Up to and including the vigorous forward movement in the spring of 1923, the successive chapters of financial history since 1918 followed the steps of a perfectly logical sequence. The three or four

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

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Drawn by Muirhead Bone.

A STREET IN WISBY, GOTTLAND.

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